

Happy Mondays "Total Ringo"

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That's sickly clean, this mild and meek
I could launch it with a poker, no danger for a weekend
It opens its mouth, there's no words, just a squeak
I can launch it with a poker, no joker for a weekday

Bing bong, the weekday
Bing bong, no danger
Here goes a sweet freak

How many fools do you get in the school
Of an English county classroom?
All the things going on inside your bill bong
There's no room, it's just pure art room

You try very hard to get that right
To imitate some kind of life form
A matter of fact, without any tact
You can go on back you, you shouldn't have been burn

Bing bong, no danger
Bing bong, the sweet freak

Diggers mothers, switch on the cooker
Get the hillbillies down , set out to bugger
Sweet freak pen and ink
How do you make a bulldog think?

Happy Christmas, I said, not to speak then
Happy Christmas, when's it's next week then
And you swear, you naughty meathead
What sleeps in your bed, is got to be a geek Ted

Bing bong, the weekday
Bing bong, no danger

How many fools do you get in the schools
Of an English county [Incomprehensible]?
All the things going on inside your built bomb
There's no room, it's just pure art room

Sweet freak, pen and ink
How do we get these [Incomprehensible] dogs to

think?
Sweet freak pen and ink
It's dangerous to let the freaky dink in

Chopper up, cooker, give me some smother
I can't stand the thought of the dwarf bein' a mother

Is this love, man, it's pure hate
If you put it on the table, it'll be to late
Is this love, man? No, it's pure hate
It can't be more simple, it's there on a plate

Is this love man? No it ain't
Is this love, man? No, it's pure hate
Is this love, man?

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