

Hunters & Collectors

"Mr Right (3 35)"

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I says hey old mother-fixed balding boy
Here's one good goon that we can't blame
Hey they all cry
Here's one for the fruit-bin
Look at him, look at him, look, look, look
La la la
Twas a shrivelled fruit on a wrinkled
Sack sack sack
Thinks my god, did I marry
That that that?
She canned that marriage
Out of sight
When she found a testicle
In the mouth of Mr Right
Look at him, look at him, look, look, look
La la la

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Here's one good goon that we can't blame
Hey they all cry
Here's one for the fruit-bin
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La la la
Twas a shrivelled fruit on a wrinkled
Sack sack sack
Thinks my god, did I marry
That that that?
Look at him, look at him, look, look, look
Look at him, look at him
Shake shake shake

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