

## **Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine "Look Mum, No Hands!"**

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Business, as usual starts with the sound  
Of another damn funeral march through the town  
One less for Saint Nicholas, there's nothing so vile  
Or as sad and ridiculous as the coffin of a child

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease  
That daring young man in the blue dungarees  
Struck down by the G-force of a Semtex surprise  
He bucks like a sea horse, keels over and dies

With his eyes all dramatic, glazed and confused  
The full metal jacket, trousers and shoes  
He flies through the air with the greatest of ease  
That daring young man in the blue dungarees

And his poor pathetic parents, so stricken with grief  
That they spelt his name wrong on his funeral wreath  
Are appealing for no vengeance on behalf of their son  
But they've already assembled and planted the bomb

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease  
That daring young man in the blue dungarees  
Struck down by the G-force of a Semtex surprise  
He bucks like a sea horse, keels over and dies

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