

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine

"Mid Day Crisis"

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Then I saw his face and I was a believer

It was the automatic rifles

The Nintendos and Segas

And the half a dozen dead disciples

And like many a fruitcake before him

He claimed to be the son of God

But like many a fruitcake before him

Maybe he really was

CHORUS

Hot dogs!

Toss!

Mid day crisis!

And meanwhile a black Maria

Leaves the hallowed halls of justice

Under a hall of phlegm and fire

>From the assembled vigilantes and uncles

CHORUS

Ippa dippa dation no operation

Too many people at the station

Get in line behind the nation

The rest of life's fall-out patients

Who wake up every morning smiling
Stretching, yawning, breakfast-timing
Out in alices, toasted brown
Then the mid day crisis comes around
And no, I'm not a believer
AND no, I don't want to see your leaflets
I lost my faith with my taste for sausages and hats
And no you can't come in for tea and biscuits
CHORUS

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