

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine "Midday Crisis"

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When I saw his face and I was a believer
It was the automatic rifles
The Nintendo's and the Sega's
And the half a dozen dead disciples

He claimed to be the son of God
But like many a fruitcake before him
Maybe he really was

And meanwhile a black Maria
Leaves the hallowed halls of justice
Under a hail of phlegm and fire
From the assembled vigil-aunties and uncles

Hot Dogs
Ices
Mid day crisis

Ippa dippa dation no operation
Too many people at the station

Me rest of life's fall-out patients
Who wake up every morning smiling
Stretching, yawning, breakfast-timing
Cut in slices, toasted brown
When the mid day crisis comes around

And no, I don't want to see your leaflets
I lost my faith with my taste for sausages and

Hot dogs
Ices
Mid day crisis

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