

Chumbawamba "All Mixed Up"

Visit "[All Mixed Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sitting on the shelf when someone called my number
With a template in one hand, scissors in the other
'What lump of clay is this?' Said the king maker to me
Dull, gray matter, perfect for his alchemy
The future flesh and blood on the bones of the big lie
A no-wit who's face fits and never wonders why
I met my Mephistophelles, the papers sealed in blood
Like I got a transfer deal the lad done good

(Chorus)

Good King Danbert at the helm
His face on every coin of the realm
And every time we sing, it's three cheers for the king
Hey, hey, hey

Sirhan, Sirhan, where have you gone?

All mixed up

We take a fool for a king

All mixed up

Mistake a fool for a king

(Repeat)

The washing powder advert

That everybody hates

But all the research shows that's how brand names are
made

Squeaky clean, no skeletons

In other words I've never lived

Makes me highly-qualified

To decide what gives

Rough-shod, riding rail-road

Over all the awkward questions

Queen Victoria of Grantham

To give me her blessing

It's written all over me

I'm touched by the hand

I am the something very rotten

In the state of little England

(Repeat chorus)

All mixed up

(Repeat)

Visit [Chumbawamba](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

