

Neil Innes**"Busted - Anthropology"**

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I was floating along
Enjoying the breeze
Watching the giants
Tearing 'part trees

The broad in the ballet performed in the street
By hot water bottles with faces and feet
At the fourteenth blood rush
I went paddling
The pygmies wove the sacred tile
Underwater in the Nile
Strip and style with burnished sand
Blablablablablablablaba

Then I went and got busted
They say I'm maladjusted
And I never can be trusted
By anybody anymore
Yeah, yeah
I got busted
My own mother was disgusted
I got busted
By the law

I was floating along
Enjoying the breeze
Watching the giants
Tearing 'part trees

The musculo oranges
Oh, blah blah guess guess
The fourteenth blood rush
I went paddling
The soft, grey squeeze of the upper crowd
Don't get caught in the blood rush ha
The halls that blore and the meat that hangs
The bacon breath of the Minotaur

Then I went and got busted
And I never can be trusted
They say I'm maladjusted

Blah blah
Yay, yay!
I got busted!
My own mother was digusted!
I got busted
By the law

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