

## **Paul Allen**

# **"0898 Wristache Fever"**

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0898 WRISTACHE FEVER

This song is one of sadness, 'bout the crap that comes  
my way.

Fuckin' misery and madness, 'bout a bill that I can't  
pay.

I sits here in the dark alone, not by fuckin' choice.

So I reaches for that dog & bone, to hear a sexy voice.

And I got 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache fever.

When I'm pissed off then I just rings Geneva.

There's a bird out in Uganda, to fuckin' all sorts she'll  
panda.

I got 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache fever.

(voice) Your calling credit is running low, please  
arrange a top-up.

FACK OFF.

Now every time I rings a tart, it costs me all my dosh.

They don't seem to know my name so I said "OW, it's  
mosh".

They gives me all the love I crave with they constant  
sexy chatter.

Now I'm just a terrible slave in love with some old  
slapper.

And I got 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache fever.

When I'm pissed off then I just rings Geneva.

There's a bird out in Uganda, to fuckin' all sorts she'll  
panda.

I got 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache fever.

Ow, I'll never forget the embarrassment the first time  
my father

caught me doing it.

Yesterday,

he said "'ewe'll go blind, I said "I'm over here you  
twat".

I waste my giro all away and I've stopped going out

nickin'.

I'm wasting each and every day to hear some cow  
stuffin' chickens.

Don't linger on that dog & bone, for fuck sake get a  
life.

Don't spend 'ewe evenings all alone, nip out and shag  
next doors wife.

'coz I got 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache fever.

When I'm pissed off then I just rings Geneva.

There's a bird out in Uganda, to fuckin' all sorts she'll  
panda.

I got 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache fever.

I have.

I got 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache fever.

When I'm pissed off then I just rings Geneva.

There's a bird out in Uganda, to fuckin' all sorts she'll  
panda.

I got 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache, 0898 there's a  
call I

gotta make, 0898 don't it make 'ewe wristache fever.

Now FACK OFF I wants a wank.

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