

Custard "Ringo"

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I feel like Ringo
And it's rippin' my eyes out
And I feel like Ringo
Shimmy to the left
Shimmy to the right

I've made up a list,
That lives in my mind,
Of everyone helpful and everyone kind
These Fender guitars they tune up so nice,
And Greg says that "Amps are not a problem"

He lives in a disco,
But goes home to the suburbs
Where it's simply WORK, GIRLS, DRUGS and BOYS
Shimmy to the left
And shimmy to the right

I refer to this list,
This list in my mind,
Of everyone naughty, fucked up and unkind
Forget about rock stars,
Forget about mic's,
No W-bins, no W-bins, no W-bins

Now listen kids
I know as well as anyone
That sometimes things can get weird
Things can get bad
But there's one thing
Just one thing we all can do
Sing it to me kids
R.I.N.G.O.
That's right
R.I.N.G.O.
Uh huh, uh huh uh huh uh huh

Here it is, here it is
And go
Ooowwww, uh
Oh yeah

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