

## David J "Song From The Kitty Kat Keller"

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I'm not politically ticklish and theory makes me weary,  
And affairs of state aren't my kind of affairs,  
And I'd never bed nor much less wed,  
The wack whose flag is deepest red,  
My tastes run more to London derriÄres...

But at rallies in the night with all the torches burning  
bright,  
I feel a stirring that I can't neglect,  
And I'll grasp with mad abandon any lad with an  
armband on,  
Whose cute salute is many and erect.

I like the boots,  
I like the attitude,  
I like the point at which the legal meets the lewd.  
I like the thrill,  
Of the triumphant will,  
I like the marching and the music and the mood.

So if some blond and blue-eyed boy,  
Would like to teach me strength through joy,  
So that my liberal tendencies are cured,  
If it should be decreed by fate,  
That you invade my neighbouring state,  
That my frontiers will be open, rest assured.

And at rallies in the night with all the torches burning  
bright,  
I feel a stirring that I can't neglect,  
And I'll grasp with mad abandon any lad with an  
armband on,  
Whose cute salute is many and erect.

I like the boots,  
I like the attitude,  
I like the point at which the legal meets the lewd.  
I like their skin,  
I like the discipline,  
And the enormous sense of license it provides.

And when they say "Hi" ...

And when they say "Hi!"  
I smile and liquefy inside,  
And when they say "Hi!"  
I smile and liquefy inside,  
And when they say "Hi!"

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