

The Vaselines "Oliver Twisted"

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Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,
Who used to think he was a brand and gifted,
Stupendisly handsome, Beautifully smart,
He had no heart.

On his own he was all alone,
He wanted more than he ever got.

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,
Who took life so slow that he occasionally missed it,
Permanently senseless, never on his brain, he had no
brain.

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,
Who lived on the edge or so he insisted,
Inteligently careless, hated rock and roll, he had no
soul.

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