

Ivor Biggun "Cats On The Rooftops"

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Cats on the rooftops
Cats on the tiles
Cats with s*philis
Cats with piles
Cats with their a*se'oles
Wreathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of f*rnication

Now the donkey is a lonely moke
He very rarely has a poke
But when he does he lets it soak
And he revels in the joys of f*rnication

chorus

Now an elephant's ball is big and round
One of them weighs a thousand pounds
Two of them together shake the bloody ground
As they revel in the joys of f*rnication

chorus

Now the vampire bat is out of luck
He very rarely has a f*ck
But you should see that little bugger suck
As he revels in the joys of f*rnication

chorus

Now the poor old tortoise in his shell
He can't do it very well
But when he does, f*cking hell
As he revels in the joys of f*rnication

chorus

Now the poor old spinster is feeling kind of blue
She can't screw like the other people do
She buys three bananas and eats the other two
As she revels in the joys of f*rnication

chorus

Now the twenty-seven verses, all in rhyme
To sing every one of them would surely be a crime
We'd be much better spending our time
Reveling in the joys of f*rnication

chorus

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