

Ivor Biggun "The Winking Caveman"

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Down in the jungle, ten million years B.C.
Was a big sweaty caveman in a coconut tree
He had two sticks and he said "It's my conviction
I can make fire if I use a little friction"
He rubbed and he rubbed
Then he started on his pud
He said "Great gosh almighty
Don't that feel good"
'Cause he was w*nkin'
'Cause he was w*nkin'
He was w*nkin', people, with a muscular grip
You put your hand on your hip and let your backbone
slip

Goliath was a Philistine, biggest ever seen
David was a short-a*se who came from Golders Green
Goliath went walkin', tripped over his c*ck
David went WALLOP with a bloody great lump of rock
And then he went and played his harp
And wrote a load of Psalms
But that ain't the reason why
He's got such big strong arms
'Cause he was w*nking
'Cause he was w*nking
He was w*nking, people like they say in the song
You put your hand on your dong and it won't take long

The five-knuckle shuffle is a wonderful creation
It's a knob knob... knob knob... knob manipulation
You can do it in the morning or the middle of the night
And it can't be wrong if it feels so right
When you're w*nkin'
When you're w*nkin'
W*nkin', people like you bloody well should
Put your hand on your pud and it feels so good

Napoleon's sweetheart Empress Josey-phene
Had something she let him stick his Bony part between
But when he took up w*nking he'd just turn out the
light
And say "Sorry Josey-phene, tonight is not the night"
He'd grab hold of his pl*nker and he'd commence to

wack
it
And that's why he stood like that
With his hand stuffed in his jacket
'Cause he was w*nkin'
'Cause he was w*nkin'
He was w*nkin', people with a muscular grip
You put your hand on your hip and let your backbone
slip

'Cause he was w*nkin'
W*nkin'

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