

## 3 Daft Monkeys "Hubbadillia"

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We were on the Isles of Scilly where the gardens are so pretty  
And two thousand drunkards clinging to a rock  
There, we found a little niche out there on St. Martins beach  
And we had ourselves a party that didn't stop

There were people having sex, new age way with mobile text  
They were looking all around for new blood  
There were young ones and old ones and even comatose ones  
They'd gobble us for breakfast if they could

And there was hubbadillia

There was young Angus McChuff who got into a real huff  
And he tried to burn the party to the ground  
Though I don't say I can blame him but we really had to tame him  
If I didn't I don't think we'd be around

To sing hubbadillia

In the morning came the chorus and no one could ignore us  
For the island was awoken to the sound  
And although the party's flagging and the people are all sagging  
Everyone is jumping all around

To hubbadillia

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