

## Osullivan Gilbert "January Git"

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I still believe in Sunday as being a day of rest  
And maybe it's because I'm an Irishman  
That I like Dublin best  
Still whose who are you to tell me I'm alright Fred  
But don't let that worry your son  
For when he grows up and gets blown out of here  
Have yourself A-tomic bomb  
Now introducing Maisie (Maisie) and on my right  
Will be  
Both of whom are here now represented by  
Our good friend U.V.I.P.  
Whose mundane conjectural I'd recommend  
Only if you like rocking jazz  
Intermingled with an ounce of U double K  
full of eastern Raj Matazz  
Close your eyes and the door don't forge-t  
If you do I take it you know what to expect  
Still whose who are you to tell me I'm alright  
Fred but don't let that worry your son  
For when he grows up and gets blown out of here  
Have yourself a (really)  
Tour-de-force-a (yearly)  
non-de-plume A-tomic bomb  
Feeling tired one degree under Oh-  
What you need is picking up so off you go  
(Get picked up you know)  
Whose mundane conjectural I'd recommend  
Only if you like rocking jazz  
Intermingled with an ounce of U double K  
Full of Eastern (promised)  
Without a doubting (Thomas)  
Polynesian Raj Matazz  
Nothing older than time nothing sweeter than wine  
Nothing physically, recklessly, hopelessly blind  
Nothing I couldn't say  
Nothing why 'cos today  
Nothing rhymed

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