

The Postmarks

"Mouldy Cheese Sandwich"

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As I was walking, lonely, down the street
Suspicious of people I will never meet
I came to a little cafe run by pete
Thought I'd go right inside and get something to eat

Now I regret as I
Sit on the toilet
My arse was sore
As I started running for the door

It's coming out like gravy
As I fill up the toilet
This mouldy cheese sandwich
Has given me the shits

The chef was dirty; he had food in his beard
And the food that I ate tasted unnervingly weird
But I thought nothing of it as I gulped down my beer
Though I glanced at the toilet, to check it was near

My arse explodes
I paint the wall
Klingons galore
And the crap begins to fall

It's coming out like gravy
As I fill up the toilet
This mouldy cheese sandwich
Has given me the shits

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