

**Richard Thompson****"The Rival"**

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I can lick you fairly, squarely  
Give your head a mighty crack  
Make your nose bleed down your shirt front  
With one hand behind my back

Toorah loorah, torah loorah,  
Toorah loorah, torah loorah

I set my heart on Jeannie Wilson  
She's the one I'm going to see  
If you're of the same persuasion  
There's no room for you and me

Toorah loorah, torah loorah,  
Toorah loorah, torah loorah

I love to see those stuffy airs and graces  
The more pumped up the more they tend to fall  
Right down on their faces

You might have a few pounds on me  
You might have the edge in height  
But I can do a trick or two  
To rattle your teeth and dim your lights

Toorah loorah, torah loorah,  
Toorah loorah, torah loorah

I love to see those stuffy airs and graces  
The more pumped up the more they tend to fall  
Right down on their faces

You come from a different planet  
Sexy motor, groovy tan  
I fought my way up from under  
I don't have no back-up plan

Toorah loorah, torah loorah,  
Toorah loorah, torah loorah

