

Kazoo Funk Orchestra

"One Singer One Song"

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[Spoken] the human voice can produce a range of
varying

Octaves

You breathe from your chest and not from your tummy

A singer cannot hum if another holds his nose

And always remember

One singer, one song

One singer, one song

One singer, one song

One singer, one song

Cost of the sauce that I pour on your belly

Underwear in the air, turning up the telly

With the ironballs, smoking stalls, overalls and

Fashion

Prank calls, shopping malls, keys to your passion

I look to my left, push my hips to the left

Push out my chest and take a deep breath

Thoughts become compressed, scientifically
impressed

Time to digest, naked AKA undressed

Lost in the frost that my brother came across

A fire hazard causing grief, swimming in the dross

Pieces of, pieces of, pieces of life

Look at your soul it's been cut by my knife

If I want an answer I'll tell it first

Questions keep on asking till the big man bursts

Open up the vegetables, throw out some love

Edible edibles, eating all the good stuff

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

It's a bit dark to be walking in the park
Gotta hold my head up high, keep an eye out for the
Shark
With a fast cash, dash fast, coming up for half past
Slow pash, mish mash, never mind the puff pass
I look to my right, I push my hips to my right
Have a mad sesh and squeeze it really tight
If there's nothing to be said, you'll be talking
Through the night
Like a half-assed porcupine, I'll slap you with my
Spikes

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