

Salad "The King Of Love"

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The king of love sits in a field with his head in his hands

Says it's alright, in fact it's the way it was planned

We don't love his face, we don't love his hands

It's his mace, and the things we don't understand

The king of love - Oh no

Drinks white rum, says it's the liquor of kings

Phones his mum, "Where d'you hide my wig ?"

When the fridge opens wide, out jump Mungo and

Madge ... Midge

No no, no no, no no, I don't need this bridge

The king of love - Oh no

Steeplechase, it's very popular here

They set it up to knock down the beer

You see them at lunch, all in a bunch year after year

But you never see them when the fat lady sings

The king of love - Oh no

The king of love - Yeah

The king of love - Oh no

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