

Rumpus

"My Osterich Beak"

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I felt the grey seeping through my window
I heard the joy of the good little workers snaffling
Perfectly in time to the beat
And now there's nothing to do with my elves today -
and my osterich beak
I feel like killing somebody
Somebody like you

You. You.You.

I saw a women who looked a bit tired
I heard her talking 'bout what's on the telly- tonight
She smelt a bit like cardboard
And coz the same stuff poors out of every hole-
In every face
I feel like killing somebody
Somebody like you

You. You.You.

Isn't it all a bit silly?
Isn't it all a bit daft?
The answers in your willy
The questions in the cat
And isn't it all a bit fickle?
And sometimes it's just a bit sad
The answers in the tickle
The questions in the slap

I felt the sun seeping through my window
I heard the joy of the good little workers snaffling
Perfectly in time to the beat
And now there's plenty to do with my elves today-
and my osterich beak
I feel like making love to somebody
Somebody like you.

You. You.You...

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