

Soft Boys "There's Nobody Like You"

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Well if your name's Mucky you can count yourself lucky
that you're still
walking round on four feet
Cause I tell you right now though I don't how there's still
perverse out
there on the street
And it's rare that a pig makes it back from a gig without
coming at you
with physical harm
He must be saying, "Oh, I didn't know," and they wind
up on that bacon farm
I don't mind dressing in black if I thought it would get
your temperature
back
And if your name's Queek you're quite unique and it's
taken you over the
top
Mr. Rodgers and I don't know the messiah ever since
you walked into the
shop
And if your names Kent it's known that you're bent it's
an actual
undeniable fact
Cause a law round here they've got cloth ears so you
never get caught in

the act
But I don't mind dressing in blue if I thought it would
make any difference
to you
There's nobody
There's nobody
There's nobody like you
There's nobody
There's nobody
There's nobody like you
If your name's Him then suddenly a whim but you seem
to be nowhere at all
If your name's Her than you're coverd with fur and
you're waiting for Him
in the hall
The stuff that you sell and the way that you smell is to

say the least way
out of place
If I had a choice between the fist and the voice you
know I'd push you
right out of your face
But I don't mind dressing in green if i thought that
you'd understand what
I mean
There's nobody
There's nobody
There's nobody like you

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