

Sparks

"Who Don't Like Kids"

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You got a cigar, here's a couple more because the
offspring

Are springing through swinging doors into a world
of "Ain't he cute, he looks a lot like his father" and

Here comes another

Of that proof that I'm not just a vegetable, the little

Proof that I'm more than a mineral, the little

Proof that I'm just like the next guy, whoever he may be

Who don't like kids, who don't like kids

Crawl, walk, running around

Living proof that I'm really sound

They'll ensure I'm always around

And your bit and my bit'll do their dance to body
rumblings

And tumblings and rote romance and all the while

I'm thinking, deeply thinking, hey what's it gonna be

Sod or celebrity

(Boy or girl)

(Boy or girl)

Oh well its off to work

And so long baby, kiss 'em goodbye for me

Who don't like kids, who don't like kids

Crawl, walk, running around

Living proof that I'm really sound

They'll ensure I'm always around

There's more in the wings shall we bring them on or

Shall we just sit and talk 'til the early morning and

Recite sweet nothings (sweet, sweet nothings)

In everybody's ear

Who don't like kids, etc.

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