Fibes, Oh Fibes! "Love Child"

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Ohohohohohohbido Ohohohohohohbido Ohohohohohoh

I was born, by a mother at the school of understanding And raised, by a sister Who taught me I could be standing At the age of seven I fell in love with Blackie And nothing could come in my way

When women go smiling
I start running
When women go talking
I start bushing
When women start asking
Why I keep on falling (Why I keep on falling)
I can't stop running away

They call me little Love Child with a thorn in my side You shouldn't be talking to me They call me little Love Child with a thorn in my side You shouldn't be talking to me

Ohohohohohohido Ohohohohohoh

I soon turned eleven
I was lost and seperated
It was "head over heels"
that go me stimulated
Like John McEnroe, my sky kept on falling
I knew I had something to say

When women go smiling (smiling)
I start running (I start running)
When women go talking (talking)

I start blushing (I start blushing)
When women start asking (start asking)
Why I keep on falling (Why I keep on falling)
I can't stop running away

They call me little Love Child with a thorn in my side
You shouldn't be talking to me
They call me little Love Child with a thorn in my side
You shouldn't be talking to me

Ohohohohohohbido Ohohohohohohbido Ohohohohohoh

They call me little Love Child
with a thorn in my side
You shouldn't be talking to me
They call me little Love Child
with a thorn in my side
You shouldn't be talking to me
They call me little Love Child (they call me loooove child)
with a thorn in my side
You shouldn't be talking to me
They call me little Love Child (they call me loooove child)
with a thorn in my side
You shouldn't be talking to me

Ohohohohohohbido Ohohohohohohbido Ohohohohohoh

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