

Tism

"Bash This Up Your Ginger"

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Don't you wish a comet
Would forget Jupiter,
And try for the jackpot
And hit us instead?
We would all be cactus,
But there is a bright spot:
At least we'd die knowing
Doug Mulray was dead.

Poor old Tony Modra,
He's an alchohlic
(At least that's the rumour -
Here's another one:
I also heard that prick
Alan Bond got pack raped;
If humans were destroyed,
Thank God that's been done.)

Back to Tony Modra -
He'd be off the bottle
Just about forever
If we're blown to bits;
We'd never have to hear
Workcare advertising:
We could sing: "It's working"
As the fucker hits.

Celestial bodies,
Time to do your duty:
Knock this stinking planet
For a stinking six.
You will hear me sreaming,
"Yeah, you fucking beauty:
Humans are all arseholes,
Except for the pricks."

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