

Tism

"Let's Club It To Death"

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Excuse me, can I have this dance?
There's an ill will blowin' in my pants
My friends call me John, you can call me Breaker
Morant.
Let's club it to death.

Chorus
Gimme your seal of approval
Let's club it to death.

I started the day with cereal
Now I'm feelin' kinda ethereal
It's gonna end in something venereal
Let's club it to death.

There's a tiger in my tank
There's a burglar in my bank
There's sauce on my footy frank
Let's club it to death.

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