

Los Amigos

"Outtro"

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Snook: 3. 2. 1. Go

Vingoe: Eh?

Snook: Go!

Vingoe: Eh?

Snook: Just Go!

Vingoe: oh

Snook: Yes Go.

Hey Jude.

Don't be so sad.

Take a sad song

And let Los Amigos ruin it.

Remember, to always patent your songs.

Then Los Amigos

Can never ruin, ruin, ruin, ruin

It for the foreseeable future anyway.

And now the end is near

And so I face, the final curtain.

My friend, has diarrhoea.

There'll be a mess, of which I'm certain.

I lived in a swimming pool

I've drove on each and every motorway

But still, much more than this

I did it

His way

Vingoe: Who's way?

Snook: His way.

Vingoe: Oh. HIS way.

Snook: Yergwaza. What do you think of the album anyway?

Vingoe: I think we need to charge more carrrrshhh.

Snook: No. The music fool! It's all about the music!

Vingoe: Ah. It all seems to be a blur to me.

Snook: Can you say that into the microphone please?

Vingoe: Microphone?

Snook: The magic stick thingy of ample recording space.

Vingoe: Oh. Indeed. Well it's better without Tom.

Anyway the music..

Vingoe: It's all a blur. It's ALL A BLUR!
But it's impossible to fill this space
Impossible to take your place
Impossible to watch you fade away...

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