

Who Don't Like Kids

Sparks

Who don't like kids, 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 him goodbye for me

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Living proof that I'm really sound
They'll ensure I'm always around
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids
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There's more in the wings shall we bring them on or
Shall we just sit and talk 'til the early morn and
Recite sweet nothings (sweet, nothings)
In everybodys ear

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