Wake up every morning Take a coffee down Then it's in the tube train In the rush hour to drown Well, your wife she fucks a neighbour And calls you a jerk And when you find out you go berserk You take a poker to her And you ram it up her arse Then you wrap it around her skull And then you laugh Well, the neighbour knew you did it And he turns you in Now you're gonna pay for your sins The judge calls you an animal And says if he could He'd give you the death sentence -That would be good Well, the jury don't take long to establish your guilt After all, you are guilty, guilty, guilty to the hilt Well, they found you in your prison cell Hanging by the neck - your life you had wrecked And your children they forget you when they can And when they don't forget you, your memory Your memory they damn So now you're rotting in the flames of hell With a poker rammed up your ass And around your skull as well