Little Ian, the camp old queen
Went to London and came back lean
Little Leslie, fond of the sun
Came back with more than a tan
Tried to change the shape of their lives
Carved from concrete with a welfare knife
Their vain brains in their hedonistic heads
Only carved a hole in their bodies instead

Every day I feel the same, every day drains into the next

Every day I feel the same, every day drains into the next

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Oh, what can be this?
What have I done to deserve this? (Every day)
It's bad enough as it is
I've been kicked in the face by the punishment kiss

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Oh, what can be this?
What have I done to deserve this? (Every day)
It's bad enough as it is
I've been kicked in the face by the punishment kiss

Oh no, what can be this?
What have I done to deserve this? (Every day)
It's bad enough as it is
I've been kicked in the face by the punishment kiss
Punishment kiss
Punishment kiss
Punishment kiss