

Death To The Northern Man

Destroyer

Death to the man more Northern than I am
The tropics will own this table
Peace-loving means unable
Why be glad of that?
Let's get rid of this
Cut the continent loose
Spies like us should just drift

Death to the man more Northern than I am
The crotchety scud at my table
Dogs fill up the stable
Where horses were supposed to go
Why have that?
Let's finish this
Kiss the country goodbye
Spies like us should just drift

My aim is not to bark or bunt
In England they call everyone cunt