

Come here you little party hat  
Let me squeeze you  
And do your hair  
Don't go over there

Chemical brothers  
Fat boy slims  
Peach nut  
Peach nut

I thought I saw a young couple clinging to a round baby  
But it was a bundle of trash and food  
Trash and food  
Doo doo doo doo doo

A ceremonial crawl-through  
Designed to keep toads off the roads  
Hot head

You know you've been written down in the big book  
And on their bin it said 189 MOTHER  
You're just jealous of the star  
Doo doo doo doo doo  
Crushed  
Doo doo doo

I feel your approach  
All the hairs on my arm raise up  
Because you are wearing a fleece  
That has become electrified  
Doo doo doo doo doo  
Whatever

Woah, just killed a giant wold!  
Why are you revving?  
Are you enjoying yourself?  
By doing nothing and staring at the wall?  
Busted  
What I really love is to not use something to its full capacity  
Not full power  
Half its potential  
Medium  
Roman remains

I am not in charge of what I do  
The only thing I could think to ask was  
"Do you like stumpwork?"  
Doo doo doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo doo doo