

Ollie & Olga

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Ollie and Olga
While hitching a ride through the mountains in
Switzerland
I heard a story that I'm gonna tell
Of a bloke they call Ollie and his old lady Olga
I swear it's fair dinkum and it's real sad as well

Ollie worked as a guide climbing up and down mountains
Dragging Japanese tourists by a rope round his guts
And his old lady Olga got no morning glory
Or no nighttime naughty 'cos he'd be too fucked
(hoo hoo, hoo hoo, hoo hoo)

'Cause for twelve hours a day the poor bastard kept
karting
Petrified Japs on the end of his rope
While they're kicking and shitting and screaming like
Sheilas
Olga thought of her Ollie up there and thought fuck the
slopes
(she thought of her Ollie up there and thought fuck the
slopes)

But mostly she thought about having a baby
But it had pissed off by the time she woke up
And there'd be no nookie she so badly needed
No nookie, no baby, no nothing, no fuck
(hoo hoo, hoo hoo, hoo hoo)

So one night while Ollie lay snoring his box off
She slipped out of bed and slipped into the night
And needless to say that night Olga was vulgar
Near fucked herself silly that's vulgar alright
(Near fucked herself silly that's vulgar alright)

But soon Ollie twigged that she'd played hide-the-
sausage
As the lump 'neath her jumper got too hard to hide
And he knew it weren't his and he knew fuckin' well too
That some other bastard had potted his bride
(Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho)

So Ollie climbed up to the top of the mountain
Took a deep breath cupped his hands round his mouth
And the village stood still and the whole valley
chilled
As they heard the words that poor Ollie rang out
(Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho)

Who diddled the old lady?
Who diddled the old lady?
Who diddled the old lady?
Who diddled her, Who-hoo?
Who diddled the old lady?
Who diddled the old lady?
Who diddled the old lady?
Who diddled her, Who-hoo?

But a tear filled his eyes as he stood on that mountain
And he heard his words carried off with the wind
Then he heard an echo bounce back 'cross the valley
An echo that made his poor asshole cave in

I diddled the old lady
I diddled the old lady
I diddled the old lady
I diddled her, hoo hoo
I diddled the old lady
I diddled the old lady
I diddled the old lady
I diddled her, hoo hoo

Some say that Ollie took his life on that mountain
While others say Ollie just died of the blues
But it's a good thing
'Cause that valley still rings, with
I diddled Ollie old lady too
I diddled Ollie old lady too
I diddled Ollie old lady too...