

# 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...