

The Festival of Life

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Ah, the Festival of Life is 'in' to save my fuckin'
soul

They don't want me drinkin' piss or screwin' round no
more

But they've got fuckin' Buckley's chance I'm giving you
the score

Still the Festival of Life keeps tryin' to save my
fuckin' soul

It's Saturday afternoon at last, it's what you've
waited for all week

Relax and put the feet up, turn the footy on TV

You're expecting Vern and Bluey round, they'll probably
stay all night

A coupla mates and a coupla beers - aw, Christ, this is
the life

Well, here they are already, you just heard the car
door slam

You wedge yourself out of your chair, get up to let 'em
in

But it's some wanker that you've never met, with a
briefcase in his hand

Some prick just out of Bible school, who thinks he's
God's right hand

Halleluiah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Chorus

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fuckin' soul

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'I'm Elder Robbins 'n' he's Elder Pike 'n' we'd like to
talk to y'all

'Bout eternal salvation, won't take but a minute or
more

We got a book we think y'all should read, 'bout how
y'all should live

My, what a charmin' home y'all have - y'all mind it we
come in?'

'Well, I'd love t'invite yer in yer know, but the
joint's a fuckin' mess

And there's an orgy ragin' in the lounge, and every
cunt's undressed!

And I'd love yer to meet the missus, Shirl, but she's a
bit crook in bed

She says she's got a real sore throat through givin'
too much head!'

Gobblegobble, gobblegobble, gobblegobble

Repeat Chorus

All snuggled up on Sunday mornin' and you wake up with
a horn

You grab the missus on the arse, oh, Christ she feels
so warm

The scene is set, the mood's just right, you're about
to slip it in

Then - (knock knock, knock) - there's that fuckin' door
again!

'Good morning, sir, did I get you up?

Sorry, I'm David and this is Pam

We're missionaries who've come to talk of Man's eternal
plan

And to discuss the holy future and reflect the holy
past.'

So you flash your dick and scream 'I'll holy shove this
up your arse!'

Up your arsehole, up your arsehole, up your arsehole

Repeat Chorus

Well it's not like it's just once or twice, it's every
damn weekend

Now how d'ya think they'd like it if we done the same
to them?

You know, turn up on their doorstep at a time they
least expect

Try and ram our way of life down their fuckin' necks!

Just imagine for a minute the reception that you'd get

With a couple of stick books in your hand and a carton
on the steps

And your missus chewin' chewin' gum in a really low-cut
dress

And you in thongs and overalls-you know, your fuckin'
Sunday best!

What a yobbo, what a yobbo, what a yobbo

Repeat Chorus

Giddy, we're pissed-up testecostacals, I'm Kevin and
this is Shirl

We've come to introduce you cunts to a whole new
fuckin' world

We've come to preach the good news, we think it's what
you need to hear

We'll show you more fun in five minutes than you've had
all fuckin' year!

Now You, sweetheart, you come with me and I'll teach
you how to sin

And Sister Shirl, old sort, 'll suck your sav until
your 'ead caves in~

Aw shit, your missus just fainted, so we won't bother
comin' in

We'll just piss off back to our place-just drop ten
bucks in the tin

'Nother carton, 'nother carton, 'nother carton

Repeat Chorus Twice