

E.R.N.I.E.

Madness

I am the bringer of your wishes,
Your saviour from doing work,
The washer of your dishes, and
You'll still get you mid-day perk.
Estate agent,
Your mansion and pot of gold,
All the home comforts,
Before you're getting tired and old.

One more try,
Try to get what you've never had,
Five more bob,
For the whole world that can't be bad.
We can't all win,
Look it's happening,
The future's looking not so bleak,
A thousand winners every week.
A thousand winners every week.

So when you hear me coming,
Along halls and up the stairs,
Get the black teapot,
In the cupboard, under chairs,
Forget all your wives tales,
Or forecasts and dividends,
E.R.N.I.E. feels vibrations,
Only pays out to trusting friends.

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Try to get what you've never had,
Five more bob,
For the whole world that can't be bad.
We can't all win,
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The future's looking not so bleak,
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Keep your hand on the bottle,
And your eyes glued upon the set,
When the score cards come up,
Could be you for the big one next.
Publicity, no thank you,
On the front page of the currant bun,
They think you stink,
But in the pub you'll be number one.

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Five more bob,
For the whole world that can't be bad.
We can't all win,
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