

Old Codger

The Strangers

What an old codger I am
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Communion's got a lot of grace
It's got style and bread and wine
But they're not mine!
You know what I like!

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I may be long in tooth and jaw
But I've got a lot of nerve
When it comes to an angel boy
Pray for me!

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When the choir is singing in the aisles
And the moon tomes up over the steeple
I might just turn into a bol-weevil
And creep up on you with my beef-jerky!

Hey baby!
We're gonna shave 'em dry
You know what shave 'em dry is?
You'll learn!
Mmmm, that's good, that's good!
That's very good!
Just close your eyes baby and think of England!
Well why not?
I always keep my socks on!