

Happiness

Whats the point of lying
About the way I feel
I've got that Sunday feeling
Oh how it makes me reel

The yellow pages I shall look
To find a decent restaurant
With a decent cook
I'm hoping for paella
Or a tasty dish of rice
I want some cod and liver
Oh wouldn't that be nice

I'll probably go clubbing
Have a little beer
Set my soul a-dancing
And set fire to my rear

I'll come home on the bus
Blind stinking drunk
And then I'll meet a guy
Who'll sell me a bit of skunk