

Lyrics

Featuring fan favourites including "The Loudhailer Song", "Sharpened Sticks" and "I Love You Mr Disposable Razors".

Words: Vince Hunt. Music: Vince Hunt, Keith Curtis, Richard Aitken.

The Loudhailer Song

Things to remember

There is no God

Liberation will never come

We are all doomed to a life of servitude

But the tea gets stronger, as we get older, until you get to the refusal.

The fat landlord's brother didn't look like a human. Not having written the rule book he had a craving to mess in his pants. The last of the altruists, he couldn't keep his voice down.

This household bozo, he said no to a doctrine, no doctrine, no doctrine, no doctrine. And a hitman dazed, be honest be brutal. Don't leave a stone unturned. And the fat landlord egghead didn't look like a good meal. Four sickly brown cakes and a skin like canvas. These words stuck in my throster... and there was incidental music playing.

And if you want to know the key, wait till you sample the real stuff.

The loudhailer is not yet a reality.

Sharpened Sticks

The sharp end of the stick, know something of your past.

A woman showed the whites of her eyes, these are the ways we were pushed about.

And God was leaving, he couldn't get his coat on, he had the loudest phone in the world.

When it rang this is all you could hear – did didid did, dir didid dip.

A three minute egg, or words to that effect. Some questions answered, some questions answered, oh yeah.

They never spared the rod for us, that's life, that's lies. You knew the reasons would be hidden. Answers are useless, God.

Gun battle in sewer, car parked on manhole cover. We are treated like the water.

Thirdly in business terms, spring memo for a ribbon. Is not dark enough, is not large enough.

The folds in my shirt and the bends in my ear. The sun in my eyes, the man cannot get out and so dies. I was rooted to my seat and unable to rise. The sharp end of the stick.

I Love You, Mr Disposable Razors

I've led a double life, and the plants grow inside my house.

And my beard grows when the wind blows, take a razor to my handsome face.

I'm late for the Docklands train, and my life's going down the drain.

Like a horse on a soggy turf, like a horse with the oats full blast.

I'm happy with my lucky life, so I'm going to buy a house, with Anaglypta on the staircase and some lights on the first floor.

I love you, Mr Disposable Razors

I love, everything about you

The bristles on your rugged chin

Your watch carved from an Italian mountain

The 19th Century let me down, no Astroturf to catch my fall.

I love those throwaway razors, they help to clean up my profile
A potato in a microchip world, don't whisper when we can't be heard
Damn everyone and come on down
Relocate to Warrington New Town

I love you, Mr Disposable Razors
I love, everything about you
The bristles on your rugged chin
Your watch carved from an Italian mountain

Southern fried stockbroker I like your Ford Fiesta
No whippets, no flat caps in here
No miserable Yorkshiremen
To spoil our evening
I love you, Mr Disposable Razors
Mr Disposable Income
I love you

I love you, Mr Disposable Razors
I love, everything about you
The bristles on your rugged chin
Your watch carved from an Italian mountain