

Super Furry Animals, Death By Melody

Give me sleaze, Welsh cakes and cheese
Look so divine, tell me they're mine
And this thing doesn't rhyme

The rights are wrong the left have gone right
Thought they might taste the Angel Delight
And swot him in sight

I can make no sense of it
Living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it
Living in the thick of it (X2)

When I was aged under three
I went insane on the climbing frame
I totally lost it

Searching for the land of my dreams
The Soviet's rave and nuns misbehave
And nobody rules but

I can make no sense of it
Living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it
Living in the thick of it (X2)

Do do do do do do do do do
Do do do do do do do do do
Do do do do do do do do do
Do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do
Do do do

La la la la la la la
Zippedy do
Zippedy don't
Zippedy I don't know (X2)

I can make no sense of it
Living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it
Living in the thick of it (X4)
Living
Living
Living
Living
Woooooh!