

Artist: toy\_dolls

Title: Pot Belly Bill

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The Gas supply has been cut off, the tele's on the blink  
Billy stinks, he drinks & spews up in the kitchen sink  
He's sick of his bleedin' life, & he's gonna smack the wife in the jaw  
Billy Mrs cleans and scrubs while Billy's down the boozier  
But she's had a belly full now Billy's gonna lose her  
She's in her dressing gown, Billy's breaking down the bedroom door

[Chorus:]

POT... POT BELLY BILL: A Big fat dirty lout

A pig & a layabout

POT... POT BELLY BILL: A fowl gob that's never shut

A fat slob with a beer gut.

POT POT POT BELLY BILL

He's such a hog at tea time, he shovels down his grub  
He burps & makes rude noises, then he nicks off down the pub  
Between you & me, & Billy's Mrs will agree, he's a swine

[Chorus]&lt;/i>...&lt;/p>
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<p>[Guitar Bit]&lt;/p>
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<div data-bbox="65 309 460 382" data-label="Text">
<p>It's closing time at the local, & he stumbles out the bar  
The drunken lump forgets to switch the lights on in his car  
But Billy is a darer, he did not see the Sierra round the bend.  
1/2 an hour latter Billy's hospitalised, "Tell the wife to bring some cans in  
with the grapes" He cries.  
But she's seen the light, she said "Serve the fat slob right, I hope he DIES"  
[Chorus]&lt;/p>
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