

Wait
It isn't so great
Since you learned karate chop
You're walking machs
And I'm just swimming in the slop
You wave your wand at me
And make me dance flip-flop
I want to sing for you
And make your head go pop

The Inuit man
Had not so much a Caesar
He had provision
Say

You're spraying in the windy
And I'm just pissing off
I'm literally deaf down here
From your canned philosoph
Softly can you hear me
Through the sucking of your quaff
I'm Thalassocracy
And you're just Romanov

The Inuit man
Had not so much a Caesar
He had provision