

Salad, Cardboy King

Wait until the caller ends
The conversation with his mother
Then take his place inside the box
And plaster one wall then the other
Pictures do the work of words
Adverts for the modern lover

He's the cardboy king
And he's distributing as always
The girls can stay indoors
And then he visits them in turn

Take a daily risk of up to
A grand and half as much again
He's mapped out his career of sorts
But going nowhere no matter how many men
Will his heart shack up with any of
Polly, Tanya, Kim or Pen
Dear old Pen

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Messing up the BT decor
Till they've fallen on the floor
Messing up the BT decro
Till they've fallen on the floor

It doesn't go down popular
With the generation libido free
Catch him in the act and they will
Throw him over their collective knee
But seeing wrinkle echo wrinkle
Wouldn't that be lovely ?
Lovely

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He's the cardboy king
And he's distributing as always
Always distributing

He's the cardboy king
And he's distributing as always
The girls can stay indoors