

World Profit

Alice Donut

Mormon Tabernacle screaming round the bend
Your ship is coming in.
Your ship is coming in.
And all the economic forecasts predict
My ship is coming in.
My ship is coming in.
(Tounges) (chorus)
I make the soup, a thick gravy soup.
Come and get your spoons
"cause I'm a world prophet. Look at my shoes
[I've got size 12 shoes]
I've only got half a foot.
[Prophets don't fear the bottle]
Walking over puddles
I'm a world prophet.
Insects and bugs, arachnids and slugs.
Crawling down my leg.
Crawling down my leg.
And all the disregarded blood sausage saints.
Pawing out for change.
Pawing out for change.
(Tounges) (Chorus) Leather briefcase
Corporate waves.
They're packing in the train,
But I can part the waves.
Right down my spine
They're oozing down my spine
It's like a tounge of fire.
I've got a tounge of fire.
(Tounges)
And I make the soup.
A thick gravy soup.
Come and get your spoons
I'm a world prophet. Put on your suits
Your dark navy suits.
Get out in the streets
And make a profit, a false profit

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>