

## IPOD

Words: Ian & Oliver Music: Luke

*Riding on a train* Hey granddad get off my case  
*I'm in constant pain* Get out my face now  
*From a ts ts chikka chikka* Stop invading my personal space  
*iPod iPod* How'd you like it  
*Yes and riding on a train's* If I stopped you reading your Observer  
*Driving me insane* Cos the sound of rustling papers  
*With that ts ts chikka chikka* Was getting on my nerves?  
*iPod iPod* Well you'll wish you never said it  
*Two seats in front* you old silver fox  
*Two seats behind* Cos now I'm gonna hit you  
*I look around but I cannot find* With some human beat-box  
*That ts ts chikka chikka*  
*Chikka chikka ka chikka* Oh it's an iPod yeah  
*iPod iPod* Where's he hiding now?  
It's worse than a tap dripping all night I'm gonna find him now  
Worse than a digger on a building site Just you let me at him  
Worse than a massive motorbike is a I'm ready now  
Ts ts chikka chikka etc Will you stop that flipping row  
Stop it stop it stop it now  
It hasn't got a tune Just you stop it now  
If it don't stop soon And don't you start  
I shall wrap his phones right round his neck Hey I'm talking to you  
And wipe away the sound  
Yes wipe away the sound of a  
Ts ts chikka chikka etc

That's better  
Now I can play my Nintendo all the way to Penzance