

## The Twits Song

He's old and hairy and his beard's full of food,  
He hates good manners 'cos he like to be rude.  
His wife's fat and ugly with warts on her nose  
And flies follow her wherever she goes.

*They're the Twits, they're the Twits,  
They're a nasty smelly pair of old nits.  
He's been growing his beard for most of his life.  
He is dirty and greasy and so is his wife.*



They're very fond of nature like the birds in the sky  
So they catch 'em and the pluck 'em and they bake them in a pie  
If kids come in their garden, here's what they do –  
Invite them in for supper then eat them, too!

*They're the Twits, they're the Twits,  
They're a nasty smelly pair of old nits.  
They've been wearing his pants for most of his life.  
He is dirty and greasy and so is his wife.*

They never wash their faces or comb their hair,  
They never change their bedclothes or underwear.  
For miles around you can smell their cheesy feet.  
No wonder no-one else wants to live in their street.

*They're the Twits, they're the Twits,  
They're a nasty smelly pair of old nits.  
He's been wearing these socks for most of his life.  
He is dirty and greasy and so is his wife.*

*They're the Twits, they're the Twits,  
They're a nasty smelly pair of old nits.  
He's been wearing his pants for most of his life.  
He is dirty and greasy and so is his wife.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rw43deEJiX4>