



## Boris - the Album!

Cripes! Thanks ever so for  
buying this album. I think  
you'll find it's jolly  
marvellous, even if I do say  
so myself.

- Boris Johnson\*

\*Possibly not the real one

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### Flash Boris

(Boris – a ha! Master of the universe!)

Cripes. Thanks all for coming.

Jolly good of you to have me.

(Boris – a ha! MP and a classicist!)

Ah, yes, carpe diem and all that!

(Boris – a ha! Sex cheat and a narcissist.)

Now, hang on, a minute.

I think that's jolly unfair.

(Boris – a ha! Political opportunist.)

Absolute nonsense.

An inverted pyramid of piffle.

(Boris – a ha....)

Right, no – I think I'll do the introductions. You lot can  
jolly well clear off. Honestly, if you want a job doing...

(to the band) 1, 2, 3...

## **Please, Call Me Boris**

BORIS: The name is Alexander  
Boris de Pfeffel Johnson.  
But of all my many names,  
I only need the one.

For while you know me as the blond  
Who's always up for fun,  
There's plenty you don't know about, I promise.  
Please, call me Boris. Yes!

I'm a very different politico,  
Really quite popular.  
I don't know if it's what I say,  
Or simply just the hair.

I sometimes think I'd even 'scape  
Charges of murder.  
No one even expects me to be honest.  
Please, call me Boris.

(He's a tendency to extemporise  
Quite loquaciously.  
It's almost like he's lost control  
Of oral faculties.  
But trust me he's a training  
In speaking classically...)

Positively prone to prolapse poetry and piffle,  
A locutor luxurious, linguistically it's blissful.  
Merry and mellifluous in many of my scribbles,  
But sometimes you can't beat the tried and tested.  
In grabbing your attention, I won't be bested:

Tits, arse, pudding, yarh!

I'm everybody's favourite  
From Cardiff 'cross to Norwich.  
I'm loved by cavier eaters  
Down to workers with their porridge.  
I brighten up this nation  
Like flowers from a florist.  
Please, call me Boris!

I'm just like MC Hammer, you can't touch this.  
Please, call me Boris.

## **Born to Rule**

You might think you're educated  
Quite well read, sophisticated  
None of that counts cos we are fated...

We are...  
Born to rule  
If you're rich you can be a fool.  
We are born to rule  
Did they feed you fois gras at your school?

We don't buy an education  
We invest in life connections  
Bonding with group masturbation  
Yeah! Tory biscuit!

Eton, Oxbridge, Parliament  
A seat in the Lords – retirement  
So just remember, when you feel poor,  
We're your feudal overlords!  
And don't think of kicking up a fuss  
Cos even though it's personally advantageous  
We've still got our charitable status!

Yeah, toff win!

[Rap] So here's the thing  
about being an Eton boy  
You got bear dollar,  
Can buy lots of toys.  
But there ain't no fillies  
Allowed up in this bitch.  
Can't get no pussy,  
No matter how rich.  
All you see is willies,  
In post rigger showers.  
Just you and a dude  
In the midnight hour.  
But we all know  
That come the day,  
We'll be balls deep in clunge,  
Let me hear you say,  
We got money,  
We got power,  
We got opportunities.  
All the honeys gonna say,  
"Hell, yes please"  
Don't hold it against us,  
We don't make the rules.  
Just the way of the world,  
That we're born to rule...

[Guitar solo]

We are...  
Born to rule,  
We've never even heard of Liverpool.  
We are born to rule,  
This is all part of our schedule.  
We are born to rule!

## Posh Lads

Smash up the place, for fun!  
Get off your face, drink on!  
Back to my place – (a mansion)  
Welcome to the Bullingdon.

It costs you three grand  
To dress up like us.  
Gotta burn fifty quid  
In front of a homeless.

We've only got one rule –  
We don't give a toss.  
Cos we got all the money,  
So there's no touching us.

We're the truest of the blue,  
The brightest and the best,  
We'll trash what we like  
And write you out a cheque.

We party through the night,  
Posh lads never tire,  
Cos we're mother-fucking lords of Oxfordshire!

Smash up the place, for fun!  
Get off your face, drink on!  
Back to my place – (a mansion)  
Welcome to the Bullingdon.

[guitar solo]

Smash up the place, for fun!  
Get off your face, drink on!  
It's Downton Abbey meets Fight Club!  
Welcome to the Bullingdon.

## How Do You Solve a Problem Like a Boris?

DAVID CAMERON:

He always steals the limelight,  
Even when I'm standing there.

The plebs think he's hilarious,  
at me just gawp and stare.

And underneath his helmet

He's a mass of long blond hair.

They do not even think that he's a Tory.

He's always on the TV

Like a real celebrity.

I gave him the Olympics

Now he's well known globally.

And when he royally cocks it up,

They only love him more.

Next to him, I really seem quite boring.

AIDE: I'd like to say a word on his behalf.

Yes, he's an arse. But he makes us laugh.

DAVE: How do you solve a problem like a Boris?

How do I use him without being outclassed?

Could I have him kicked in by Chuck Norris?

He'd probably print that in the Torygraph.

How do you solve a problem like a Boris?

Perhaps there is a scandal, make a splash.

He's always been too partial to a clitoris.

If only we had some sordid photographs!

### Super Mayor

A politician was all I ever wanted to be.

But now it's clear, I've a new ambition, yes finally,

London will not live in fear

Not while Boris is living here.

I'm a cockney batman,

Got my helmet on.

(Super Mayor)

Oh, the ladies how they stop and stare.

(Super Mayor)

Don't need no flashing light, got my blond, blond hair.

(You know justice will be swift,

Check out his trousers, they're safely clipped).

If you're looking for trouble,

Then I'm looking for you.

This town, it is mired in a crime wave,

It's out of hand.

You can't even walk your dog,

Because your dog will shake you down.

(But the crims they can't escape his bike,

Not even in their stolen Nikes).

You wouldn't see this shit

From Ken Livingstone.

(Super Mayor)

Oh, the ladies how they stop and stare.

(Super Mayor)

Don't need no flashing light, got my blond, blond hair.

(If you've pinched a pair of Reeboks,

He's coming for you, ready or not).

If you're looking for trouble,

Then I'm looking for you.

## Me and My Johnson

I try to be faithful  
(I really do)

But it's hard, when you look  
Like I do.

The ladies, they come back for more,  
But Boris is already out the door.

I've too much to offer, you see.  
Selfish – to deprive the world of more me.  
Though it's true, the ladies, I adore,  
But Boris, I love more!

My honourable member  
(A three line whip)  
Wants to vote in your chamber  
(I'll be quick)  
They ladies, they can't get too much  
Of Boris' potent hot blond stuff.

But ladies you are in a queue.  
This reflection will always outshine you.  
All I ask, one sexy sine qua non:  
Love me, love my Johnson.

Oh, Tory lothario,  
Cassanova in parliament-o,  
I quote them Greek,  
The ladies do shriek,  
And I'm not talking Saphho, oh no!

Yes, they go wild for me.  
Knickers down beneath the knees.  
I'm a modern Adonis,  
Tongue hotter than Horace,  
Oh, I love you, Boris.

But ladies you are in a queue.  
This reflection will always outshine you.  
All I ask, one sexy sine qua non:  
Love me, love my Johnson.

## BeLeave

MICHAEL GOVE:  
You gotta beleave – in the glory.  
Glory Britannia.  
You gotta sing, "I believe!"  
Yeah, sing, "I believe!"  
Take back control from Germania.

This is a sceptered isle. A blessed place.  
Freedom's home. Her resting place.  
You gotta beleave – In the glory.  
Glory Britannia.  
Let me hear you sing, "I believe!"  
Yeah, sing it loud, "I believe!"  
Say "no" to Romania.

(Ad lib)

Together we can rise up,  
I ask you all, Dundee to Rotherham...  
I call on you, Cardiff and Birmingham...  
Let's not forget, all the Boots and Matalans...  
Across this ancient and magic land.

You gotta Vote Leave!  
You gotta Vote Leave!  
You gotta believe in your country and destiny!

You gotta Vote Leave!  
You gotta Vote Leave!  
You gotta believe  
Vote leave, we will set you free.

Let me hear you sing, (I be-leave)  
Let me hear you sing it, (I be-leave)  
A little bit louder (I be-leave)  
Come on now sing it (I be-leave)  
I cannot hear you! (I be-leave)

Do you be-leave it? (I be-leave)  
Cos I be-leave it! (I be-leave)  
We be-leave it..  
I be-leave!

### **I'm Talking About Brexit!**

BORIS:  
Friends, I implore you,  
Believe me, there is more to  
This country that remainers so disdain.  
Together we can kickstart,  
Our nation's heart-beat restart,  
A brave new world on Independence Day!

I'm talking about Brexit!  
The EU, I reject it!  
You don't need to be rule-ioed  
By technocrats called Julio.  
We can go it all alone,  
If EU powers we do bring home.  
I'm talking about Brexit!

DAVE: The IMF, the Treasury,  
World Bank, and OECD.  
Even the Bank of England  
The EU does extol.  
You'll all be poorer off, it's true.  
We'll lose jobs, tax revenue.  
Don't Vote Leave  
Cos Bojo's megalolz.

We're talking about Brexit!  
Expert opinion, we reject it.  
You can keep your dry, hard facts.  
We've got something better than that!

Immigration, immigration, immigration.  
Immigration, it's getting out of hand.  
We can't control the numbers  
Coming in. We cannot. We cannot.  
We need to reaffirm our borders.  
Take back control. Take back control.  
It's the only way...

We're talking about Brexit!  
Last forty years, we'll correct it.  
The country may need paramedics,  
Turn into a racist cesspit,  
It will all be totally worth it.  
We're talking about Brexit!

### **Prime Minister, G.B.**

BORIS: Have you ever bitten off  
More than you could chew?  
Found yourself too deep inside,  
Something that you knew defied,  
Everything that you were meant to do?

I thought it was a game,  
One grand throw of the dice.  
No one ever took me serious  
In my whole life.

I'm just a clown, you see,  
A joker and a rogue.  
Now I've gone and screwed the nation,  
Cos I thought that it would hasten

My rise to the very top,  
But now it's clear, the game is up.  
I'm just a clown and clowns can never be....

Prime Minister GB  
(clowns can never be)  
Prime Minister GB

DAVE: Have you ever bitten off  
More than you could chew?  
I gave you people what you want  
And this how you say, "thank you"?

I wanted resolution,  
Quell backbencher revolution,  
Now I'll go down in history  
As the nob who broke the union.

I didn't meet my fiscal targets  
Forced the poor to nearly starve, it's  
Food banks that are my legacy,

Prime Minister GB  
(Don't forget about the pig)  
Prime Minister GB

MICHAEL: Finally, something  
To get my teeth into.  
I'm fated for the greatest heights  
I'll soar above you parasites.

I'll make this country great,  
After Brexit, just you wait:  
With Gove in charge, we'll live it large,  
Your poverty, I will enlarge.

You all misjudged the Gove, ignored  
My hunger for the throne, deplored  
My weird face, but now it's time to be,

Prime Minister, GB.  
(He wants to be)  
Prime Minister, GB

DAVE: I rolled the dice,  
BORIS: I raised the stakes,  
MICHAEL: It's time I took my rightful place!

We may have bitten off  
(It was a gamble and we bloody lost)  
More than we could chew  
(Now we're counting the cost)  
Found ourselves too deep inside  
A scheme gone far askew

We didn't think it through  
(We thought they'd just vote to stay)  
Misjudged the public view  
(Who does the research anyway?)  
It never should have come to this,  
Farage, that fucking anarchist

BORIS: And now I'm all alone  
Ridiculed abroad and home  
How can one with all this cash  
And privilege make such a monstrous gaffe?

### **Who Am I?**

I thought I couldn't lose,  
A posh boy playing posh boy games.  
A silly jape, a ruse.  
What is this feeling? Is it shame?

So unfamiliar.  
I'm used to waving, lots of smiles.  
It's like I've shafted them.  
It's like they think, they think I'm vile.

Which am I? (Which am I?)  
Machiavelli or the clown?  
(Which am I, which am I, which am I)  
I just don't know  
Do I smile? Do I frown?

I only ever gave you people  
what you want.  
A bit of light relief.  
A little entertainment.

Who am I? (who am I?)  
You get the leaders you deserve.  
Oh who am I? (Who am I)  
A blessing or a curse?

Who am I? Was this all just for fun?  
Oh, who am I? Boris, what have you done?  
Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?  
Boris, what have you become?

### **Double "0" Boris**

On her Majesty's  
Secret Service  
Over foreign seas  
Yeah, work it, baby,  
You had better believe.

I got more lives than a siamese cat,  
Yeah Boris is back  
And I'm gonna help Britain when she's under attack.

I'm double "o" Boris! (He's double "o" Boris)  
I'm double "o" Boris! (He's double "o" Boris)

On her Majesty's  
Secret Service  
Over foreign seas  
Yeah, work it, baby,  
You had better believe.

(He's Britain's nuclear blond bombshell.  
Where he lands, oh, who can tell.  
Britain's back and she's going to hell,  
With Boris, a handcart and Farage as well)

I'm double "o" Boris! (He's double "o" Boris)  
I'm double "o" Boris! (He's double "o" Boris)

I got two charm guns strapped to my waist  
Set phasers to "cripes", hit them in the face.  
An ego so big you can see it from outer space.

I'm double "o" Boris! (He's double "o" Boris)  
I'm double "o" Boris! (He's double "o" Boris)

Lyrics © Laurence Peacock 2016.  
Music © Laurence Peacock & Hollie Morrell 2016.

Perpetrated by Blowfish Theatre.  
Having largely got away with this,  
we're targeting Trump next.

Find out more at  
**[blowfishtheatre.weebly.com](http://blowfishtheatre.weebly.com)**