

England's Ending

Bob Vylan

This country's in dire need of a fucking spanking, mate
A good overhaul, get the fucking dinosaurs out
Yeah, and kill the fucking queen
She killed Diana, we don't love her anyway

Stepped out on crud, mud
On the hunt like Elmer Fudd
I need funds, I need drugs
I need guns, I need love
I need something that I can move
I need something that I can shot
I ain't got nothing to prove
I'm not looking to move all hot
One way trip to the Land of Nod
When you get touched with the hand of God
I'm not looking to lose this plot
I'm just looking to move this dot
On my ones, no gang, no mob
When I bang on bang on job get banged up, stupid
Thinking it's all just music
Yeah, I'm angry a lot

'Cause England's ending, death's still pending
Where's that money you spent?
Work all week, still work on weekends
Still can't pay my rent
Times are tough, I've had enough
So if I wanna fucking rush you, you'll get rushed

Stepped out on sauce, of course
I put 10 pound on that horse
Another 10 pound Arsenal draws
I don't even watch this sport
But I've got money and I need more
Landlord's keeping me on all fours
Breakdown crew in the queue with my bro
And shot work from a Honda Accord
According to news, we're all fucked
Man are keeping a toolie tucked
No youth clubs, no money, no houses
Poor people are shit outta luck
Studio flat 1200 a month
Two bedroom, two grand and above
Mandem risking hands in cuffs
Betrayed by land we love

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So if I wanna fucking rush you, you'll get rushed
Yeah, yeah, yeah
England's ending, death's still pending
Where's that money you spent?
Work all week, still work on weekends
Still can't pay my rent

Times are tough, I've had enough
So if I wanna fucking rush you, you'll get rushed
Yeah, yeah, yeah