Bladderwrack Allowance

Half Man Half Biscuit

To think you could be sitting watching telly by the fire
Instead of being subjected to this
To think someone suggested you'd be pleasantly surprised
And wouldn't feel the need to boo and hiss

Well blame your partner
Direct that flak at your partner
Though yes, I'll accept I'm the focus
Of your ire

Gail and Sonia
Have gone downtown on a hen night
And they won't be back until daylight
One assumes

This is like the dream you feared you'd dream about one night
This is where you never want to be
This is where some fella standing next to you may shout
“Do that one about the Zuiderzee!”

Hold your horses
We might play one you'll relate to
A song you could even gyrate to

In a while

Ooh, baby
Sue the dating agency maybe
They should have sent you Robert of Blaby
In his Merc
(Blaby's in Leicestershire)
Home sweet home
Facebook, Gogglebox, wine
Who's Stuart Boam
And why's he swimming in brine?

Yes of course I realise now we're not your cup of tea
Even worse, it's late and you're still here
Possibly, just possibly, we've raised a knowing smile
Though probably you just need further beer

Mine's a pint of
Thatcher's Entirely Blameless
And we shall forever be nameless
You and I

Gail and Sonia
I think may've played a joke on ya
So by way of small consolation I decree
Your ordeal is over here

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