

We once made things from steel now we're only stealing past inspirations  
You'll never have free reign switching channels for inspiration  
When all our strange relations the strange relate  
As proud as a punch drunk stealing other peoples old junk  
And all he finds is old perverts overcoats  
Who were to tall you fat boy bugger all in dirty overalls  
Stealing toilet rolls the f\*\*king arseholes  
In aardvark tee-shirts in pretty little mini skirts  
Long stay wedding plans tonight of all nights  
Garlic disasters in the name of creamy pastas  
You bastard you dream \*of f\*\*king gangsters\*  
You follow rules of engagement and then I feel it now  
You tell me not a derailing  
And I need digital TV like I need conjuring trickery  
Or assailing and all I demand  
As proud as a punch drunk who's stealing other peoples junk  
And all he finds is old perverts overcoats  
Who were to tall and your fat boy bugger all in dirty overalls  
Who's stealing toilet rolls the f\*\*king assholes  
In aardvark tee-shirts in your pretty little mini skirts  
Long stay wedding plans tonight of all nights  
Their life full of pantyhose meets technicolour dreamcoats  
\*We're darning toes like boring gangsters\*