

Eating Is Cheating

Lower Than Atlantis

Street lights shine bright,
illuminating Watford High Street on a Monday night.
Fat slags are 'dressed to kill'
with their short skirts barely covering arse cheeks making me ill.
It's student night, I can get in wearing trainers and it's a pound a pint.
I drank a hell a lotta Stella
when I left my mates and now I'm ready for a fuck or a fight.

We started off in Baraka to get into Area free,
there's a queue at the bar so come and dance with me.
Darling, can you handle it? We'll build a bridge and dismantle it.
We won't stop dancing because our feet are sore,
We won't stop tonight until there's shit on the dance floor.

Fight!

Monday, Watford.
Tuesday, in bed.
You're barred, what for?
Let's hope next week's like the week before.

Manic Mondays, I'm taking a piss down an alley way,
as for the gear that you just bought, I hope to God we don't get caught.

Caught!
I'll see you in court.