

## Big Burt

Sleaford Mods

It is bastard biz  
Slim shirt, belly pops out  
They call me Big Burt

Darts player, tungsten delivery phantom  
I'm the treble sixty Barton's Red Baron,  
Hey dougie! Woof!  
Multi coloured, round, all these shapes and woof!  
It's really dated  
And yet you still court it  
Make out you're knowledgeable  
You still rate it  
Airfix dickheads  
You snap-on tools who never grow  
Shelling out fifteen-hundred pounds to see an has-been  
Who can't even do three gigs in one go, what's that?  
Wheeled out on a three-sixty  
You music magazines lying to us  
Just to stay in print  
Well, I want a free frisbee  
Plugging a shit pig  
So you can still parade around Arnos Grove in your get-up  
Name-dropping nineties pricks

Worse  
It's getting shitter

And no amount of talking about  
Something that you'll never do anything about  
Is gonna make it better  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I got a wonky back  
Inspector Gadget  
Deep sea batter  
Eighties' café, Scampi chap  
Alright chap, Boston stump  
You fall off, splatter  
Beef jerky  
After hours in the farm shop restaurant bar  
Keys in a bowl murky  
Legs eleven  
Hundred percent dolphin-friendly  
Nets in caravan kitchen heaven

We ain't got a lot  
And I don't want God's plan  
Is it twenty-five pound a month for the handset  
And free calls to the promised land?  
We ain't got a lot  
And I don't want God's plan  
Is it twenty-five pound a month for the handset  
And free calls to the promised land?  
I don't want God's plan  
Is it twenty-five pound a month  
And free calls to the promised land?

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(They call me Big Burt)