

Black Monday

Sleaford Mods

Well gather your gods

Waiting room stench, the loos smell nice
Faces of Death rip the tickets
Fifty potential health problems cover the walls
I could have them all, who cares
Death rays burn the air conditioning
And smash out the warnings that everyone needs to hear
This is the end of your cool black Monday
Deadly sixty, welcome back at 8
I can't believe the rich still exist
Let alone fucking rule the country, mate
Dogwaste car showrooms, look fucking stupid
Shiny inventions, unobtainable for the real
Obtainable for the tits
Big car, small life
That's just the way it is

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We took back the streets from the potholes
And the last remaining internet cafes on the boulevards
We overturn world order - 10, 000 strong
It's not enough anymore just to have a fucking singalong
So I started hating the coppers
Fucking showstoppers
Low-flying helicopters
Spoil season five, Nip/Tuck
Keith Weetabix, tastes like crab sticks
Wake up, what's that cunt doing outside near my fucking my car lot?
Echo beach, glitter
Eighties segregation, so shit
Financial ladder, false tit party, Blackadder
What has it come to when only the monsters point the finger
I'm not a burger, I'm not a fucking zinger
Needles protect the neon logos from pigeon shit
And the blue sky's wasted, it's fucking sick of it

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