

# 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 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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