

# Blackbeard Was

Sleaford Mods

No... no...  
No... no...  
Oi, gunslinger  
Sling some of them guns over here  
Oi, gunslinger  
Lob some of them guns over here

I got no balls  
Evidently  
The cars miss each other  
On a roundabout that I can see  
The summer's on its arse  
I bang the word up to number ten  
If you think you're a dangerous villain, mate  
Well then, I'd actually think again, you're not  
Blackbeard was  
'Cause everybody's writing tunes these days  
What ya doing tonight?  
Just mixing that tune over in, alright  
What ya doing tonight?  
Yeah, I'm just mixing that tune over in, alright  
Clueless bastards with well paid jobs  
Will not turn into Sly and Robbie  
Just because they've installed Ableton  
On their Mac's  
Yeah, ta da

Herr Flick  
With a wooden arm  
Captain Pegleg  
With a bit of lip balm on  
Herr Flick  
With a wooden arm  
Captain Pegleg  
With a bit of lip balm on

I don't get by no more  
I just cause a sea of shit  
The eye of the tiger got slapped to fuck  
By the eye of the conniver's kick  
I'm Herr Flick with a wooden arm  
Captain Pegleg with a bit of lip balm on  
I'm about to fart, the waves part  
Plastic, fantastic  
A Colt 45, low alcohol, no stock  
Lawrie McMenemy turning in his grave  
He's still alive, is he?  
I'm a bag head, Dave  
Shut the fuck up, Dave  
The loneliness of the long distance runner  
I don't give a fuck what you think about me  
I'll make friends anywhere, I'm a stunner  
I got marching powder, it's a grey sheet  
And raindrops that lace houses of [?]  
To rock bottom obscurity on the bleak streets of Lenton  
It's bleak  
Yeah, ta da

Fuck off back to your Wendy house  
Yeah, ta da

Herr Flick  
With a wooden arm  
Captain Pegleg  
With a bit of lip balm on  
Herr Flick  
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I got annoyed with it  
Here, gimme your tits out for twenty quid  
Admit it, signs of times, and I can't be arsed  
Bipolar depression, please  
You had too many sessions, ain't ya?  
On any type of drug  
'Cause Radio 2 is gonna shake Russell Brand by the hand  
I'm sick of these fucking free spirits, you're not  
I met one once  
It was in a small glass at a party  
Where you didn't have to pay for anything  
And God, I wished I spent my time a little bit wiser  
I got no one now, man  
Just a few more holes in a belt  
It's gettin' a bit tighter  
Pain in my left lung, a dull ache  
The party's over for me  
The rebirth of cool was a miscarriage  
The journey home, the God's honest truth  
A passport, birth certificate  
Sixteen other forms of ID for further proof  
You wanna shoot me down? Well, fuckin' do it then  
This is the return of Skint Eastwood  
With a wrecked head  
Fuck off back to your Wendy house

Herr Flick  
With a wooden arm  
Captain Pegleg  
With a bit of lip balm on  
Herr Flick  
With a wooden arm  
Captain Pegleg  
With a bit of lip balm on  
Yeah, ta da