

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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Captain Pegleg
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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