

# Cuddly

Sleaford Mods

(I had, I had)  
I had an organic chicken it was shit  
As the day played out in the evenings pit  
Homeowner man, I'm a family guy  
Brex-City roller we do and still die  
Less than zero, flat in the head  
Lobbing up drugs to get out of us heads  
Every fucking week there's another Black Death  
Another old man in a robe and that, yeah bleak  
Dale Winton, Supermarket Sweep  
Feudals got a game too. it ain't as bad  
There's a bigger prize and it's called land grab  
Have that, oh ta, I think I'll call myself  
Lord Bastard of Sir Bast dar dar

Throw a load round, let it rot, on the ground  
Throw a load round, let it rot, on the ground

Ain't cuddly what you doing, sod your teddy bear  
Sod your little promises nobody fucking cares  
Hanging out the back, of the monied few  
Lifeless tears for the attentive few  
And all at once we will realise  
It will happen suddenly  
You ain't fucking cuddly

A life sentence down, LOL, what next?  
Exorcist puke on my chatty vest  
The score of the street past the shops rotting meat  
The death of the customer, no meet, no greet  
No half time, a full 90 minutes  
Screaming shit all the time, shit players  
Hair transplants, Leo Sayers  
What does million quid a week bring  
When your brain can't tell your legs to kick the fucking thing?

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Reduced timetable as the stairs get blocked  
At iPhone level, no joke  
I draw a tenner out and my fingers get sniffed  
On the used 10 pound note's Coke, no joke  
Overground and the sites don't encourage good learning  
My fingers drop shit  
Finger nails are curling  
They're fucking gurning  
Lob gob, this is our tree but there's no chance  
Of reaching the tree top or what

Probably not, as the case may be  
Luck is charm, a bracelets arm  
Snatching itself back from the wrong palm  
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Snatching itself back from the wrong palm

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You ain't that fucking cuddly  
(It will happen suddenly  
You ain't that fucking cuddly  
It will happen suddenly  
You ain't that fucking cuddly)