

Discourse

Sleaford Mods

You can't be bragging 'cause you said you made a load
Of fry ups for the coach when it came off the road
You're nitty and you said you knocked out twenty-two
But I knew that wasn't right 'cause I was watching you

Who wants me?
Don't talk about it
Even after half three
Don't talk about it
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Don't talk about it

They got you in the warehouse with a nail gun
And they all went through you slowly after snorting some
But even in the glare of hindsight we
We never touch the real feeling
Just the empty discourse

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The petrol station meant that you got extra time
And the drivers would appreciate the quiet smile
The yellow and the red under a sheet of night
As I smoked in time with the generator's eyes

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It's all dirt on public canvas
Watch the kerb soak up this madness
There's only one course: discourse
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