

Don

Sleaford Mods

Don
Yeah
Don
Yeah
Don
Yeah
Yeah, don

Got some flyers made out
Little calling cards with don in the middle really small
No fucker could read it and they sold fuck all
Got Rockerdero's hired out
Norman J tipped up
Nobody else tipped up
Had to pay him, obviously
What the fuck was that all about?
They didn't give a shit
Nobody did
Nobody fucking cared about whatever
Had cats knocking back vodka red bull
And touch the leather
Why what?
Sitting about, doing fuck-all until you ain't got a pot
It's not vanity or just senselessness breath
It's the want of the disconnection with the consequences of havin' no fuckin
' money left
The frame's got a picture of hell that crept into your blood
As you dropped on the table
Existing in tight streets
And your dad's down with fucking other women
'Cause that's alright with thin meat
That's, that's alright with dur
Thin meat

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Flyer had don in the middle
No fucker bought a ticket
Still got chiseled
Still got acid
Still got rank spice crap gag antic

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Wanker, still thinks he's a little boy with a conker
Wanker, sliding in 'n' out of houses in the cold light of day
Who the fuck d'ya think you are? Sid James?
Comedy gold until you get old and fat
Then it's mould mould mould
Take him down the jumble sale
See if you can buy him a toy
Listening to you both arguing predating Kilroy
The wet hit the white mantle-piece until we got an extension
But you forget to mention the extension on the end of your erection
That went everywhere with open-top shirts on and fucking fifties hair
Who's moaning? Let the flap of flared trousers hit my shins
Past tester pots of spray-painted houses in the tin bin

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I never should've planned to be oat else but these
Understand the system and you make it so
The clutches of the middle for the falling dough

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