

Face To Faces

Sleaford Mods

Face to faces
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Free money, mate. just fill in the form and if you can't then I can help you
Put yourself in the queue and I'll come out to you
Job rocker, no sweat, passport, National Insurance document
Is it right to analyze in a general sense the capital machine
Its workings and what they mean?
Passive articles on political debate
Its implications are fucking meaningless, mate
Really, we get a hole, fill it up, make it bigger
After about a fucking year throw you back in
This is the nature of everything alive
Kill yourself trying to crawl out the dive
Everyone spits at you, even your wife
No skunk, I need to be pissed up to smoke that shit
You cunt

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New build, new bricks
New methods, old tricks
Enchantment on the high seas
Nick Clegg wants another chance, really?
This daylight robbery is now so fucking hateful
It's accepted by the vast majority
In chains years from now
Who's that tit?
Don't matter who that tit is
He's still with us
In our arses, in our food, in our brains and in our death
In our failure to grab hold of what fucking little we have left
We have lost the sight and in the loss of sight
We have lost our fucking minds, alright

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Dead in the air, choking on work air
It's now accepted to fill your role with illness
It's accepted, no vetting
No roles overlooked in times of outside circumstances
The ventilation is laced with hopeful sycophants
On a cash promise dicing with the death of dead promise
Boris on a bike, quick, knock the cunt over
The man of the people is now a man with no temples
Blood falls out of his head like policy
In the fucking U-turn department
The ark carries the rich, each room reserved for the niblet
Lords of the acre, owners and fucking piss-takers

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