

Flipside

Sleaford Mods

Flipside speaks
It's a banner for the TV picks
Ya get the ready daytime sheets
And the answers blow a horn beep beep
Flipside speaks
Make a living it's a cotton sheet
I get Egyptian ones and kiwi sweets
She wants some weed
It's gotta be good stuff, worthwhile
Graham Coxon looks like a left-wing Boris Johnson
The fields are breathing in
As the world it uses them
To breathe in

Don't splat cheat myths
Make sense of what
Don't splat cheap shit
Make sense of what
Don't splat cheap myths
Make sense of what

Flipside speaks
It's the Hammer of the Gods, my arse
More like the bloke insists on playing
Lots of awful music in the artist part
Flipside speaks
He got the UK subs thrown out their room
Got his slaves to put lemon tea
On the stage while we
Was on there too
Flipside speaks
If you think about it, it's quite bleak
Them faculties ain't what they seem
Them blouses went and the denim jeans well

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Flipside, flipside, flipside

Flipside speaks
It's a tackle on the pitch, fuck off
I can't believe it's not the seafood mobs
Little style biters hiding behind virtue stables
Only me sir d listers go on the round table
Playlist caned it tame as fuck fits good for
The news that chucks more shit up

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Well just

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