

From Rags To Richards

Sleaford Mods

The fame... the fame
What else you got apart from chipboard
And Sir Lancelot
Fags and meat
Lincolnshire tweets
Get slick, we mean it
Kitchens and sniff
Go hand in hand
Like the wankers it employs
Sexy people in shiny shit
With bags of it
To enjoy
Have a bit of realism
No teeth and a bus stop seat
That's your house
Y'racy prick
The tedium that connects itself to the nibble
Local media
And posh suburban wankers
Live in Brussels

From rags to Richards
The ferry got us out of the pain
From rags to Richards
I hope I don't see that daft cunt again

Blocked off
The entrance to this flat
And that
The life of a band
Attracts the chubbs in packs
Chubbed up mate
It's sex shows on tap
Heaven 17
Is that the house, name and number, Pat?
Rick got slick on a dark hole man
Missed his train
Did he fuck!
He didn't even go to the station duck
Grey walls that tower
Old bricks
Stop the car Pete, I'm gonna be sick
Spray gun
Make the petrol stain flowers wish they had done
Parlour tales of death threats on golden thrones
Those cunts at the top
Carry hollow bones in throws
Findus crispy human fingers
Captain Sadist
Hundred per cent cod
Fuck off!

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The fame... the fame

