

# Graham

Sleaford Mods

This is shit  
Fucking had it danced it necked it pilled it  
Slagged it  
Boozed it  
It's all bollocks

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, man  
Cause there's nothing coming out  
Of your left speaker

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, mate  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Loads of old people necking pills  
Ecstasy has truly taken its toll  
On some of these faces  
The fucking eyes have hills

Mine's wearing off  
And the bird I been chatting up  
Is starting to look like a dead dog  
Ah well

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, man  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, mate  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Nottingham has deffo gone downhill  
This this ain't the Cool Cat  
Deffo ain't Venus  
And why the fuck is everyone  
Raving about Crazy Penis

I got three women circling me  
Like an hungry shark  
Only these ones don't bite  
They fucking bark

Ah well

I can't help but feel cynical  
I can't help but feel bored  
1990 came and went  
I don't want it anymore

If I had the money I'd go away  
If I had the bollocks I'd completely change  
But my hens are caged ain't free range  
And I will rot in this shithole  
Gonna die a young age

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, man  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, mate  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Rottingham...wheres Robin when we need him?  
Ain't giving to the poor anymore  
He's selling to the rich

And on a three day bender  
Come down and smack little John  
With a hammer  
He don't wear green he just smokes it, man  
Thinks he's fucking Tony Montana  
Daft cunt

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, man  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, man  
Leave him J  
Fuck off  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Where's the font where's the want  
Where's the need  
Gone man did one  
Been replaced by Satanists  
Call themselves spiritualists  
Bogsters, shit haircuts  
Fucking down and out greed  
False prophets dishing out  
Twigs and seeds  
"You want decent gear, J  
You come see me"

Bollocks

The path to enlightenment  
Doesn't exist anymore  
You got get in the bus  
Too many off licenses  
Too many bus stops  
And too many good deals

On Special Brew  
I'm in no fit state to talk to you  
Or to God  
Sorry

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, man  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, mate  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

This bean ain't working sod it  
I should of bought some cheese  
All these cunts slagging me off  
For being a sniff head  
Now look at them  
"Yes please yes please"  
I should have bought some coke  
When it starts getting desperate  
Any self respecting time bomb  
Is going to take home

I remember that bloke  
Used to be a dancer twat  
Now look at him like the rest of us  
Stressing about [?]  
Stressing about [?]

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, man  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

Graham  
Play something sweeter  
Put your drink down, mate  
I can't hear anything coming out  
Of your left speaker

"J leave him..."  
"Fuck off"  
"J leave him..."  
"Fuck off"  
"Pound on the door"  
"Fuck off"  
"J leave him..."  
"Fuck off"