

Graham

Sleaford Mods

This is shit
Fucking had it danced it necked it pillled 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Been replaced by Satanists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"