

Kebab Spider

Sleaford Mods

In jangles and the measure
Of limited release
I blab out at my earliest convenience tee hee
The satin knights of dogshit
The crème de la crème of feet
Of course we're fucking relevant
It's salty and it's sweet

Who knew?
Who knew?
Who knew they got the experts in?
Who knew?
Who knew?
Who knew they let the film stars in?

Little slits in houses
Don't want you thinking big
The skint get used in loo roll shoes in films and all that shit
By indie documentaries
They ain't highlighting no pain
Some documentaries on Channel 4 are only in it for the fame
We ain't shoeshine boys for fakers
Bingo punks with Rickenbackers
You've had a record deal for nearly thirty years
What do you know about agencies?
Looking for jobs, shit wages
Made memory alone
Don't justify your TV times
Johnny Ramone, Sid
Kebab spiders, easy riders and flag tits

You're just saying it all to look good
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If you don't try to get it you go down
If you won't agree to be the kid in town
If you don't try to eat it, get that sound
Spiders crawl out of your donner's crown

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