

Liveable Shit

Sleaford Mods

So I got in this morning, and walked... (oh shit... just keep it going)
So I got in this morning
And I went to the loo
And he walked out the cubicle
And it fucking stunk
Every morning, I get it and it's same time, same trap, same stink
And it glides through the air
By the time it's hit you
It's been pacified by 10 yards of fresh air

Liveable shit, you put up with it
Liveable shit, you put up with it

And the gnarly fucking arseholes that gather
No balls to do anything apart from slither
Mixed in with knowledge and no localism
Just fake accents knicked from someone posh they might have met
In Shoreditch
A vegetarian vet
Lou fucking Reed
Whoever
G.G. fucking Allen
Gestures of violence to anyone that can't see or hear them
That kind of prick
That kind of shit

Liveable shit

Like three months of rain
Nobody likes a fucking Tory reign
The Prime Minister's face hanging in the clouds like Gary Oldman's Dracula
As Keanu Reeves drove up to the fucking castle
Laughing really badly
Relentless
Like the gears on a bus if you're sat at the back
Next to a noisy twat
St. George's flag twat

Liveable shit, Liveable shit
Liveable shit, you put up with it
Liveable shit, you put up with it
You put up with it

(No, no, no, no, no now listen no no no hold on hold on just fucking no no fucking hold on just hold on hold on)

So now I don't dream of anything
I just wait for it to turn up
It's the atmosphere around here
It's chopped me legs off, look
Made me lazy
Made me worry about the streets behind me
Trees like Triffids
No time

The grass is always greener
On the other side
Break on through
And end up in a posh cemetery in Paris
It's not bad
You fucking...

Liveable shit (Was that any good?)
Liveable shit, you put up with it
Liveable shit, you put up with it
You put up with it