

# Middle Men

## Sleaford Mods

New Labour

The metropolis of discontent and lost dreams  
Benson and messes and denim jeans  
I'm gutted  
I didn't think y'would  
Fly-tippin' down at The Sherwood  
The clink of strong drink  
Racing green paint  
Crack  
Victorian sinks  
And flushed is the system  
I can't swim so I sink  
The earth moves the kerb  
It makes the fag areas stink  
Warp like a tree and bitter twist nicotine we be

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Monda dinner  
Archway  
Dead the drink of a victim  
Bad brains  
The dead man's milk  
Wilko's will have it  
They got everything  
The dome on the stately home  
We got painted in the fumes  
From commuters  
Make my bacon  
Threaten strangers  
With shooters  
Car stereo shops  
That launder dirty dosh  
That don't look you in the eye when you walk y'dog  
I bet they're all battered in the back on that  
Hedgehog  
Sonic  
Level in ten minutes, two minutes flat  
Whole bloody fuckin' shop's on it, woah

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Nine hundred pund for a picture of Debbie Harry  
In art shops  
Made me laugh my head off  
Instead with a feelin' of nothin'

Floating your ears miss each other  
They don't do much  
Talking like props in a film about Top Gun  
Tears  
Top Gun glasses  
The new opium for the lasses  
Rescue dog  
Like the fuck  
The wood catches fire  
Patrick Cox loafers  
Size 10, in brown  
Loved 'em  
Out the shop window is still  
Controlled by the man, lol

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