

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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