

Moptop

Sleaford Mods

Do you mind?
You biffed my nose

He's got a blonde mop
He's got a moptop
He's got a blonde mop
He's got a moptop

I'm sick of what I tell you for nowt
Saying fucking sorry to the catalogue vote
Having to be a bit naff and inclined
When all I really wanted was to batter 'em blind
These pleasantries and intelligence are no real match for the spoon and tuppence
Of ale stops and tired minds

I think before I say it better be in line
I think before I say it better be in line
I think before I say and let the words slip by
I think before I say it better be in line
I think before I say and let the words slip by

He's got a blonde mop
He's got a moptop
He's got a blonde mop
He's got a moptop

I feel like I'm not gonna cope
The game has changed its proper
Now it comes with no hope
Rotten clementines, no socks, no pants
All reformed band and dead pop chants
Like the tinsel mate it's '70s
Reminds me of a time when we were little kids
Reminds of a time when the coast was clear
But now it's meatballs and jam as I float around, oh dear
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear

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He's got a MOPTOP!