

Hate's a bit of a strong word
As I bump into your sorry ass in the park
As I'm pushing my little girl
But what else can you do
When presented with a fucking idiot like you
I get a latte at the French-style cafe
And a croissant and jam
Sit down, and try to fucking forget about it, man

I hate that bland shit
That bread top nice tits
That Ian McCulloch white boy
Bore me fuckless terrace bit
Long drawl and calculated arm movement
Has been silent partner at the back
Giving fucking blessings
To up and coming twats in Macs
And your job made you more confident
Like a [?] in feathers and a beak
You got a big mouth
I fucking hate ya
Always avoid a cunt like you on the streets

The man is a wanker
The man is a wanker
He don't get much better
The man is a wanker
The man is a wanker
He don't get better

Physically past it, passed attacks
Do you want a facial cavity
Courtesy of my jumpandy?
You fucking cunt
I'll have a 32 inch waist in raw denim
And stick em in the freezer
I have got years on ya
While you got belly on me
In a belly competition, mate
You'd win easily
Hands down, with a side profile
Matching that of Gordon Brown
Always at Number 10
Always getting beaten by nine other men
Hate ya!
Moving up in the world doesn't mean
Using the lift, mate
"What floor do you want?
Don't mind me, I'm in the
Fucking thing all day EEEEE!"

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[?] park in all your glory
Friendships established
You fucking bore me
Shit wafer, shit ice cream
The ice cream man did time
For obscene behavior
So why haven't you?
Why haven't you suffered
Like you fucking should do?
Boo boo, boo hoo
Crying inside, sarcastic up front
Did I do something bad to you
In a previous life, you fucking cunt?

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The man is a wanker
The man is a wanker
It don't get much better
For you
For you
For you
For me
For you