

No Touch

Sleaford Mods

You're not miserable, you're nice
What?

For the snatch in time that was all mine
For at least the length of powder to my name
It was mine, then yours
Near the racecourse
Where the cars already queuing up the lane

I said there ain't no horse
Just, ah, intercourse
I'm happy staying in my fucking lane
But something down in me
Got like a misery
I'm down in Asda absolutely off my face

Do you miss me?
Do you miss me?
Why can't I get it right?
Do you miss me? Oh oh
Ooh

You just wanna know
Wha-what?
You just wanna know

I see the open shop
And others closed up
As I scout for any coppers in the way
I said I'm out tonight
Live like a suicide
Into the wheels of machinery I play

Do you miss me?
Do you miss me?
Why can't I get it right?
Do you miss me? Oh oh
Ooh

Like the dead leaves
Ah like the dead leaves
Why can't I get it right?
Like the dead leaves all fall down

You just wanna know
You just wanna know
Wha-what?

I throw in
Slob out
Gets so
What's that
Gets so
No chat
I mean'er
What's that
I throw in

Slob out
Gets so
What's that
Gets so
No chat
I mean'er
What's that

Do you miss me?
Do you miss me?
Do you miss me? Oh oh
Ooh
Like the dead leaves
Ah like the dead leaves
Like the dead leaves fall down

You just wanna know
You're not miserable, you're nice
What?
You just wanna know
You're not miserable, you're nice
I'm not
You just wanna know
You're not miserable, you're nice
What?
You just wanna know
You're not miserable, you're nicer
I'm not