

O.B.C.T

Sleaford Mods

You know the fakes will always bite
Whenever you go throw the line
Fishing
Gudgeons and perch
All draped in sponsorships
And hugging self-worth
Like me

You know the fakes who hide behind
The little myth's that like to chime for 'em
All grit and dirt
Until the mask falls off
And what you got is Sesame Street
Big bird

You can't be splashing, you got no fins
You're getting salty, you ain't a fish
You know now I just fantasise
In an house three times the size of my old one
And I pretend that it don't matter
Passed Oliver Bonas in the Chelsea tractor

You can't be splashing, you got no fins
You're getting salty, you ain't a fish
You're getting shirty
Your cheeky cuffy getting dragged 'round by your sleeves

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