

# Policy Cream

## Sleaford Mods

Sit down!  
Just shut up! I'll talk  
No, you just sit down  
I'll talk!

Can I come back next time dressed in shite  
And take my place on the land scapes eyes  
It's the rest who push the policy dream  
Of fixing life with policy cream

Voice your thoughts near big black gates  
On dead old roads near bricks and grey  
To the sound of nothing as it breaks the spell  
There's no witchcraft here, it's just fucking hell

We're in the makings of another hole  
Where we all get the chance to climb on again  
It's just the makings of another hole  
That will turn on us all eventually

Yeah, I got a roadworks pose even though I'm free  
I mean I can't really moan because you'll have a go at me  
So stupid ain't we? We're liked pumped up meat  
Wet and fried and thick to the slice  
I got no flies on me, I'm like shit that's white  
The kind that you tell your kids to pick up if they like  
I got two brown bins, should I only have one?  
But what the council don't know won't hurt them

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It's gonna turn on us all  
And bring us round, round, round  
Take us back to the top  
And drag us down, down, down

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