

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

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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