

## R&B Paul

### Sleaford Mods

(This is dedicated to the wankers that was down from day one. More Mods.)

Paul, what's wrong with R&B then mate?  
Eh?

What's wrong with R&B Paul?  
What's R&B done to you?  
You're not a DJ  
You're a do what they say  
I'll tell you what, let's all hang around the decks  
Rinsing 'Screamadelica'  
Rinsing Stevie Wonder  
Rinsing Curtis Mayfield's 'Move On Up'  
Well you fucked it up

Well, I'm well-up for the reincarnation  
Because this one's fucking shit  
I'm the manager  
I'm a dark bastard  
And I'll bum y'bird in a minute  
Alright?  
Dad's Army  
Kasabian  
And One True exploitation  
It's a piss-take, y'posin' bastards  
Launch parties  
FHP's cheesy fucking photos with the token fit bird  
Who can't even suck my balls properly

Let's build the brand up!  
Let's build the brand up!  
Let's build the brand up!  
Let's build the brand up!

Eh up, you've got some ug-duck in y'hair  
Prestigious retail outlets  
Y'got some ug-duck in y'hair  
What's up duck?

Look at what you've done mate  
A fucking horrible bunch of bodysnatchers  
Talkin' about 'Ham on Rye'  
But completely missing the Catchers

Suicidal strippers on the night train to Gomarrah  
I didn't fucking say that did I?  
Bollocks to it  
Sod 'em all!

Queens Med surgeons  
Ketamine revival  
Boring bastards discussing the merits of The Fall

Take the mask off  
Put that knife down  
Tell him to leave my guts alone Paul...  
Paul?

Paul!

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Real singing mesters don't get anywhere  
They pull their fucking hair out  
They say things like, "What you goin' on about?"  
And, "No mate, I can't get you any pills, I told you."  
Chop your fucking face with a Les Paul karate kick  
Smashing bar chord angles  
Instantaneous... Brilliant... this is 'Tin Soldier'

You look well J  
What the fuck are you?  
A doctor  
Well in that case I think I've got neurosis of the shiver  
It affects my long walk home  
And all these tears coming from my eyes  
My nose  
And my dirty fucking ears

The master  
Of be dafter  
The king of the other people's beers  
Paul?

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Fucking stand here eyeing-up the usual slags  
Desperate housewives  
Desperate to do a bit of washing-up  
Hook an husband  
Get ya fucking purse out duck  
The Sambuca Cartel

Impending angina destinies  
The regret of fourteen years wasted  
I cry my fucking eyes out  
Cause yesterday, I really miss my bastard yesterdays  
Lob us one more  
I'm a real raver  
I don't know the score  
Two - Nill  
Y'what?  
Two - Nill  
Y'what?  
Two - Nill

Y'what?  
FUCK FOOTBALL!

Killing Notts culture!  
Killing Notts culture!  
Killing Notts culture!  
Killing Notts culture!