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I said about 28
He said well I just counted 15, mate

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Well that's because I'm not fucking interested
What did you just say?
I said what time's break Ollie?
Break's at 7 o'clock
What shift are you from, anyway?
I'm from shift one

'Cause this is what it's like
On the shop floor
When you don't believe in nothin'
And you've got fuck-all

This is what it's like
On the shop floor
When you don't believe in nothin'
And you've got fuck-all

I've got a Rollatruc
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He said how many pallets did you take off that lorry?
Fuck-all, Carl, I ain't had training for the forklift
Plus the driver had to go
He fuckin' lost it, didn't he?
Started throwing boxes against the wall
He wouldn't look at me
Just fucking swearing his ass off
At the fucking wall
I just stood there thinking
If he fucking touches me
I'll bite a chunk out of his fucking face
What a thick fucking cunt
That's the trouble with people like me and you
We get stressed out about pallets and fucking nothingness
'Cause that's all we got
We walk around all our fucking lives
Telling bosses and anyone else to fuck off
Fist after fist
Fight after fight
Until all we got left is a 40 minute break
'Cause everybody's too scared to tell us we're only allowed 20

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I fuckin' hate doing music like this
I can't fucking stand it
But I'm too long in the tooth to try and do anything else
I've had enough of these cunts in [?]
With popular music and all that shit
Wankers on the telly
Gettin' jiggy with it
What happened when the party finishes
You happy bastards
Sob stories about how fame rescued you
And your handicapped father
I'll break his other fucking leg
Slick boy
Muscle boy
Entertainer

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Spectre