

Shit Streets Runny

Sleaford Mods

I used to be a part of that door swings open,
Swagger to the bar crew
Saturday start at four, get fuckin' nailed down The Oak
Fly into the city in my technicoloured dream coat
Stories told all night about a Rambo-style attack
On any fuckin' arsehole in a sheep shagger's mac
I lived my life on an empty tank
Full of shaggy tit wank
Blankety Blank
And I always made sure the fuckin' contestants
Got it wrong
Bow! Bow!
I fill the frightening void with a chirpy attitude
Good as gold
I am a nasty bastard in stage tights
And mate, I tread the boards and I'll bring the fuckin'
Curtain down with my uneducated hordes
I used to be
Shit streets runny
I used to be
Shit streets runny
I used to be
Shit streets runny
I used to be
Attention to detail
Attention to detail
Fuckin' email
WAV
MP3
I need a fuckin' bath
You ain't no roadrunner
You ain't no shoot shoot the runner
Shit take on it
Meanwhile, back at the crap cave
I trod on my cape by mistake
And fell into the fridge, mate
I fuckin' hate Northern Soul
It's like Motown's on the dole
And the Housing Benefit bouncers ain't happy
With the inspection

Brian Eno, what the fuck does he know?
Doodling away with a fuckin' alien haircut mate
Head louse
I built a swimming pool in my living room
And I called it 'Deep House'
You're so edgy mate
You're so edgy
Crap bands
I play to a crowd of no-one but have got loads of online fans
I'm cynical me, yeah, bitter
I post horrible messages to successful musicians on me smartphone...
Fuckin' Twitter

The dew on the grass in the park
Slap me round the face
I woke up

- What the fuck you doin' in this place?
It's not the wankers or the misplaced weaks
The fuckin' dodgy roofers, mate