

# The Blob

Sleaford Mods

The blob

Big bubble, s para, E-ticket, look at this bloody shower  
Quick, it got the cinema  
Let's hope it got the two door cinema club too  
This blob ain't bothered it will come after you  
I heard it ate ya dad, sod him too  
I heard it ate ya tablet and you, not  
The slime of a crime, you try and tell me, not  
I flick fags like sid snot, totally outrageous

The blob ain't bothered  
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The blob ain't bothered  
Its slime don't care

Ready, in service, fuck me its a pity party, Ebola  
People in masks, airport, Motorola  
Hey motto, tripping over the Toblerones  
Near Victoria's not-very-good-secret, they're knickers mate  
Ice box challenge and all the Aeros, I like mine in a packet  
Mint flavour, no zeros, have it culture  
Organic, farting in the pool, what a waste  
I like a bit of smell, I like a bit of taste  
Stroll around the grounds, the garden, every house used to have one  
In 1965 now look at us, oh, what a fucking life

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Its slime don't care  
It's all about a pity party  
Let me do me hair  
The blob is a shocker  
It's got a sticky mass  
It's gunna kill the cinema  
And smash all of the glass  
Run it's the blob  
The blob don't care  
Run it's the blob  
We're runnin' out of air  
Gnarly, gnarly