

The Cherry Tree

Sleaford Mods

(Say that again, ya thick cunt!)
Turn it the fuck off! Turn it the fuck off!
(Samantha, how are ya?)
Gimme ya fuckin' phone! Gimme ya phone!

You don't love nobody, no one loves you
If you go down the Cherry Tree, they'll beat you black and blue
You don't like your auntie, she don't like you
If she sees you down the Cherry Tree, she'll beat you black and blue
Samantha, sentence
The girls are coming after you
Ya got a ticket to ride the snake
And now it slides all over you

Crap brown, brown crap
Crap brown, fuck that!

She nicked a monkey 'cause she's a junkie
And now that swingin' monkey swings off you
She couldn't hold it down, and if she ever goes in town
That monkey's gonna kick her teeth in two, it's true
She's a thieving little fucker, clucking harder than a clucker
And she sold her only daughter for twenty quid
She'll take ya down an alley, and you can tickle her Jack and Danny
A can of Fanta that's full of piss, piss

Crap brown, brown crap
Crap brown, fuck that!

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Samantha, sentence
The girls are coming after you
Ya got a ticket to ride the snake
And now it slides all over you, fuck it!

Crap brown, brown crap
Crap brown, fuck that!

Up Cherry [?], well, where's your starving daughters?
Don't blame your fucking husband, he ain't there
He's beating up the Arabs in the shop next to the garage
'Cause Samantha sucked him off for twenty Mayfair, who cares?
It's a shithole 'round here, where the fear breeds more fear
And the devil's got his prison well locked down
Mr. Fairy is the warden, and he likes to bumfuck Jordan
'Cause you'll never catch the man with his pants down

Brap brown, crap brown
Brown crap, fuck that!

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