

UK GRIM

Sleaford Mods

Bellower bellowed, "Who would believe we got pot?"
It's a sign of the times like a cliché, written non-stop
Full metal jackets get sprung
Tanks that boil in a bag, the gunner
Stop, there's a drop off
Hartley Hare and Vladimir's got his top off
He's got his top off, quick reach for your bit
Shit, he's so fit
Big banger, number ten can't gimme that Bruce Banner
I got crisis stamina
Full marathon, four poo breaks
I can feel the shit from your crisis rays spray up my back
Because in England nobody can hear you scream
You're just fucked, lads

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Put it in the bin
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Your perceived contradictory and hypocritical fate
There's no top five album when you're off the grid
Fuck all that
I'm not here to please you, mate
Liz Truss, conformity
The smooth streets in the business quarter
Where the white Range Rovers hum
They sound lovely
White shirts and lunch bellies
Threesomes and wealth measles
Penetrate the cornflakes
I want it all like a crack forest gateau
I do drugs in my head so I can still go to bed
As I pound the slabs of this dreamscape into X

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But when it's gone
Leave the trails in the mindset
But when they come
Like a dawn raid smashed the mindset
But when it's gone
Leave the trails in the mindset
But when they come
Like a dawn raid smashed the mindset
But when's it's gone

Leave the trails in the mindset
But when they come
Like a dawn raid smashed the mindset

This is UK GRIM, put it in the bin
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This is UK GRIM, put it in the bin
This is UK GRIM, put it in the fuckin' bin