

You're A Nottshead

Sleaford Mods

You're a Nottshead, yeah
You're a Nottshead, yeah

Nice little nooks and crannies in the wood
For the nice little mums and daddies
Daddy's sauce
What you doin' next year?
Some folk young, course
Come down near the river
Cuttin' words into leaves
So clever
And your kiss-arse servants
Still fear the wrath of a "don't make me laugh"
Gettin' sucky and that
Very clever
Mounds of it
And kids actin' like they've got it
He asked me if I knew who Hendrix was
And then Ian Brown
I'm like: you're takin' the f*ckin' piss out me man
Lingo like nonsense
All that from the floppy-eared beautiful baggies
That got employed
Deploy the twat
Why not?
It's what I come for
Big fingers up
Lad bands are f*ckin' dead, you cunt

Do you wanna get mugged
By a man like that?
Do you wanna be told
By tools like that?
I'm never wrong, so tell me where
I'm never wrong, so tell me where
I'm never wrong, so tell me where
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I heard that the band just laughed at your "big up"s
From the opal amateur
End of the night in the clubs
f*ckin' liar
All the bands you signed are f*ckin' dire
Motown wanker
Deluded
Drawin' off the back of the beaut-all you did
So "oh no"s
Strike a pose
Toerag Bo
Above the Jazz club
The stairs creaked in pairs
I don't see what you see
One big party
I banged your gear
And laughed at your stale tears
That posed as laugh

You ain't f*ckin' T-Rex
He's dead you twat

So is Otis
Funny how once you're through the door
The majority just turn into poor courts
All chest and lad-walks
Big gear and cat-walks
Your face got puked
This streak of fortune looped the loop
Until you spunked up and screamed at the sky:
"I can't believe I got signed!"

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Big shine
Big f*ckin' "not available"
Innocent of the idea
That he might be unstable
But hey, he's a crowd-monkey ripping you off mate
Quite awkward
Quite English and custard
You rhubarb f*ckin' shocker
You got a team, haven't you? You wanker
Shuffle to Atlantic Soul
And claim it's where you feel at home
You f*ckin' white twat
Get sniffed and tap the air like it's an ice
Big lines
Big f*ckin' everything all the time
Head nods, even when the tune's stopped

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