

Cupcakes

The Rumjacks

Some twunt said I wasn't punk enough
Am I not dirty filthy stinkin fucking drunk enough?
I guess I'm gonna have to learn to suck it up
All on my Pat Malone

I'm more skinhead than you (oi-oi-oi)
Me boots were made in Eng-ur-land, I did me own tattoos
I'd show 'em to ya here but they would prolly start a blue
I'm more skinhead than you

My blood's greener than yours
My neighbours sisters boyfriend used to roadie for The Corrs
Though it's been eight generations since we kissed Old Erins shores
My bloods greener than yours

Some twunt said I wasn't punk enough
Am I not dirty filthy stinkin fucking drunk enough?
I swear this shit is real, I couldn't make it up

Some twunt said I wasn't punk enough
Am I not dirty filthy stinkin fucking drunk enough?
You tell me there's no rules and I'll still fuck it up
But how? I'll never know

You new skool punx gimme the shits (1-2-3-4)
I was into Green Day when you were only kids
And me old man says that song o' theirs was written by the skids
You new skool punx gimme the shits

I'm a bigger greaser by far
Though my psyco/punka/rockabilly girlfriends got the car
'Cause she needs it where she's working at that topless titty-bar
To pay of the photographer who took them pinup snaps of her

And cupcakes! what the fucks with cupcakes?
I think I made a mistake by lending her my car
There's cupcakes comin' out her arse, they drive me round the bend
There's cupcakes for her ditzy-dozy polka dotted friends
There's cupcakes made of wax, but you can't eat 'em, they're for show
For show to who? I'll never ever know, I'll never ever know...