

They are criminal policemen
They're in the pocket of a rich man
They leave half done jobs
They say "holibobs"
The new labour leaders
The red top paper readers
They're never on time
They give parking fines

There's always some kunce in the way

Reaming your feelings and felching the day
There's always some stiff on the make
At home, work or play
You can count on some kunce in the way

Bullies and narcissists
Anti-abortionists
They tell you what to eat
They leave their bags on seats
Superior cyclists
Gammon apologists
They repeat themselves
They repeat themselves

There's always some kunce in the way

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There's always some kunce
There's always some kunce
There's always some kunce in the way

Though they annoy me
They won't destroy me
I tolerate them only once
After that I'm done with kunce
Fight them, I hate them
Rightly berate them
And any time they pull their stunts
I push back against the kunce

There's always some kunce in the way

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