

Chumbawamba, Mouthful Of Shit

I can't hear you 'cos your mouth's full of shit
Do something about it
Well I'm really back to basics right beside a bar
Choke the double trouble big one to the joker with card
Good call
What's the crack what's the damage done today
From teh commons to the common a banana skin away
Knock it back knock it out
Chuck a nightmare dart
Quiet
Compere on the mic turns turning to the court
Putting beef vol-au-vents across the union jack
Bolinger and bitter says the colonies are back
I can't hear you 'cos your mouth's full of shit
Do something about it
You think you're god's gift
You're liar
I wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire
Up yer ronson
Take a tab
With a flash of zippo light
Catch the hip parade passing the polaroids right
Check the manic little rebel with a bottle in his hand
A rhyming manifesto and a butty from his mam
Local lad made bad with cowboy charm
Claims he doesn't really mean every screw-'em-all barb
Pass the mic
Karaoke with the yesteryear stars
Time to weep into your beer til the fireworks start
I can't hear you 'cos your mouth's full of shit
Do something about it
You think you're god's gift
You're liar
I wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire