

# Gallows, Stay Cold

Watford town has gone and fucking let us down  
We don't know the cunts who fucked us at the show  
Our shit is gone and it ain't coming back  
Five good men go broke while the rats get fat  
We don't care if you're a boxer  
Or if you're dad's a heavyweight  
We don't even fucking measure up  
But we'll fight you if that's what it will take

Someone said a grand don't come for free  
Apparently it does when you're a fucking thief  
Back to square one  
But we won't fucking come undone  
And now we're on the prowl  
This pack of wolves will hunt you down