

Macc Lads, All Day Drinkin'

Staggered in MacDonalds on a Friday afternoon,
All the pubs were shut,
There were knob all else fer do.
I said, "Gissus a Big Mac now you spotty little twat."
He said, "Have a nice day sir, would you like a paper hat?"
I said, "Have a nice day bollocks,
And where's me f**king Mac?
An' I'll have a pint of root beer in a proper f**king glass,
If it's some new bloody lager,
I'll smash yer nose into the floor."
I won't be drinking in MacDonalds when they change the drinking laws.
An' I'll drink, drink, drink 'till it's coming out me ears,
And I'll drink, drink, drink 'till the pub runs out of beer.
An' I'll drink, drink, drink 'till I can't take another sip.
An' I'll have all day drinking on an intrevenous drip.
Yeah.
So what's the point of drinking up at three o f**king clock?
When there's decent ales in Scotland, but that's all full of Jocks.
The penny-pinching bastards, they've all got ginger hair.
It'll take an hour to buy a pint, can't understand a word.
And they're queueing up outside the pubs,
Waiting for a sale,
Bet they wish they put their bags on when it blows a bloody gale.
Everyone will buy more beer when they change the drinking laws,
Spend the extra tax they get to mend that f**king wall.
An' I'll drink, drink, drink 'till it's coming out me ears,
I'll drink, drink, drink 'till the pub runs out of beer.
An' I'll drink, drink, drink 'till I can't take another sip.
All day drinking on an intrevenous drip.
An' we'll drink, drink, drink 'till it's coming out us ears,
We'll drink, drink, drink 'till the pub runs out of beer.
An' we'll drink, drink, drink 'till we can't take another sip.