

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Shit British Tou

Brighton- They stood at the bar, London- Too stuck up, Cornwall- Too far to go.
Shit tour, we should have stayed at home, I don't wanna go on no shit British tour no more.

Retford- Tight promoter, Liverpool- They can't afford us.
Carlisle- There's no P.A, Glasgow- To be arranged.

Well take me down to the south of Spain, where the punters dance and it never rains.
Take me back to the U.S.A, where they give you lots of free cocaine.

Leeds- Was full of goths, Richmond- Full of toffs.
Sheffield- Gorgon and her mate, we all got flu and Trap got laid.

No way, Retford, Porterhouse, no way, Leeds, Adam and Eves.
No way, four cans of Top Brass, five pounds for chips you must be fucking joking.
Johnny Clarke, up your arse, no way, I wanna hotel not a punk squat to sleep in.