

# Sheila Nicholls, Seven Fat Englishmen

## Verse 1

Seven fat Englishmen sit around you on bar stools  
Blood red faces unaware that they're dying fast,  
And as this blood squeezes through their blocked arteries  
These farming men, drinking gin, pickling their livers  
It's normal here

## Chorus

And I reach into this circle  
To fetch you out  
and I reach into this circle to fetch you out of this sticky mess of gin and  
blood and soil but you can't leave,  
gin and blood and soil but you can't leave.  
And as the spice girls prostitute girl power in the background  
On tinny speakers you smile and desperation seeps through your teeth  
as you laugh with them  
Agree with them, make business with them  
Cos this is you're life

## Verse 1

I have nowhere to take you and you have nowhere to go an I think its just too  
painful for you to think there's any better