

Adam Kay & Suman Biswas, Nothing At All

It's amazing how pretty you looked on that night,
Your skirt was so short and your top was so tight.
I bought you a drink and we danced on the floor,
We pulled and you came back to mine for some more.

Your skirt ended up on the living room chairs,
And your top and your bra, they came off on the stairs,
And though you looked fit with your clothes on,
Man I was a fool
Cos you look like shit when you wear nothing at all.

Oh the clothes that you wore looked a million dollars,
But the body beneath, it looked just like Rick Waller's.
The makeup you wear is a clever disguise
To hide your moustache and the squint in your eyes.

Your cellulite's dreadful, your covered in zits and
Your stomach's about as defined as quicksand.

If I'm being honest your tits are unacceptably small,
So you look like shit when you wear nothing at all.

When we went back to mine I was up for a shag.
In the bedroom I realised you're a dumpy old slag.
Your pubes reach your navel and they cover your thighs,
Didn't know they made arses that size.

When we met on that night, I could swear that I never
Would have guessed you're a female Andrew Lloyd Webber.
The hair on your chest's a bit endocrinological,
And you look like shit when you wear nothing at all.

Your teeth are all yellow, with bloody great gaps so
Your face is a picture, by Pablo Picasso.
I can see that your arse has its own gravitational pull,
And you look like shit when you wear nothing at all.