

Area-7, Nobody Likes A Bogan

Well he's the king of fashion in his neighborhood,
With his ripped blue jeans and a flannelette shirt.
A well kept mullet and a packet of smokes,
His mates will all tell ya he's a real top bloke.
His real name is Barry, but his mates call him Bazza.
And his girlfriend's name is Sharon, but ya just call her Shazza.
Real top Sheila, real top sort,
She'll even change your stubby while your watching sport.

But don't victimize him for his way of life,
He's sick and tired of hearing people say...

Nobody likes, nobody likes, nobody likes a bogan.
Nobody likes, nobody likes, nobody likes a bogan.

He drives a VK Commodore with alloy wheels,
With a home made spoiler made of crappy steel.
Pair of fluffy dice and all the other toys,
But his No Fear sticker is his pride and joy.
Saturday night the boys hit town.
Yeah they're cruising the streets with their windows down.
Put on some Barnsey and they're on their way,
You'll hear the car com'n from a mile away.

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