

# Bromheads Jacket, He Likes Them Airbrushed

Our Danny boy  
He was a ladies man  
Our Danny boy  
Oh yes he had a plan  
To find the perfect bird  
And no he didn't mind if he had to try a few along the way  
Oh no he didn't mind

He'd cruise around  
The bars and clubs in town  
He'd scout the birds  
He'd look em up and down  
He'd take his charm and then he'd switch it on  
He knew which buttons he had to press it didn't involve no web address

She might look good yeah  
She might look nice  
She might have the perfect form  
But will you still want to squeeze those cheeks when she's 34?

Extremely literate  
you know in FHM  
From nuts to loaded  
He studies all of them  
But he doesn't go near no not the top shelf  
Cause bringing classy birds back to his flat don't wana see no filth

Like a young Michael Caine  
Alfie's the character  
Or perhaps a bit more tough, like in "Get Carter";

He'll pull the women in  
And then he'll spit them out  
Unless she's got a chest  
like Kelly Brook or Angelina's pout

She might look good yeah  
She might look nice  
She might get inside your head  
But will she still be your Angelina Jolie when she farts in bed?

Now he's found the perfect looking bird  
They've moved in it's 6 months on  
She's got the body of a celebrity  
Lying by him in a thong  
He thought his plan was flawless  
He thought he'd had it figured out  
But after 6 months living with this chick she's turned into a lout

Because she snores she farts yeah she burps then laughs  
She leaves her toenail clippings in the bath

And our Danny boy's thoughts confirm that she won't even be his other half