

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