

Enter Shikari, Slipshod

"Oi fucks, let's eat 'ere, it looks niiice"

Get me the manager

"Oh dear, what seems to be the problem sir?"

First of all I was greeted with a grimace

Service with a sneer

He don't want to be here

Second of all I was seated by the window

and the draft was a serious inconvenience

There was lipstick on my glass and it wasn't mine

We put our order in - I can't believe the time

This is a shambles, your cook is a heathen

Your carpet is ugly and your veg ain't in season

My impatience spread like gravy on a tablecloth

And your head looks like it was carved out of a nut

Rory C, well, tell 'em...

I was waiting in line for 10 whole minutes

This is unacceptable - you're pushing me to my limits!

"Please don't raise your voice in here sir

This is a respected establishment,

I'm sure we can sort this out quietly no?"

Oh really? Well that's a great vase you got there,

It'd be a real shame if something happened to it...

Slipshod, kick it.

Cunt.