

Farmer's Boys, Drinking And Dressing Up

Fashion and glitter
Make mine a pint of bitter
Beautiful child
I'm drinking half of mild

You yeah you help me
Drinking and dressing up

Neckscarves and white spats
Ashtrays and ripped up beermats
You wear your bonnet
I'll sip my gin and tonic

You yeah you help me
Drinking and dressing up

No point in thinking
I'll carry on my drinking
You've got no dress sense
Two pints for 98 pence

You yeah you
You cause distress in me