

# Lads Macc, Do You Love Me

Took the crack to the flicks just the other night,  
We were groating on the back row, everything was alright,  
Then a smell like a fog turned my mind from sex, I said:  
'Close your legs.'

She whispered something in my ear,  
But all I wanted to do was go and drink some beer,  
Then she did something I didn't understand,  
She didn't watch the film, she tried to hold my hand ...

'Do you love me?'

'I fuck you, don't I?'

'Do you love me?'

'I fuck you, don't I?'

'Do you love me?'

'Oh, wife, give over.'

I was right confused over what she'd said,  
So I sunk ten pints down the old Bear's Head,  
Just as I was getting a taste for it, some crack walked in,  
And she was fucking fit.

I shouted: 'Eh up! Love!' and turned on the charm,

I showed her my belly and tattoos on my arm:

'Don't go to Images, have chips instead,'

Two weeks later, this is what she said....

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'Do you love me?'

'Oh, wife, give over.'