

Macc Lads, Alton Towers

F**king right.

Bank holiday Monday,

By Sunday I was....

So let's f**k off to Alton Towers.

One or two, quite a few in the queue for the bumper cars.

Fit crack on the lake but her mate's got a flabby arse.

So let's hit the bars....

Where's the f**king pub?

Where's the f**king ale?

We don't want to queue for the mono-f**king rail.

Where's the f**king crack?

There's middle aged mums with big fabby bums.

Black hole queue's past the entrance gate now,

Well, I've been with Sweatty Betty and it's not worth the wait.

No!

I wouldn't stand in a queue for all the tea in China,

I'd rather pump the S up me deck top's vagina,

Sarah the dog.

Where's the f**king pub?

Where's the f**king ale?

We don't want to queue for the mono-f**king rail.

Where's the f**king crack?

There's middle aged mums with big fabby bums.

F**k cunt wank shit.

Where's the f**king pub?

Where's the f**king ale?

We don't want to queue for the mono-f**king rail.

(Repeat to end)