

Macc Lads, Bloik!

Yaaaaaaaaaw!

Dick Head was a pratt, he drove a Skoda with extra lamps on,

Always dickin' prattin',

Looked like a reuseable tampon.

Tried to chat the birds up,

He'd always end up bleedin',

It's tough when you come from Bollington,

It's all the interbreeding.

Sunglasses in the evening,

Umbrellas in his bitter.

"Excuse me Mrs. Woman, do you take it up the shitter?"

Guess what in the pint pot?

Size ten in the dick,

It's best to take those glasses off when your chatting up Stez Styx.

Do you fancy going out on a bastard,

An' buying us a couple of beers?

She said, "I'd rather sit on me finger,

Or go and have a cervical smear."

Bloik.

So Dick Head went to Soho,

And he paid for a 69,

"Gissus the beads up front love,

You'd better not waste me time."

The whore had had beans for dinner,

She farted up his nose,

He said, "I'm not payin' knacker's head for sixty-nine of those!"

Do you fancy going out on a bastard,

Do you want another packet of crisps?

Or what about a bag of pork scatchings?

Do you mind if I just weigh up your tits...

Whheey!

Heavy Metal.

Do you fancy going out on a bastard,

An' buying us a couple of beers?

She said, "I'd rather sit on me finger,

Or go and have a cervical smear."

Bloik.