

Macc Lads, Dead Cat

A ya ya ya ya ya yaaar...

No petrol in the van,

Knee deep in empty cans,

We've lost the map, the tyre's flat, the bloody kid's been banned,

We stopped off for some grease, Nevis is obese,

We left him standing empty handed,

Ten miles outside Leeds.

Oh no...

Just find us a pub where the ale and tarts are free,

Lock that f**king door,

We'll drink beer to eternity.

Someone farted in the back,

Fast Fret found a cat,

It was in the road, all stiff and cold and squashed and thin and flat,

He wants to bring it back in a Tesco bag,

It's got one eye, it's full of flies,

He's got to have something to shag,

For f**k's sake...

Just find us a pub where the ale and tarts are free,

Lock that f**king door,

We'll drink beer to eternity.

(Repeat to end)