

Macc Lads, Geordie Girl

New face in the pub on a Friday night.
"You alright?"
I asked where she worked, she said,
"lawok dahn sayan"
She were feeling "kanna closhy"
She were of t"Neddie"
I think she must have meant the bog.
Do you want a drink love?
She says "Aye rhebob, Hey Bob"
Hey Bob?
Tardy lass, Geordie girl,
With her crusty gusset and a gob the size of the town.
Tardy lass, Geordie girl,
The canny lass 'till after closing time.
Let's go somewhere quiet before me mates arrive,
You look lovely.
What's wrong with beer?
Oh for f**k's sake,
You're too ugly.
I'll have another Hey Bob, or else a pint of Scotch,
And then you can play with me pink bits.
I'm not made of dosh.
Alright then, f**k off, Southern git.
Southern git?
Tardy Lass Geordie girl,
He gave her pints and fags and pints and grub and shorts.
Tardy Lass Geordie girl,
She gave him earache and penal warts.
Penal warts...
Tardy Lass Geordie girl,
She talked and talked he couldn't understand a thing.
Tardy Lass Geordie girl,
By Sunday night she needed emptying.
Tardy Lass Geordie girl,
Tardy Lass Geordie girl.