

Macc Lads, Get Weavin'

Get weavin'.

Well the fair comes down just once every year,
The Macc Lads go there when they've supped their beer,

So get weavin',

With the Brut 33,

And forget your tea,

We're going down town to get some chips and pies,

And I'll bet you ten pints I'll get you whipped tonight,

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There's crack over there, sittin' on benches,

Two of them are dead fit,

And one of them's got dentures.

Get weavin', the blond one's mine,

Get weavin', it's nearly closing time.

Hey up my love, are you comin' for a ride,

We're all going to the fair tonight,

We're all going to the fair tonight.

I said, Het up my love,

I've got a suggestion,

Hey up my love, will you feel my erection,

Hey up my love do you want a meat injection?

Your eyes are beautiful brown,

How's about buying a round?

Stez is in the subway beating up a queer,

So don't mess with Macc Lads and don't spill their beer...

Get weavin', in Macclesfield,

Get weavin', and get your knackers feeled.

Kiss your crack but miss her lips,

She's got a scabby face and she smells of chips,

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I said, hey up my love, I've got a suggestion,

Hey up my love, will you feel my erection,

Hey up my love, do you want a meat injection?

Your eyes are beautiful brown,

How about buying a round?

Hey up my love, hey up my loive, hey up my love,

How about buying a round?

Get your knickers down.