

Macc Lads, Lady Muck

Well I want to sing a song about Lady Muck yoooh,
Well, it weren't her real name, but it rhymed with f**k.
An' I'm gonna nacc me voice doin' this for too long,
Come on Fast Fret, let's get on with the song.
She was sitting at a table shouting "Waiter where's the wine?"
But you don't come in MacDonald's if you really want to get pissed,
Take me for a drink, she handed me her car keys,
Get me out of here, the place is full of grelbies.
You can use her piss for perfume and her pubes for dental floss,
And her shit would make good perfume because she's so f**king posh,
Lady Muck.
Drove her round the town, Friday night were pay night,
She said she was a witch and turned into a layby,
Did a spell of snogging and a spot of fingering,
Found her name was Jonelle by the lables on her lingerie...
She had a fur coat and no knickers,
But she were a real lady,
And she never swore or farted
And she drove a gold Mercedes,
Lady Muck.
Yaaaaaaaaw.
You can use her piss for perfume and her pubes for dental floss,
And her shit would make good perfume because she's so f**king posh,
She had a fur coat and no knickers,
But she were a real lady,
And she never swore or farted
When she spilt her chips and gravy.
Lady Muck,
Lady Muck,
Lady Muck,
Lady Muck.