

Macc Lads, Lucy Lastic

Well, in this life there's a couple of certs,
One is death and the other's a nurse,
Well Lucy's old and they say she's passed it,
But I gave her one and her tits were that big,
And they said bollocks and they're made of plastic,
And that I never touched her,
That's just bagshit.
Lucy Lastic, we shagged everywhere,
On the washer in the kitchen and twice on the stairs,
Did you f**k? You're making it up.
Well I got a red pint round the back of our house,
Are you sure you want to play with my little red mouse?
I found his tail right up Lucy Lastic,
The Russians are coming, this is drastic.
So I closed the curtains and I sat on her belly,
There was dogfood in her cleavage, forgot about torn welly.
Lucy Lastic's got a great back,
Two pounds of tripe just to take up the slack.
Was there f**k, you're making it up.
Lucy Lastic we shagged in a skip.
Dead cats in her knickers, tea bags on her tits.
We did it in a snowdrift in Wilderclough,
But Lucy Lastic was loose enough,
Lucy Lastic were loose enough,
Lucy Lastic were loose enough,
Lucy Lastic were loose enough.