

Macc Lads, Miss Macclesfield

She was the perfect woman,
She was my kind of a bird,
'Cos she stayed in the kitchen and she never said a word.
She had real big tits and a lovely slappable arse,
But now she's into barbeques and wine bars.
Oh, I used to go out with her 'cos she cooked me all me meals,
Then one day she made it big when she won Miss Macclesfield.
She married an Italian just 'cos he were posh,
And they honeymooned in Brussles and he played a bit of squash.
Next she wed an ale baron who come from Lancashire,
But he wasn't rich, he was just another Wigan queer.
Oh, I used to out with here 'cos she cooked me all me meals,
Miss Macclesfield....
Then one day she made it big, when she won Miss Macclesfield.
She'll get fed up of buffets and one day she'll come back,
'Cos she knows that all the real men live in Macc,
She'll tell me that she loves me and she hated livin' with toffs,
So I'll slip her a length and then I'll tell her,
F**k off.
I used to go out with her 'cos she cooked a nice bit of grub,
She may have been a beauty queen but I'd rather go down the pub.
Miss Macclesfield, Miss Macclesfield.