

# Macc Lads, Sweatty Betty

Well, she wore big knickers,  
And she worked on t' sewage farm,  
I got me 'and down 'er jeans an'  
I nearly lost half me arm.  
But after ten pints,  
Looked quite fit,  
Couldn't wait to get me hands  
On her flabby tits.  
Sweatty Betty, Sweatty Betty,  
So I said slap that and ride the ripples,  
I've just got to get me gob  
'Round her inverted nipples.  
She had a massive arse  
And sweatty breasts,  
Thirty eight inch,  
She were a mound of flesh.  
Sweatty Betty, she eats a lot of pies,  
Sweatty Betty, she's got enormous thighs,  
Sweatty Betty, have you smelt her breath,  
Sweatty Betty, she'll crush a man to death.  
And I knew that she wanted me fer shag 'er,  
So I stabbed 'er cunt with me mutton dagger,  
I couldn't believe the spots on her bum,  
She used to play for Wigan at the back of the scrum.  
Sweatty Betty, Sweatty Betty, Sweatty Betty, Sweatty Betty.  
'An I've seen real Maccicians gerroff 'ome  
But you know me, I'll shag endless buer.  
Sweatty Betty, she eats a lot of chips,  
Sweatty Betty, she's got massive tits,  
Sweatty Betty, she's got a huge vagina,  
Sweatty Betty, you'd fit a bus inside 'er.  
Sweatty Betty, Sweatty Betty, she's so obscene,  
Sweatty Betty, it doesn't matter to me.  
Sweatty Betty, she's like a lump of lard,  
Sweatty Betty, she makes me willy hard.  
England's Glory  
Shut up and listen,  
I'm gonna tell thee a story,  
About me trip down south,  
To the crotch of England's glory.  
Took some Dombies and a Bod can,  
To make me fell at home,  
I'm going down London,  
Dig up paving stones.  
Got to London half past six,  
And I wished I'd never come,  
'Cos there's puffs down 'ere  
Drinkin' halves of larger,  
Without notes from their mum's.  
No gravy at the chippy,  
And what's a savaloy?  
Every pub were full of boring  
Isling bottom boys.  
We are all just simple lads,  
Never asked for much,  
Just twenty pints on a Friday night,  
An' a wife at home to f\*\*k.  
If I live to be forty,  
I'll never understand,  
Why they're up 'till eleven,  
To drink beer that's second-hand.  
Dialling 0625 on the telephone,  
I shouts "pull us a pint of bitter ale  
The night I'm comin' home."

We are all just simple lads,  
Never asked for much,  
Just twenty pints on a Friday night,  
And a wife at home to f\*\*k.  
Yeah, we are all just simple lads  
Never asked for much,  
Just twenty pints on a Friday night,  
And a wife at home to f\*\*k.  
(repeat)