

Macc Lads, Ugly Women

Just take a look over there,
Is that one fit with the long dark hair?
Well she's got to be a mucky tart,
Her mate looks like a madman's horse.
Can I have the fit one?
Oh, don't be boring,
Me knob's gone deaf, it's one foot long, I've had it up since Monday.
Thank God for ugly women, all the boilers bags and trolls,
Just so they could get a shag they invented alcohol.
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Just so they could get a shag they invented alcohol.
She had a face a pig wouldn't lick,
Complexion like a bag of sick.
And underneath her hanging gut,
An alsation with it's windpipe cut.
Real fish in her fishnets, all squashed in a paste,
Two inch thick soles and between her legs a very smelly place.
Thank God for ugly women, all the boilers bags and trolls,
Just so they could get a shag they invented alcohol.
(Repeat to end)