

Reeves Gabrels, The King Of Stamford Hill

"Stamford Hill, four square miles of sh....."

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(In a west end city)
In a west end city
Smells like daisies
(In Stamford Hill)
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Ain't it fucking curious some other cunts
Are trying to ditch the King
(Of Stamford Hill)
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Gonna build an army
March them to the marches
Marching up and down
Watch them flap their little wings
Someone's gonna lose his poxy face

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