

Robots In Disguise, Can't Stop Getting Wasted

Look at me crashed out face down in sick
And you choking on the foreign gravel
My knee open like a red pocket
We watch the day unravel
Look at us dead drunk Brits deep in the shit
Kicked out of a cab miles from the hotel
My purse empty no money in it
Can we cadge a lift on your beat up moped?

Can't stop getting wasted I'm out of my mind
Can't stop getting wasted I love it when I'm high

Look at me blacked out dress soaked in piss
You bring me round with an icy splashing
My head banging cartoon stars spin
Another Saturday night on the trashing
Look at us we're it twenty-something club twits
Pull rubbish moves in the basement Mod room
My arms waving to a 60's hit
Can we take a trip back to the bathroom?