

Your Missus Is A Nutter

Goldie Lookin' Chain

Serious man, your fuckin' missus is nuts,
My missus is nuts an' all,
She rings me at least forty times a day,
Serious.I seen you last night, you were drinkin' in the pub,
You were drinkin' with that bird you tried to chat up in the nightclub,
Can't say her name but she's got a gammy eye,
And I feel an air of violence when I have to walk on by,
You can't deny it, it's something you can't miss,
That bird who's hangin' out with you is mad like cat piss,
Like bread and jam, or a knife going with butter,
Face it son, your missus is a nutter!-Chorus-
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!

Leave her alone! Your missus is a nutter!I've never seen a woman make a f*ckin' skinhead cry,
And I never seen a woman try to snap an arm with her thigh.
Now I have and it's just across the pub,
And the worst thing is she's takin' you home for a rub.
You don't deserve it, you know it's a fact,
But mix her up with booze, you got a suicide pact,
2 tequilas and 4 vodka mules,
She's a wrecking ball and her fists are her tools.Binge drinking, binge drinking
Tried keeping up with your missus, what was I thinking?
She looks like Caprice,
But it's a shock to see her wrestling 2 police,
With one in a headlock!
Fighting with bouncers and flashing her bits,
After 2 flamin' sambucas she dont care who she hits,
Waking up on Sunday morning, with bruises and cuts,
Face it son, your missus is nuts!-Chorus-
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!

Leave her alone! Your missus is a nutter!Your missus was looking at my missus,
So my missus, spat at your missus,
Your missus was looking at my missus,
So my missus, spat at your missus,It was last week, what really got me thinking,
About how your missus goes nuts when we go drinking,
Last week, she ended up on a binge,

She got of her tits and showed the bouncers her minge.
And it's the threat of grievous bodily harm,
She needs to keep calm, and use her charm,
I used to think it was funny, it made me laugh,
When she threw the ashtray's at the bar staff
Stabbed a man with a cone just to get a drink
There's no logic, just have a drink, fight, drink, fight, drink!
She grabs your throat and stares into your eyes,
Have you ever seen a woman kill a man with her thighs?
Oh son, your missus is trouble,
Everytime you have a drink she has a double,
Is she on pukkas?
I think she's tripping?
Stop lookin' at me love, this is water what I'm sippin'.
I seen her get on a mountain bike, and she drove it to
Chipland, and did 'em all in!
Wicked!-Chorus-
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Leave her alone! Your missus is a nutter!-Chorus-
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Oh son, your missus is a nutter!
Leave her alone! Your missus is a nutter!-Chorus-
(Pussy Whipped)Oh son, (Pussy Whipped)your missus is a nutter!
(Pussy Whipped)Oh son, (Pussy Whipped)your missus is a nutter!
(Pussy Whipped)Oh son.
(Pussy whipped, Pussy Whipped, Pussy Whipped)She's nuts man!! she's off her 'ead!! Innit!?!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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