

Court Report

Little Man Tate

Well he's a cross dresser honey, he fights for his team.
He dishes out a kickin' with a thong under his jeans.
He's a cross dresser honey and it don't seem right.

His train pulls into the station, all the way from Leeds.
He's gonna do somebody till his knuckles bleed.
He's a cross dresser honey and it don't seem right.

He gets home switches on the news, kicks back in his high heel shoes.
Switches channels to Eastenders, cleans his house in his red suspenders.

This is the court report, front page of the Daily Sport.
Skinhead cross dresser caught, for smashing up someones car.
Smashing up someones car.

Well he's a cross dresser honey, he's down on his luck.
Spends his time fighting and dressing up.
He's a cross dresser honey and it don't seem right.

He's sitting at the bar and he's looking pretty laced.
He's gonna start some trouble with blusher on his face.
He's a cross dresser honey and it don't seem right.

He gets home switches on the news, kicks back in his high heel shoes.
Switches channels to Eastenders, cleans his house in his red suspenders.

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Skinhead cross dresser caught (the court report).

For smashing up someones car.

Smashing up someones car.

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by WINDLE, JON / MARRIOTT, EDWARD / SURTEES, BEN / FIELDS, DAN

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