

# Tied Up In Nottz

## Sleaford Mods

[Verse 1]

The smell of piss is so strong  
It smells like decent bacon  
Kevin's getting footloose on the overspill  
Under the piss-station  
Two pints destroyer on the cobbled floors  
No amount of whatever is gonna chirp the chip up  
It's the final countdown, my fuckin' journey  
I woke up with shit in my sock outside the Polish off-licence  
"They don't mind" said the arsehole to the legs  
You got to be cruel to be kind, shit man  
Save it up like Norman Colon  
Release the stench of shit grub like a giant toilet kraken  
The lonely life that is touring  
I got an armful of decent tunes, mate  
But it's all so fuckin' boring[Verse 2]  
Tied up in Nottz, with a Z, you cunt  
Black t-shirts and state toss  
Nobby's nuts, the rule of rough cuts  
A to Z of nothing gets all the shiz  
We are real, we are lucky, 20p in the 10p mix  
Crab eyes, another lonely little DJ with no fuckin' life  
Weetabix, England, fuckin' shredded wheat, Kellogs cunts  
On bleak shiz, on our cock, the green light don't stop  
The shit homegrown dealers of Berlin begging for lolly  
And it's beautiful how the privileged still let 'em in[Chorus Outro]  
Tied up in Nottz, Shit!  
And then the dealer's tip top!  
...Big up the riots!

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