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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