Fizzy

Sleaford Mods

h the gut and the Buzz Lightyear haircut
Callin' all the workers plebs
You better think about the future
You better think about your neck
You better think about the shit hairdo you got mate
I work my dreams off for two bits of ravioli
And a warm bottle of Smirnoff
Under a manager that doesn't have a fuckin' clue
Do you want me to tell you what I think about you, Cunt?
I don't think that's a very good ideaâ€”do you?
You pockmarked four-eyed shit-fitted shirt, white Converse
And a taste for young girls
Don't send me home with a glint in my eye
I told my family about the fuckin' wage rise
And got fucked on
Devoured
Puked on
And sucked up
You fuckin' fly
The suction on your fly feet
Kept me pinned to the blinds
Whilst your PA rattled out e-mails
Workstation, forced to engage in flirtatious conversation
Fizzy * 3Well just to keep the job
Just to keep fuck all from turning into a fuckin' nothin' blob
Bang it out; go on tell me what you really think
You got no chin; an' you got no balls to chin 'em with
Glass panels separate you
The mid-price handwash from the bin of used
Public toilet paper towels
We've run foul of the hidden hatred
That festers in dogs like you
Tripwire taut that makes way for the vacuum
Ya piece of fuckin' shit
My name:Fizzy! [* 3]
Use the sheet of promise and the red shoes of Dorothy
Blanked out on the bed of thick monotony
With the usual stereotypes that fall for the lip
I fuckin' hate rockers; fuck your rocker shit

Fuck your progressive side, sleeve of tattoos
Oompa Loompa blow me down with a feather
Broken dagger bollockFizzy! [* 3]
Ahhhh!!
Jim
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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