

Nan, You're A Window Shopper

Lily Allen

The bottom feels so much better than the top!
So much better!Nan you're a window shopper
Taking a look but you never buy
Nan you're a window shopper
You won't pick it up if it's over a fiver
Nan you're a window shopper
Get on the bus 'cause you still can't drive
Nan you're a window shopper
Mad as fuck, only just aliveYou get up in the morning and you like your tea milky
You fumble for your glasses 'cause without 'em you can't see
It's funny how I come around your house and I'm twenty
And I still have to wear all the presents you sent meI walk into your kitchen everything's got a label
You've done your Christmas shopping and we're only in April
And you won't leave your house unless you're wearing your thermals
You're covered all in cat hair and you're stinking like StrepsilsYou're headed down the bowls club, have
another orange squash
Balls are rollin', rollin', rollin'
You can't walk right 'cause things aren't what they were
Your ankles are swollen, swollen, swollenNan you're a window shopper
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Nan you're a window shopper
Get on the bus 'cause you still can't drive
Nan you're a window shopper
Mad as fuck, only just aliveWalking down the post office to pick up your pension
And then you're off to bingo, it's become an obsession
So wary of the kids when they're wearing their hoods up
And even if they smile at you you think it's a stick upYou only buy the paper just to cut out the coupons
You're saving 50p but what do you want with tampons
You're always at the doctor picking up you prescription
And they throw in some KY just to ease up the frictionYou've got a leak in your colostomy bag
Yeah, it's got a hole in, hole in, hole in
On the weekend you're shopping with your trolley
It's sad how you're rollin', rollin', rollin'Nan you're a window shopper
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Nan you're a window shopper
You won't pick it up if it's over a fiver
Nan you're a window shopper

Get on the bus 'cause you still can't drive

Nan you're a window shopper

Mad as fuck, only just alive

Songwriters

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