

# Jobseeker

## Sleaford Mods

Jobseeker! Can of Strongbow, I'm a mess  
Desperately clutching onto a leaflet on depression  
Supplied to me by the NHS  
Is anyone's guess how I got here?  
Anyone's guess how I go?  
I suck on a roll-up - pull your jeans up -  
F\*\*\* off, I'm going home  
Jobseeker! So Mr. Williamson, what have you done to find gainful employment  
Since your last signing on date?  
F\*\*\* all  
I've been sat around the house wanking,  
And I want to know why you don't serve coffee here  
My signing on time is supposed to be ten past eleven  
It's now twelve o'clock  
And some of you smelly bastards need executing  
Mr. Williamson your employment history looks quite  
impressive  
I'm looking at three managerial positions you previously held with quite  
Reputable companies, isn't this something you'd like to go back to?  
Nah, I'd just end up robbing the f\*\*\*ing place,  
You've got a till full of twenties staring at you all day,  
I'm hardly going to bank it???  
Jobseeker! Can of Strongbow, I'm a mess  
Desperately clutching onto a leaflet on depression  
Supplied to me by the NHS  
Is anyone's guess how I got here?  
Anyone's guess how I go?  
I suck on a roll-up - pull your jeans up -  
F\*\*\* off, I'm going home.

Songwriters

ANDREW ROBERT FEARN, JASON WILLIAMSON  
Published by  
Lyrics Â© THE ROYALTY NETWORK INC.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>