

Slap!

Chumbawamba

One, two, three, four
Slap Fleet Street fell in love
But the girl proved hard to get
Took a seat at the old boy's club
But wouldn't share the bed Cuppas for the troops
Bubbly gum and wire
Trojan horses, Black and Tans
They're running for their lives Royals came to call
Mister Paisley save her soul
Heavens here's the naughty girl
Wouldn't say her prayers Bloody Monday morning
The rat who did the talking
Here's Ginger to the rescue Take that and that
Take that and that
Take that and that
Take that and that
Take that and that

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