

# Moptop

## Sleaford Mods

Do you mind?  
You biffed my noseHe's got a blonde mop  
He's got a moptop  
He's got a blonde mop  
He's got a moptopI'm sick of what I tell you for note  
I'm saying fucking sorry to the catalogue vote  
Having to be a bit naff and inclined  
When all I really wanted was to batter and blind  
These pleasantries and intelligence are no real match for the spoon and tuppence  
Of ale shops and tired minds  
I think before I say it better be in line  
I think before I say it better be in line  
I think before I say and let the words slip by  
I think before I say it better be in line  
I think before I say and let the words slip byHe's got a blonde mop  
He's got a moptop  
He's got a blonde mop  
He's got a moptopI feel like I'm not gonna cope  
The game has changed its proper  
Now it comes with no hope  
Rotten clementines, no socks, no pants  
All reformed band and dead pop chants  
Like the tinsel mate it's '70s  
Reminds me of a time when we were little kids  
Reminds of a time when the coast was clear  
But now it's meatballs and jam as I float around, oh dear  
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear  
I think before I say it better be in line  
I think before I say it better be in line  
I think before I say and let the words slip by  
I think before I say it better be in line  
I think before I say and let the words slip byHe's got a blonde mop  
He's got a muffs chuffs  
He's got a blonde mop  
He's got a moptopI think before I say it better be in line  
I think before I say and let the words slip by  
I think before I say it better be in line  
I think before I say and let the words slip byHe's got a blonde mop  
He's got a moptop

He's got a blonde mop  
He's got a MOPTOP!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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