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.

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