

# The Mail Don't Fail

## Sleaford Mods

[Verse:]

The country's dyin' screams, squabblin' boats and elites  
You overlook the abusing children's oaths  
The abuse of human's right for the lost of yachts in sights  
I can't even spell the word Jah, alright  
And if it gets far too much, they'll bury the stories  
With more abuse on the national scale  
The mail don't fail, it will gather you like willing subjects  
To sell the up-set  
And turn me into a raving half-wit  
On government time I've got a West Minston mind[Chorus:]

A national hero called Mr. Zero

The mail don't fail

The mail don't fail[Verse 2:]

Did you reset your fat and your dead body mistakes  
I'm frosting stakes, green line on night shifts  
Green lawn on nightshift  
Exhausted voices, pained out rates  
Death sloop, no latice, no mates  
No chance of an anarchy on a road full of rigor mortis  
That ain't latin, that's likely our kin lumpen  
Flowers slapped to lampposts  
Bikes spread wide to signify the loopholes  
The carve instead - angel's delight[Chorus:]

A national hero called Mr. Zero

The mail don't fail

The mail don't fail[Verse 3:]

Looks about and looks of it too late  
Looks of depression and management inefficiency  
The guideline's blurred in situations  
No clear root matches the expectations  
They've all gone, nobody gives a toss  
It's all hold together by a thing grasp  
Reason, count the ethos, that's where  
Everybody snapped in the workcast lair  
Please, sir, can I have some more?  
I mean the staff key for the public toilet door  
The customer want is a real slice of life  
Try to wee on the lid, yeah, that's nice

Yame and Andrews and this is yo life[Chorus:]

A national hero called Mr. Zero

The mail don't fail

The mail don't fail[Verse 4:]

Panic attack, panic room, nick-nat

Panty whack panic, that's no tie

It's too hot for that Saudi boss

I ain't lookin' free buns, Dan

I'm lookin' up strong revolver man

One to one a merely silent, get done

No, get dad! No dragon's den, just dandruff, mate

Nightmare, panic attack, panic room

Nick-nat panty whack panic, that's no tie

It's too hot for that Saudi boss

I ain't lookin' free buns, Dan

I'm lookin' up strong revolver man

One to one a merely silent, man

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