# 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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