

It's at night when they come
When I'm alone, and not with anyone
Through the shouts and music
Of the crowd down the road boozing
Near the free car park
The bins and the alleyway, of the Chinese restaurant
Number 3 for 2, and number 4 for 1

We're going down like BHS
While the abled bodied vultures monitor and pick at us
We're going down and it's no stress
I lay and hope for the knuckle dragging exodus
We're going down like BHS
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We're going down and it's no stress
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I think about the heat
As it lowers it's self on me
Past the closing hour
When the light in my phone starts to lose power
Through the karaoke it screams it's name
You can't blame the betrayed
In the snakes and ladders
We are the Baldricks son, and Blackadders

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(Ooh) Laying on a boat well what do you do
(But ooh) Laying on a boat mate look at you
(Ooh) Laying on a boat well what do you do
(But ooh) Laying on a boat mate look at you (Look at you!)

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