

## Bunch Of Cunts

Sleaford Mods

Bunch of cunts  
Bunch of  
Bunch of absolute cunts bang-banging  
The flicker, the fruit machine  
A tooth for one  
You can pay the finest check  
Scare it  
Fresh leaves, morning petrol  
And sweet days as Hansel and Gretel  
Each to walk in the ...  
Lost souls in the big notorious  
And they're f\*\*kin' everywhere mate

Boo box, urban toss  
The ghost of the beaming light through the fog  
Beat box  
Bunch of cunts  
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Bunch of cunts  
Bunch of cunts

I'll be beyond the speaker  
In the jungle  
The mighty jungle  
So I better the benefit from him  
I got 4 tapes  
One quick  
Load this and more  
We get split  
Sea side resort  
The screaming crowd  
I sound like I got some paper mind  
Torture me thick  
Come an angel delight  
Angel delight

Bunch of cunts  
Bunch of cunts  
Bunch of cunts  
Bunch of cunts

Won't you slow down?  
Won't you slow down?  
Won't you slow down?  
Won't you slow down?  
Just like that