

The cunt with the gut and the Buzz Lightyear haircut  
Callin' all the workers plebs  
"You better think about the future"  
You better think about your neck  
You better think about the shit hairdo you got mate  
I work my dreams off for two bits of ravioli  
And a warm bottle of Smirnoff  
Under a manager that doesn't have a f\*ckin' clue  
Do you want me to tell you what I think about you, cunt?  
I don't think that's a very good idea—do you?  
You pockmarked four-eyed shit-fitted shirt, white Converse  
And a taste for young girls  
Don't send me home with a glint in my eye  
I told my family about the f\*ckin' wage rise  
And got f\*cked on  
Devoured  
Puked on  
And sucked up  
You f\*ckin' fly  
The suction on your fly feet  
Kept me pinned to the blinds  
Whilst your PA rattled out e-mails  
Workstation, forced to engage in flirtatious conversation

Fizzy

Fizzy

Fizzy

Well just to keep the job  
Just to keep f\*ck all from turning into a f\*ckin' nothin' blob  
Bang it out; go on tell me what you really think  
You got no chin; an' you got no balls to chin 'em with  
Glass panels separate you  
The mid-price handwash from the bin of used  
Public toilet paper towels  
We've run foul of the hidden hatred  
That festers in dogs like you  
Tripwire taut that makes way for the vacuum  
Ya piece of f\*ckin' shit  
Alright?

Fizzy

Fizzy

Fizzy

Use the sheet of promise and the red shoes of Dorothy  
Blanked out on the bed of thick monotony  
With the usual stereotypes that fall for the lip  
I f\*ckin' hate rockers; f\*ck your rocker shit  
f\*ck your progressive side, sleeve of tattoos  
Oompa Loompa blow me down with a feather  
Cloak and dagger bollocks

Fizzy

Fizzy

Fizzy  
Ahhhh!!