

I Can Tell

Sleaford Mods

I can tell
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This barrel you've got me bent over
Was it pulled from your pork cellar?
In your lovely little house
I can tell
When taverns raise the glass for no one
No point trying to use your colon
I see it coming out your mouth

Monday streets
The wet and bus stops get done over
By the youthless clubs on shut down streets
The one-percenters know, I do
It's just as well
I could be twenty-five years older
Shuffling into paper slippers, I catch the 42 to hell

Noddy's streets ain't the same when you get older
No nutrition and the bold are figments eaten by the cold

It's just as well
I could be 25 years older
Shuffling into paper slippers, I catch the 42 to hell

I just hope, I just hope everything gets pulled apart and pushed
Gets pulled apart and bust gets pulled apart
I just hope, I just hope gets pulled apart and pushed
Gets pulled apart and bust gets pulled apart

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You believe you be thinking that you got it
But you're para like the rest of us who squirm in bank transfers
Leytonstone or a village out near Stoke-on-Trent
We move in ways in we don't invent

I mean it's bitter all the time

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Pulled apart and bust pulled apart and pushed
Pulled apart and bust pulled apart and pushed
Pulled apart and bust pulled apart

Got para then pissed bouncing off taxis trying to get sniff
I didn't get but I did
Complementary white wine slid down my lid
I got munched up hardcore
The train roared so did I
I was pie eyed