

Keep Out of It

Sleaford Mods

Charcoal coloured night at the entrance
Hazed, I won't walk in
Those nights, those weekends
Give you a kickin'
People half your age
I feel like Elaine Paige
But without the f*ckin' tunes an' Joe Cocker bollocks
East miserable Mainline
Where the air con won't be saved by Nicolas Cage
Put some f*ckin' heatin' on
Don't be shy
Smoker's cough and a poky loo
Gets drenched when I turn the tap on
One pint can on

I keep out of it
I keep out of it
I keep out of it
I keep out of it

Play it smooth
Too much to consider
I didn't ask you to, did I?
Two wi' one O or two spelt 'T-double-O?
Oh no, Speak & Spell hell
Ian's a twat and he still works in a clothes shop
Desperately announced any death of whatever
Strengthens
Better pay ya respects

Quick for the kudos
Coffees at expensive tea shops
Full of local art
f*ck off!
Gromit
Thomas the Tank Engine
Forties sleepy village carrot cake hell
Vomit
His unimagined work towards the goal
Of no soul
Just happenings
Within the four walls of your own f*ckin' home

I keep out of it
I keep out of it
I keep out of it
I keep out of it

Eatin' Coffeemate by the spoon
It tastes like cake mix
I waste time flickin' bogeys
Really sore nose
"Is this your handywork?"
As the green particles from the men's toilet
Land on your f*ckin' shirt

I keep out of it

I keep out of it
I keep out of it
I keep out of it

Keep your eyes slit make it
Keep your eyes slit, aye
Keep your eyes down to it
Keep your eyes, aye aye