

All Gone Wrong

[spunge]

Wanna tell a story 'bout a girl named Sheila
Lovely li'l thing but a bit of a dreamer
She's been married for three long years
Got three children and they're all little dears, but
Now she's bored with her married bliss, so
She goes out on the town, has a bit of this and that
The guy meant nothing, one night stand
Test turned blue, got much more on her hands

Uh-oh, it's all gone wrong, and
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Uh-oh, it's all gone wrong
It's all gone wrong

Derrick knew she worked at the supermarket
So while out on a drive decided to go and park it
Down by the river, walk to the store
Never got the courage up to talk to her before, but
He'd been up practising all last night
Planning what he's gonna say, making sure it sounded right
As he turned the corner by the milk and orange juice
She's playing tonsil hockey with the spotty guy from fresh produce

Jon was a guy that fully understood, that
The car that you drive is an extension of your manhood
As you can imagine, never left no doubt
Enter the equation when he drove his Cadillac about
Pretty damn long, pretty damn wide
Two silver lightning bolts painted down the sides
Imagine his grief, pity his pain, when
Both broke down one morning and never started up again

Fred played guitar in his best mate's band
They knew that they'd go far, all they needed was a helping hand
While practising one evening, there's a knock at the door
Opened up to see a guy, no one there had seen before
Introduced himself as 'Bob the talent-scout'
Handed them a form, told them they should fill it out
Now they're still practising in Fred's back room
Owe ten thousand quid, Bailiffs will be calling soon