

## **Bromheads Jacket**

### **"Land Of The Brave"**

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Cos it all kicks off at about a quarter past 8 in east  
midlands airport bar  
A conversation with the boys over a friendly pint and  
it's a sign of  
Things to come.

Cos my friend was now starting to grumble  
And it's too early for this amount of alcohol  
What you on about getting breakfast for - eating's  
cheating you puff  
So get another round in

What am I doing here oh what am I doing here?

Now the conversations simply getting cruder  
People in the bar think we've offended her  
Spinning round like a broken record and talking about  
drinking  
Shagging, drinking and more shagging

Last call for gate 29 all passengers please board the  
plane now  
Cos I stood up a little too quickly  
The room is spinning round and they've all gone  
without me

Bureau de change, I need a bureau de change

When the serial code starts to hit the horizon you know  
that it's  
Time for landing it's time for landing  
When the air hostess tells you to raise your seat up  
straight  
Time for landing it's time for landing  
When the captain of the plane switches the seatbelt  
light on  
You know that it's time for landing.

During take off another round is bought the hostess is  
looking scared  
I'm not suprised we're being smart  
Touch down and we need a Joe baxi, 20 minutes later

and we've found our hotel  
We don't give a shit cos we're out on the piss

When the serial code starts to hit the horizon you know  
that it's  
Time for landing it's time for landing  
When the air hostess tells you to raise your seat up  
straight  
Time for landing it's time for landing  
When the captain of the plane switches the seatbelt  
light on  
You know that it's time for landing.

Cos I'm spinning round I'm spinning round with ease  
The ride is going too fast I wanna get off please  
Too much beer and too much Maccy D's  
Too many lesbo shows thongs and striptease  
Too many handlebars little kids on the street  
Asking if you'd like them to do obscenities  
There's too many people off their tits in this city  
Now there's too many stags  
Now there's too many hens

When the serial code starts to hit the horizon you know  
that it's  
Time for landing it's time for landing  
When the air hostess tells you to raise your seat up  
straight  
Time for landing it's time for landing  
When alls that is left is the smell on your breath from  
the previous nights  
Drunkenness and debauchery you know that it's time for  
landing

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