

## Kevin Bloody Wilson

### "The Sheila Singer"

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We were just a little outback band, playin' pubs for  
peanuts,  
Drinkin' singin' shittin' bricks each time we went on  
stage,  
And most of all the gear we had was still on hire  
purchase,  
Some of it was borrowed the rest we stole along the  
way,  
We'd play country music Eva Green's and lots of rock  
and roll,  
But I felt somethin' missin', that we needed somethin'  
more,  
So I got this sheila singer in, to liven up the mob,  
Best head I think I've ever had, that's how she got the  
job.

At eight o'clock we'd be ok and be pretty good by ten,  
By midnight we'd be fuckin' great we'd all be pissed by  
then,  
And a punch up after every gig, the band, just on our  
own,  
To see whose job it was to drive that sheila singer  
home.

Me brother Terry he played bass I played guitar and  
sang,  
And a bloke who looked like Ringo was on drums and  
other things,  
Ian played the lead guitar on homemade speaker box,  
And the sheila singer kept on givin' head, that's how  
she kept her job,  
We'd play pubs and parties one weekend a barn dance  
out'a town,  
Think that was the time that me and that sheila singer  
got found out,

When the other three sprung her givin' me a headjob in  
the van,  
Just jealousy I reckon, but the fuckin' punch up started  
then.

At eight o'clock we'd be ok and pretty good by ten,  
By midnight we'd be fuckin' great we'd all be pissed by  
then,  
And a punch up after every gig, the band, just on our  
own,  
To see whose job it was to drive that sheila singer  
home.

And so began the downhill runners practice turned to  
punch ups,  
I think secretly us blokes could see where we was  
headin' next,  
So best we split and stay good mates 'cause we all  
twigged together  
If that sheila singer sang for shit we'd be at least two  
turds in debt,  
And so me brother now he just plays golf, but I still  
drink and sing,  
And the bloke who looked like Ringo's gone inside for  
drugs and  
Things,  
Now Ian just plays gospel, and shit happens so they  
say,  
The sheila singer swallowed a microphone, had to give  
the game  
Away.

At eight o'clock we'd be ok and pretty good by ten,  
By midnight we'd be fuckin' great we'd all be pissed by  
then,  
And a punch up afte

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