

Local H

"Paddy Considine"

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I ain't of the mind that Paddy Considine is one to take
guff from no
Conspiracy of toughs.
In my mind I talk to Paddy Considine and it always goes
something like
This:
The kids in my hood! They're up to no good!
Tell me, Paddy, what to do in an age of no pity?
From that young Irish face to that dude who plays bass
They're bringing baseball bats down to stroller city.
I ain't of the mind that Paddy Considine is one to take
guff from no
Conspiracy of toughs.
The bums and punks and drunks sift through my junk!
?
I hear stories about last night's meat train.
I never thought I'd see the day when the white man has
no say.
Tell me, Paddy, how do we get our country out of the
crapper?
That fat, pink fuck is crying on tv again!
He's got the persecution complex of a coked up rapper.
I ain't of the mind.
I ain't of the mind.
I ain't of the mind.
I ain't of the mind.
Well, it's a hot summer!
Someone could get hurt!
And it's a hot, hot, summer!
People get hurt.
I'll take you out first!
There's blood for your thirst!
And, Paddy, it's all just a matter of time before you get
your ass kicked
When you're walking a straight line from the bar to your
goddamn house.
But living's just not worth it when you live like a mouse.
Am I right, Paddy?
I ain't of the mind that Paddy Considine is one to take
guff from no
Conspiracy of toughs.

Much less some pussy like you.

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