

Macc Lads

"Blackpool"

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One day after closing I was lying on me nest,When Stez shouts "get yer bags on, come on outside."So I grabbed me stripy tank-top, I 'ad beer stains on me vest,An' I said "best get some cans in, it's a long ride."Well, we drove along the M6, chuckin' cans at other folk,An' stopped at all the services FOR PHOTOS.Picked up some fit hitch-hikers,An' we told 'em filthy jokes,An' piled them in the back seet fer GROAT-OS.We're going down Blackpool, alright,We're going down Blackpool, fer a pint,We're going down Blackpool, alight,To see the lights...Mutley's in the drivin' seat,Stez Styx is in the front,An' we're going down to Blackpool,To up some fuckin' cunt.An' Peter's in the back seat,An' his crack is goin' "gerrit"He's got his finger up her like a ferret.Now ten miles outside Blackpool and we had some real bad luck,Mutley shouts "O fuck, we've got a flat."And THE BEATER chucked the jack at some cunt ten mile down the road,So we made him go an' get the fucker back.The twat.We're going down Blackpool, alright,We're going down Blackpool for a fight,We're going down Blackpool, alrightTo see the lights...(repeat)

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