

Ste McCabe

"Four Puffs And A Shotgun"

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Licking crumbs up from your table
We're willing now that we are able
In your ridiculous childrens fable
You lock the race-horse in it's stable
And that is how they want us to be
The painful cliches that they call "free"
This is how we earn our money
Another camp joke that isn't funny
With a limp wrist, and a shopping list
I commit to this farce and I'll kiss the straight guy's
arse
Horsey runs into the fence
Making jokes at his own expense
Real live people came and went
Now they called televised cliches "past tense"
Humour runs down a one-way street
Of stereotypes and self-defeat
I'll propose something that you'll ignore
It's dyke-free and worse than ever before
So with a limp wrist, and a shopping list
I'll get on my scabby knees and I'll suck the straight
guys dick
With a limp wrist, and a shopping list
I commit to this farce and I'll kiss the straight guys arse
Now with a limp wrist, and a shopping list
I'll get on my bloody knees and I'll suck the straight
guys dick
With a limp wrist, and a shopping list
I commit to this farce and I'll kiss the straight guys
arse/with a limp wrist!

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