Ste McCabe
"Huyton Scum"

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Tommo is a hard knock, knows his way 'round here
Everybody moves away when he comes near
Knife in his pocket, hand on his balls
Walking like he doesn't know how to walk at all
Tommo always stoned, don't know what day it is
Which is a shame 'cause sober he's exceptionally thick
Tommo always angry, Tommo never cry
Except when they get serious on "Footballers Wives"
No, he don't like the women, says women are all sluts
Although he's barely touched one 'cause he hasn't got the guts
He don't like the Asians, says they're gonna bomb us all
Although he's barely spoken to a single one at all
He don't like the Polish "cause they'll take all the jobs"
Although he'd rather kill himself than ever get a job
He don't like the dykes, says they're all just like men
Why don't they wanna fuck him like the porno mags say?
Oh!
Tommo is a hard knock, knows his way 'round here
Everybody moves away when he comes near
Knife in his pocket, hand on his balls
Walking like he doesn't know how to walk at all
Tommo always stoned, don't know what day it is
Which is a shame 'cause sober he's exceptionally thick
Tommo always angry, Tommo never cry
Except when they get serious on "Footballers Wives"
No, he don't like the queers, queers make him sick
Even the ones he forces to go down and suck his dick
He don't like the Irish, he don't like the blacks
But when asked to join the BNP he said, "What's that?"
He would hate the working class if he weren't so poor
He would love his granny if she weren't so fucking old
He would love his brother if his brother weren't a "spaz"
He would love his mother if she weren't so fucking fat
Go home!
Go home
No-one loves you, Tommo
Go home
Go home

Oh Tommo, Tommo, just fuck off home!
We don't want you here