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Mitchell Brothers ''Harvey nicks''

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Talk}

Huh, the kind of girl that works in Harvey Nicks yeah, Is the kind of girl that's got fucking barely rounda bags (?),

And I don't mean bags bags, I mean like shopping bags, serious.

I never liked Dry Your Eyes anyways,
The only person that liked it was my mum,
You know what I mean,
cos man had flippin overalls on,
the pretty bird behind the tills takin the piss outta man,
even giving man no help.

{CHORUS x2 - Mike Skinner} When I drop in Harvey Nicks, to shop in Harvey Nicks If I don't look hardly slick, or appear hardly fit, the cashier don't hardly trip, the lady hardly flits, unless im wearing barmy shit, or garments that are the shit.

{Verse 1 - Teddy Mitchell}

The last time we was in here, we just lined with despair. The pretty bird behind the till was flipping thru Marie Claire

Flicking the end of her hair, fidgeting, all nervous, Had us thinking "where the fuck is the customer service?!"

Must have been the flippin shabby overalls we're wearing,

And the batch of Classics that were on the verge of tearing.

Cos Aunty's front room needed redecorating,
So we painted it light blue to make it look more radiant.
But today that aint the case (na mate!)
It's Lionel Scott cardigans, that us man were dreamt in
The pretty bird behind the till's grin is so blatant,
And suckin man's bottom, cos she must think we got
the papers.

So from this day forth, we must always recall, Never ever to come back in here in overalls, Cos pretty birds behind tills, they don't like to smile and talk,

To brehs bowling down in fucking overalls.

{CHORUS}

{Verse 2 - Tony Mitchell}

It's as if she's never seen our mugs in here before, Cos as soon as we was about to make a move, she released the door,

Pointing her finger at her assistant to attend to both of our needs,

Chucking an opener on the counter, strutting towards Teddy and me.

Now its all a guided tour through the Lacoste new seasons,

Compliments on our retirements, mixing offering us greetings (?).

Not to mention the welcome ? and the private seating, That they usually use for the service twats,

With the request to them to bring the teas in.

But the other day, that weren't the case.. na mate It was her on the fone to the security guard,

To follow us for no damn reason.

Lookin down at our watch, giving us the cold shoulder treatment.

Asking us if we could hurry up cos they were closing early that evening.

So from that day forth, we have always remembered, Never ever to wear overalls, its just absurd.

Cos overall, all over, overalls don't work

Cos now that we're in London its got the bird flicking up her skirt.

{CHORUS x2}

{Verse 3 - Sway}

When I shop at Harvey Nicks,

Everyone thinks I'm a star,

Cos I wear my rented blazer,

And I step out my rented car.

A little girl with a pen ran up to me and said "I know who you are"

But when I gave her my autograph she said

"mum is this how u spell lemar?"

When I shop at Harvey Nicks,

The security give me grief,

They must think I'm a thief, cos I don't sound like The Streets.

Even when I'm just trying it on, they think I'm trying it on.

I said "why would I steal from you? I'm loaded"

Then they called the police - "there's a guy with a gun!" Despite this, I like shopping here,

Cos it's a lot quicker than eBay

I bumped into this Labour MP who was looking for a pair of CK,

I said "Hi, I'm Sway, and I hope you're having a nice day"

Then I slapped him in his face and said

"what type of party doesn't have a DJ?"

I remember the first time I came here,

I was shoplifting and got nabbed,

In the shop lift I got grabbed,

"Hey you! Excuse me, open your bag!"

I got put in a pair of handcuffs,

All for a pair of cufflinks,

I said "please sir, don't send me to prison, if its anything like Butlins"

{CHORUS x2}

{Mike Skinner}

It don't mean anything anyway man,

Harvey Nicks is shiiiit!

I'm all about Selfridges,

Seriously Selfridges man,

Harvey Nicks is the kind of place Ted Mayern goes,

Don't wanna shop in the same shop as him,

Cos that cunt looks like a fucking clown!

{Tony Mitchell}

See what she does then, slag, slag, slag!

{Teddy Mitchell}

That might not be a good idea, but still.

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