

## **Sheila Nicholls**

### **"Seven Fat Englishmen"**

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Seven fat Englishmen sit around you on bar stools  
Blood red faces, unaware that they're dying fast  
And as this blood squeezes through their blocked  
arteries  
These farming men, drinking gin, pickling their livers  
It's normal here

And I reach into this circle to fetch you out  
And I reach into this circle to fetch you out  
Of this sticky mess of gin and blood and soil but you  
can't leave  
Gin and blood and soil but you can't leave

And as the spice girls prostitute, girl power in the  
background  
On tinny speakers you smile  
And desperation seeps through your teeth  
As you laugh with them, agree with them  
Make business with them 'cos this is your life

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Blood red faces, unaware that they're dying fast  
And as this blood squeezes through their blocked  
arteries  
These farming men, drinking gin, pickling their livers  
It's normal here

I have nowhere to take you  
And you have nowhere to go  
And I think it's just too painful for you  
To think there's any better

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