

Fall, The "Slates, Slags Etc"

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Right here's the definitive rant
Slates drive me bats
Male slates I bait

Male slates, male slags
Male slates, male slags and apes
Male slags, slags slates and tapes
Male slags in creaky pants and scrubbed hands
Kill jokes, join gangs
Male slates, slags slates and apes
And slates brake hard, brake hardly
Break your slates for Christ's sake
Male slags, male slates and tapes
Ripoff bands with creaky pants and scrubbed hands
Male slate, male slag
Knocks over your drink and pays for correct amount
spilt
Male slags, slags slates and drapes

Male slags, slags slates and apes
Academic male slags
Academic male slags
Ream off names of books and bands
Ream off names of books and bands
Kill cultural interest in our land
Male slates, dead publishers sons
Dead publishers sons
In the star cold, nearly old
In the nearly old dead sound of some [petrol] wanker
Commence
famous apes become great
Male slags, male slags and slates
Male slags

Male slags, slags slates and apes
Let's get on to female slates
Smoke your cigarettes
Make pins out of your whims
Break your balls
Male cunts

Okay mates
Male slates
Okay let's go to the valley of weights
Let's get on to the valley of weights
The valley of weights was a valley where everybody
wore weights
And once they had rid of the weights
Once they got rid of the weights they become trite
Trite and uptight
Too much freedom for a small brain regime
Too much freedom for a small brain regime
Male slags, slags slates and tapes

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