

Katy Brand

"Adele Parody"

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This is my singing voice
It could make the angels weep
Soothing and sweet
Could make a can of Red Bull fall asleep

I look at Duffy
I could take her in a fight
But not that Beth Ditto
Because she looks like she might bite

'Cause I sing like this...
But I talk like this
Yeah, I really do
I don't care
You what?
I'm a pop star?
Cor blimey, would you Adam and Eve it?
That's fucking mental
I've only got one pair of shoes
And I eat with my hands
I ain't a diva; I ain't got a clue about nothing
Verse two, what?
Me? Now? I gotta sing verse two?
All right then

Every day I thank the Lord
For what the Brit school taught me
Embrace your Chav like Lily does
And don't end up like Amy

So if you see me
Interviewed on T4
Don't be surprised if I'm
Talking like an East-end whore

'Cause I sing like this...
But I talk like this
It's like
LOVELY APPLES AND PEARS
LOVELY APPLES AND PEARS
Two pounds a pound

Standard! Standard!
On me 'ed, son
Hello Pat, hello Frank
Cor blimey, Governor
I had a blinding ruby down the old Ken Road
Boiler packed in, 'as it?
That's what you get if you pay Polish prices
Where you off to, then?
You going up west?
Oh, give us a lift
Oh, I never been in a car

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