

Maiden Iron

"SHERIFF OF HUDDERSFIELD"

Visit "[SHERIFF OF HUDDERSFIELD](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We're on a mission from Rod

Don't think it's very bloody funny at all, dunno what
you're all laughing about

Life in a city living in L.A, is a long way from
Huddersfield town

The back of the Rainbow's a long way from heaven

But that's where he get's his pork pie

limos and ladies, they're driving him cwaspy

Wugby and cwicket's unknown

baseball and football, they're making him lazy

Your fan club says "Rodney come home"

The Sheriff of Huddersfield locked in his castle

Look out on the Hollywood Hills

The Sheriff of Huddersfield locked in his castle

You're our own Hot Rod on wheels

A good game of arrows a few dozen barrels

The Nautilus rusts in the yard

Yorkshire is yearning but because he's earning

He'll always live in L.A.

A custom-made wallet that stays in his pocket

And never comes out to pay bills

He's winning at poker and playing the Joker

And he always cheats when he deals

The Sheriff of Huddersfield locked in his castle

Look down on the Hollywood Hills

The Sheriff of Huddersfield locked in his castle

You're our own Hot Rod on wheels

Hello, let me introduce meself!

My name is Rodney. I'm immensely strong.

When I were a lad, I could lift up five navvies on an end
of a shovel.

The reason I never took up martial arts is because

I was immensely fearsome and I'd probably kill
everybody that I came into contact with.

I was phenomenally strong.

Pride and ego, my lads, pride and ego, is what makes
the world rotate.

And everybody knows the centre of the universe is
Huddersfield

that's why I don't live there anymore.

I live in Los Angeles.

It's great!... I think

Rufus the red has a crane by his bed To wrench himself
up in the morn'

You dare to tread at the foot of his bed, You'll wish
you'd never been born.

A bear with a sore head we don't mean your forehead,
He slumbers for most of the day

Wide eyed and legless baked beans for breakfast

Your problem Rodney is L.A.

The Sheriff of Huddersfield locked in his castle

Look down on the Hollywood Hills

The Sheriff of Huddersfield locked in his castle

You're our own Hot Rod on wheels

The Sheriff of Huddersfield locked in his castle

Look down on the Hollywood Hills

The Sheriff of Huddersfield locked in his castle

You're our own Hot Rod on wheels

No, I don't know what you're making such a fuss about.

No, I don't. I'm not in here for the money.

I like it here!

The sun shines all night!

(belching and farting sounds)

It's alright, I'm a Yorkshireman. I can take it

I used to be able to lift five navvies on a shovel, you
know

You know? Uhhh... you're not bloody listening to me,
are you

Visit [Maiden Iron](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.