

Macc Lads, The "Alton Towers"

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Fucking right.
Bank holiday Monday,
By Sunday I was....
So let's fuck off to Alton Towers.
One or two, quite a few in the queue for the bumper
cars.
Fit crack on the lake but her mate's got a flabby arse.
So let's hit the bars....
Where's the fucking pub?
Where's the fucking ale?
We don't want to queue for the mono-fucking rail.
Where's the fucking crack?
There's middle aged mums with big fabby bums.
Black hole queue's past the entrance gate now,
Well, I've been with Sweatty Betty and it's not worth the
wait.
No!
I wouldn't stand in a queue for all the tea in China,
I'd rather pump the S up me deck top's vagina,
Sarah the dog.
Where's the fucking pub?
Where's the fucking ale?
We don't want to queue for the mono-fucking rail.
Where's the fucking crack?
There's middle aged mums with big fabby bums.
Fuck cunt wank shit.
Where's the fucking pub?
Where's the fucking ale?
We don't want to queue for the mono-fucking rail.
(Repeat to end)

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