

Macc Lads, The

"Dan's Round Us 'andbag"

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We had a foreign holiday in Tiermarbelly,
We're gonna get laid by some greasy fellas,
We want some lump that's gonna fer plate us,
And we're gettin' under some Itallian waiters,
Dragged this Dago back fer hotel,
He's got a fit body but he doesn't half stink,
Kicking and squealing but I looked round,
I said come on slick, get a hard on now.
Dance dance, round your handbags,
Dance dance, round your handbags,
Dance dance, round your handbags,
Now.
Me boyfriend's a twat,
He's getting on me tits,
An' he hasn't shagged us for a week 'cos he's always
too pissed,
And he won't know what the fuck to do,
When he sees me "I love Hosay" tattoo,
He can do as he pleases but he's getting me diseases,
And I watched me knicker line and he called me a slag.
He's getting no Newquay when I get back,
'Cos he's on the couch and I'm on the rag.
Dance dance, round your handbags,
Dance dance, round your handbags,
Dance dance, round your handbags,
Now.
Julie, are you comin' to the bogs?
THEN one fit bar chap might give us a snog,
But I can tell by bulging trousers,
That the only girls he likes are not like me.

Dance dance, round your handbags,
Dance dance, round your handbags,
Dance dance, round your handbags,
Now.
(Repeat to end)

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