

Macc Lads, The

"No Sheep 'til Buxton"

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Sheep shaggers....
Went up in the hills,
We was on a binge,
Look for some pubs and up some minge.
Couldn't find us no beer,
We just found sheep,
So fuckin' many put the Peter to sleep.
There were sheep in the fields
And under the trees,
Sheep in the houses
And under your feet.
Sheep on the pavement
Sheep in the car
Sheep in the pubs and we all got barred.
Sheep, sheep everywhere,
The little wooly fuckers are all over the place,
Sheep, sheep everywhere,
We're fighting for the one with the prettiest face.
Go.
So this is what locals get up to at night.
Trying to get anthrax,
And make sure they use trite.
Sunk to their nuts whilst their rodding a ram,
And they're just as well hung for a sheep as a lamb.
Sheep shit on their foreskin and all over their suits,
Little black berries in their wellington boots,
Sheep shit on their trousers and all over their flies,
Don't let the farmer pull the wool over your knob.
Sheep, sheep everywhere.
Mutton daggers at the ready and they're full of mint
sauce.
Sheep, sheep everywhere,
We're gonna get a bleating from the mother in law...
Ooowow!
Sheep, sheep everywhere,
All the farmers daughters' got a sheepskin coat.
Sheep, sheep everywhere,
They've got to wear a woolly if they want to pull a bloke.
Sheep, sheep everywhere,
Sheep, sheep everywhere.

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