

WERBENIUK – ONE OF US DID – LYRICS

TEESWATER – NORFOLK HORN

One of us did, then two of us did, then three of us did, so all of us did.

Beltex. Bluefaced Leicester. Clun Forest. Jacob. Lonk.

Welsh Mountain Registered. Teeswater. Norfolk Horn.

(DO THE) MEATHOOK

We all are a tiny bit of gold, gold, gold

And other stuff too

So they leave the bodies by the road, road, road

For the scrap value

The sociopaths are on the roof, roof, roof

But they just wont jump

So the ground will never know the truth, truth, truth

Of how the piss gets pumped

See it seep up

Trickle-down Britain on a meat-hook

Trickle-down Britain

The sociopaths are on the roof, roof, roof

But they just wont jump

So the ground will never know the truth, truth, truth

Of how the piss gets pumped

See it seep up

Trickle-down Britain on a meat-hook

Trickle-down Britain

Move to the right, and then you move to the right and do the Meathook (do the Meathook)

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STOOLS

I wish you blood in your

I wish you blood in your

I wish you blood in your stools. Deep red blood.

He rolls up a twenty (laughter lines)

In the gents with the gentry (laughter lines)

Make sales of the century (laughter lines)

Fuck you and your laughter lines

The leeches and liggers (laughter lines)

The fiddling figures (laughter lines)

The snorts and the sniggers (laughter lines)

Fuck you and your laughter lines

I wish you blood in your

I wish you blood in your

I wish you blood in your stools. Deep red blood.

You can barely control your mountain bike

You can barely control your mountain bike

You can barely control your mountain bike

Fuck you and your mountain bike

I wish you blood in your

I wish you blood in your

I wish you blood in your stools. Deep red blood.

Deep red blood in your stools, deep red blood, deep red blood.

Deep red blood in your stools, deep red blood, deep red blood.

WERBENIUK – ONE OF US DID – LYRICS

THAT'S NOT HEALTHY

A dog-end day behind a desk again
A wasted body hits the sack
A freak show and burlesque my friend
It's only natural to look back
Another day behind the steering wheel
Flung once more into the fray
You know the bones that break will heal
But broken souls stay that way

To the dark days of the '80s
To the dark days of the '90s
To the daze of your teens and twenties

Picking on the bones

Living in the dark

Carrying a torch for all those old routines ...

... THAT'S NOT HEALTHY!

Welcome to the land of plenty
Where you'll convince yourself you're empty
And all the days gone by will tempt you

Picking on the bones

Living in the dark

Carrying a torch for all those old routines ...

... THAT'S NOT HEALTHY!

WERBENIUK – ONE OF US DID – LYRICS

FRACTIOUS

Fractious – not fractious in patches, but fractious fractious, like kids with lit matches

I saw your message, how you're running on fumes now

Oh I saw your message, how you're running on fumes now

How you're running on fumes now

I saw your message, how you're running on fumes now

Oh I saw your message, how you're running on fumes now

How you're running on fumes now

Fractious – not fractious in patches, but fractious fractious, like kids with lit matches

Like kids with lit matches

WERBENIUK – ONE OF US DID – LYRICS

THE FEAR OF WAGES

On the edge of the city – life on the flight path
Never stopped to think if you were on the right path
If you'd done the maths – if you'd added up the sums
Then you'd have seen there was another way
But you spend your days trying to find yourself
When all along you wanted to be somebody else
Now your mind's a mess – now you're in the slums
And you're wondering how to get away

Handed down right through the ages

The fear of wasps!

The fear of wages!

Beware the brain when it disengages

The fear of wasps!

The fear of wages!

At the beep beep beep it's time to wise up
No time to snooze because it's time to rise up
Drink your coffee cup – cos you need to be awake
And hear the voices at the back of your mind
You don't need to go trekking in the Hindu Kush
Or motor with the morons in the morning rush
Tell em all to get fucked – how much can it take
To really open up your eyes ... ?

WERBENIUK – ONE OF US DID – LYRICS

LESCOTT

To bend or snap

Flock, slack-jawed, on the attack

Half-baked, full-fat

Clocks move forward, we fall back

Now, as we're aquaplaning into the past with a splash

All the cabbage-whites are having a blast

Half-full? Fuck that.

Clocks move forward, we fall back

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EPICENTRE

That woman there
It just picked her up
And threw her round
Like a paper cup
There goes that man
In his kipper tie
When he flies past
He avoids her eye

*We're standing here, right at the epicentre
Ignoring all the signs saying do not enter
Slap bang right at the epicentre
See everything flying around*

You squish a witch
But it's all in vain
They roll off the line
And they're all the same
There's no way home
So what can you do
If it was down to me
It would be up to you

*Lost, ended up at the MetroCentre
Following the smell of the fried placenta
They're all daft cunts at the MetroCentre
See everyone flying around*

*We're standing here, right at the epicentre
Ignoring all the signs saying do not enter
Slap bang right at the epicentre
See everything flying around*