

Silver Shadow

Goldie Lookin' Chain

We're all going down the pub, come on, get your tracksuits on
Come on, fukin' get movin'
Fukin' why you so slow, clart?
Aww, fukin' hell, my bollocks are killing in these really tight jeans what I
'm wearing

Why are you wearing those really tight jeans clart?
The reason I'm wearing these really tight jeans is because I've just discovered heavy metal you bathplug!
Let me play you a bit son, its fcukin' terrible
Why are your eyes looking in different directions clart?

(goldie lookin' chain, it's the goldie lookin' chain)

I love metal, so pay some respect,
There's a fringe in my hair and my cock is erect,
Like Helen Mirren, from Prime Suspect,
I made love to the back end of a Ford Prefect,
I wear a condom,
So I could protect,
From rust erosion of my bell end's neck
serious man, you were right clart, this fcukin' metal music is safe as fcuk!

I need a mullet,
But the back's not long enough,
So I paid this girl to rip the pubes from her muff,
She screamed a bit, and started to laugh,
But when she saw my pubic wig she asked for my autograph,

I went down the Hornblower and met a bloke called Neville,
He taught me how to rock and do the sign of the devil,
He took me to see a band at the Newport Centre,
And they rocked hard and they were called Placenta,

Come to the graveside, kneel down by me,
Bodies stand beside you, the devil at your knees,
Come to the graveside, kneel down by me,
Hi-tec silver shadow massive, it's the GLC,

(You Knows It)

If you wanna go to war
You better get your draw?
I'll meet you at my clarts at half past 4,
I think I've smoked draw twice before,
You were wrecked on the floor but I'm fcukin' hardcore.
Fcukin' safe, listening to metal, getting fcukin' wrecked up on the blow, getting stoned fcukin cant get enough of it man serious

Heavy metal is like soft porn,
But instead of sex with a horse its with a unicorn,
Or a midget, or a dwarf or a goblin,
Wearing tight jeans and running around and hobbling,
Cos the metal makes your bollocks hurt,
Although the jeans are tight you gotta let it squirt,
It's a flying V guitar,
It'll take you really far,

Cos the glc's are on a metal vibe spa,

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(You Knows It)

I grew my hair,
Put a tracksuit on
I borrowed some records off a sweaty called John,
I used to smoke spliffs but now I smokes the bong,
When you hears the glc put a gold chain on,
That's right, fcukin' safe as fcuk,
I used to listen to hip-hop, I still do,
But I fcukin' can't get enough of this metal you knows it,

Electric guitar fills my mind,
I had 13 tossts and started to go blind,
I had to get away, I had to find,
The chain of the jeans changed my mind,
I found metal,
I felt so strange,
The new vibe started to re-arrange,
My brain, I felt insane,
Cos the heavy metal vibe took the goldie lookin' chain,

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Big up to Lee Cooper jeans,
And all the people what can play sweet child o mine on the guitar at any speed,

Yeah if you got some tight, stonewashed jeans and a white t-shirt with a tracksuit top on and a bit of gold you're safe,
That's how I become death,
Destroyer of worlds,
All down to a pair of tight jeans clenching the living shit out of my bollocks.