

## Kev's Courtin' Song

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Blown too much of me time buying dinner and wine  
And me money on flowers and lollies  
Only to find that what's on me mind  
Isn't on hers and she's sorry  
So I've made up some lines that save wastin' time  
And keep me from blowin' me brass  
I'm ever so cool I just prop on the stool  
Right next to hers and I ask:

'Do you fuck on first dates?  
Does your dad own a brewery?  
Could I feel your tits?  
Or would you show 'em to me?  
Cause you've you've got a nice head  
And you look pretty honest  
So me face'll be leavin' in a quarter of an hour--  
I'd like you to be on it'

You know how it feels when you first meet a sheila  
And the bullshit you've gotta go through  
Like callin' her up and tellin' her you love her  
When all that you'd love is just to screw  
But she wants to hold hands and you to meet her old man  
And sit around for hours and talk  
But me new method is, you just cut through the shit  
And get down to the goodies straight off:

'Do you fuck on first dates?  
Does your dad own a brewery?  
Could I feel your tits?  
Or would you show 'em to me?  
Do you sleep in the nick?  
Do you give head very often?  
If we can decide, your place or mine  
We can fuck off then'

So the next time you see a good-lookin' sheila  
And you'd give a week's pay just to hold her  
Don't sit acting dumb, just front her full-on  
And drop a few lines like I told you  
This new method of mine might not work every time  
But then again no method will  
I've been spat at and slapped, and kneed in the knackers  
But then I've got a few fucks as well

'Do you fuck on first dates?  
Does your dad own a brewery?  
Could I feel your tits?  
Or would you show 'em to me?  
If the answer is 'No'  
To me questions above --  
Then be a good sport and give me the name  
Of a girlfriend who does!'