

Paddy Considine

Local H

I ain't of the mind that Paddy Considine is one to take guff from no conspiracy of toughs.

In my mind I talk to Paddy Considine and it always goes something like this:

The kids in my hood! They're up to no good!

Tell me, Paddy, what to do in an age of no pity?

From that young Irish face to that dude who plays bass they're bringing baseball bats down to stroller city.

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The bums and punks and drunks sift through my junk?!?

I hear stories about last night's meat train.

I never thought I'd see the day when the white man has no say.

Tell me, Paddy, how do we get our country out of the crapper?

That fat, pink fuck is crying on tv again!

He's got the persecution complex of a coked up rapper.

I ain't of the mind.

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I ain't of the mind.

I ain't of the mind.

Well, it's a hot summer!

Someone could get hurt!

And it's a hot, hot, summer!

People get hurt.

I'll take you out first!

There's blood for your thirst!

And, Paddy, it's all just a matter of time before you get your ass kicked when you're walking a straight line from the bar to your goddamn house.

But living's just not worth it when you live like a mouse.

Am I right, Paddy?

I ain't of the mind that Paddy Considine is one to take guff from no conspiracy of toughs.

Much less some pussy like you.