

Stereotype

The Specials

He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He has girls every night
But he doesn't really exist

He spends his weekends with a load of blokes
He forgets the punchline when he tells a joke
He wants to stay out, he don't want to go home
'Til his nicotine fingers are stuffed down his throat

He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He drives home pissed at night
And he listens to his stereo

He blamed his fiancée when he caught VD
The doctor said no drink for seventeen weeks
He wants to go out but he has to stay home
Sit in and watch colour TV on his own

He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He drives home pissed at night
And he listens to his stereo

The tablets are finished, the cure is complete
He hasn't had a drink now for seventeen weeks
Seventeen pints, tonight is the night
It goes straight to his head, he ends up in a fight

Police chase him home through the dark rainy night
Fluorescent jam sandwich with flashing blue light
His mums waiting up, she hopes he's alright
But he's wrapped round a lamp post on Saturday night

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