



Sunday Fuckin Dinner

by Barnaby Wick

Y came out when w were waitin
Tween th gravy n th stuffin
And y said 'Now dont b hatin
Cos its really fuckin nuffin
S dont b slaggin dont b slatin
Dont b puffin dont b huffin
Cos its all jus fuckin matin
Fuckin powderpuff n ruffin
An I aint a mate o Satan
I jus really really chuffin
Cant b doin wi fuckin datin
Anybody wi a chuff in
Tween ther legs its not a bait n
I like cum n I like cuffs n
I like cocks its not abaitin
N ahll be honest ahm not waitin
Fr a Kate ahll end up hatin
She can always b my mate
N thats areyt but not my date
So y can wait n y can wait
But its gettin fuckin late
N ahve said e-fuckin-nuff n
After all its fuckin nuffin
Can we quit th fuckin guff n
Can we ave
th fuckin stuffin!'