

Lily Allen, Nan, You're A Window Shopper

The bottom feels so much better than the top!
So much better.

Chorus:

Nan you're a window shopper,
taking a look but you never buy.
Nan you're a window shopper,
You won't pick it up if its over a fiver.
Nan you're a window shopper,
get on the bus coz you still can't drive.
Nan you're a window shopper,
mad as fuck only just alive.

Get up in the morning and you like your tea milky,
you fumble for your glasses coz without 'em you cant see,
It's funny how I come round your house and I'm 20
and I still have to wear all the presents you sent me.
I walk into your kitchen everything's got a label,
you done your Christmas shopping and we're only in April.
And you wont leave the house unless your wearing your thermals,
you're covered all in cat hair and you're stinking like Strepsils,
Your heading down the Bowls Club,
have another orange squash.
Balls are rollin rollin rollin.
You can't walk right coz things aren't what they were,
your ankles are swollen swollen swollen.

[Chorus]

You're walking down the post office to pick up your pension,
and then you're off to Bingo, it's become an obsession.
So weary of the kids when their wearin' their hoods up,
and even if they smile at you, you think its a stick-up.
You only buy the paper just to cut out the coupons,
your saving 50p but what do you want with tampons?
Your always at the doctor picking up your prescription,
and they throw in some K-Y just to ease up the friction.
You gotta leak in your colostomy bag,
yeah its got a hole in hole in hole in.
At the weekend your shopping with your trolley,
its so sad how your rollin rollin rollin.

[Chorus]