

Nan You're a Window Shopper

Lily Allen

The bottom
feels so much better than the top!
So much better!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 it's over a fiver
Nan you're a window shopper
Get on the bus cause you still can't drive
Nan you're a window shopper
Mad as fuck only just aliveYou get up in the morning and you like your tea milky
You fumble for your glasses cause without 'em you can't see
It's funny how I come around your house and I'm twenty
And I still have to wear all the presents you sent me
I walk into your kitchen everything's got a label
You've done your christmas shopping and we're only in April
And you won't leave your house unless you're wearing your thermals
You're covered all in cathair and you're stinking like strepsilsYou're headed down the bowls
club, have another orange squash
Balls are rollin', rollin', rollin'
You can't walk right, cause things aren't what they were
Your ankles are swollen, swollen, swollenNan you're a window shopper
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Mad as fuck only just alive
Walking down the post office to pick up your pension
And then you're off to bingo, it's become an obsession
So wary of the kids when they're wearing their hoods up
And even if they smile at you you think it's a stick upYou only buy the paper just to cut out the
coupons
You're saving 50p but what do you want with tampons
You're always at the doctor picking up you prescription
And they throw in some KY just to ease up the frictionYou've got a leak in your colostomy bag
Yeah, it's got a hole in, hole in, hole in
On the weekend you're shopping with your trolley, It's sad
how you're rollin', rollin', rollin'Nan you're a window shopper
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