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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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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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 alive

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