



SLAPWAGON

THE SHHHHUMP

SLAPWAGON THE SHHHUMP

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IT'S CURTAINS

Six bags of shopping, and only one trip
It's getting kinda obvious you're loosing
your grip
The boot closes down with the touch of a
button
But you're still looking back to see what
you've forgotten

It's curtains, it's curtains
Just pack it in and start again
It's curtains, it's curtains
Been this way since you don't know when
All those habits, all those lies
They've been buried deep inside your head
Now it's curtains, it's curtains
Till you finally wish that you were dead

You're running late, gotta get there on time
It's not a problem, you should make it just
fine
But did you do that, did you do this, did
you even lock the door?
Now you've thought that it's impossible to
ignore

The day is now over, the day now is done
Your brain's not tired, it wants to have fun
And as you're lying there, drifting off to
sleep
The day plays over in your head on repeat
on repeat on repeat on repeat

THE BALLAD OF MAD MOLLY

A thousand peaks and I still
Don't know which one is Chrome Hill
In a storm they all look the same to me
I cannot sleep, I'm waiting
I can see her face when I'm dreaming
In a storm they all say she'll come for me

I can hear her near me
Here she comes Mad Molly

They say they found her hanging
In the loft, she'd done herself in
In a storm on the night she lost her mind
And now she haunts the dorm rooms
Trashes the kitchen and hides your porn
cards
In a storm she will creep and fuck your
mind

She will fuck with your head
If you are in the wrong bed

IT'S RAIN, AGAIN

It's rain, again, it's pouring down
It's coming round
Don't blink, don't think, don't make a sound
Flat on the ground

It's raining again

It's rain, again, it just won't clear
Face your fear
The weight, of fate, is always here
Lend me an ear

It's rain, again, it's pouring down
It's rain, again, falling down
It's rain, again, it's coming down
It's rain, again, washing down

It's rain, again

WAIT

Another year has passed
And there is not a day that's empty
You were taken for granted
I always assumed you'd be there

I catch a glimpse - a face I know
And have to wait for a moment
I can see you in places
And movements of faces I swear

Wait there, I won't be long
Wait there, you don't belong



FOR YOUR SAKE

I'm the next in line
For my star to shine
This is the last chance of my life
I've prepared for this
Don't laugh don't take the piss
I lost my husband/kids/dog/wife

Sing something, anything
Sing something now
All this is for your sake
For your benefit

I'm going to be honest here
A little bit pitchy dawg
Are your nuts trapped in a vice?
But please don't start to cry
Don't have another try
But your dress looks really nice

Stop singing, everything
Stop singing please
All this is for my sake
For my benefit

I own your soul now
And cast you to the dogs

Sing something, anything
Sing something slave
All this is for my sake
For my benefit

YOUR TIME HAS COME

No words, only actions speak so clear
I don't understand why you're still here

Step back, just be happy that you tried
Feedback: there were shots and someone
died

You're done, you've lost composure
Your time has come, it's over

No words, only actions speak so loud
I don't understand why you're around

We're not so mediocre
You'll have to do this sober
You're done, you've lost composure
Your time has come, it's over

TAPE

Tape your heart, tape your soul
Tape you back together
You are broken, you are bruised
You are changed forever

I don't know
How to fix you
I don't know
How to cure you

SHUT YOUR FACE YOU STUPID BOY

I've been talking too much lately
Running my mouth off too much baby

But now I know
I've got to learn
To shut your face you stupid boy

I've been crazy too much maybe
Sticking my nose in too much baby

So shut your face you stupid boy
You've said too much now that's for sure
So shut your face you stupid boy

I've been lazy won't you save me?
Taking for granted all that sways me



I WOULD LIKE TO BE YOU

I would like to be you
And I want to do the things that you do
I would like to be you
And I want to do the things that you do

But late at night
This city's bright
It's taking over
The sport of kings
And shining things
Highlight the things that you do

And when my time comes around
I listen to my magic stereo sound
And when my time comes along
I listen to my magic stereo song

Oh the things that you do to me
Oh the things that you do

DO YOU OWN RESEARCH

1969
You saw them go to moon
But that's a TV trick
They're just in a room

Then in Texas fall
From the window he's shot
Don't believe the police
They must be part of the plot

Do your own research
Ignore the things that you find
That contradict what you think
'Cause you've made up your mind
So do your own research
But do no research at all
And just repeat what was said
What you read

What you see with your eyes
Is irrefutable fact
But ignore all that
You see the earth is flat

There's a government plot
To keep us in the machine
Using RFID chips
They're in Bill Gates' vaccine

Do your own research

SMOOTH SONG

Sitting down, wearing a frown
Watching the world, go by
Having a smoke, getting the joke
Feel like you, could fly

And I don't know
What I've done to deserve all this?
And I don't know
What I've done to deserve all this?
It's always me
You always put the blame on
It's always me
Who always writes the smooth song
And I don't care, I don't care
I don't care if you want a fast one
And I don't care, I don't care
I don't care, I don't care, I don't care

Need to slow it down



SLAPWAGON THE SHHHUMP

SLAPWAGON are:

RICH WHITE

Vocals, Guitar, Programming, Percussion

COLIN SLADEN

Guitar, Ukulele, Vocals, Keyboards, Morse Code

ANDI HYSON

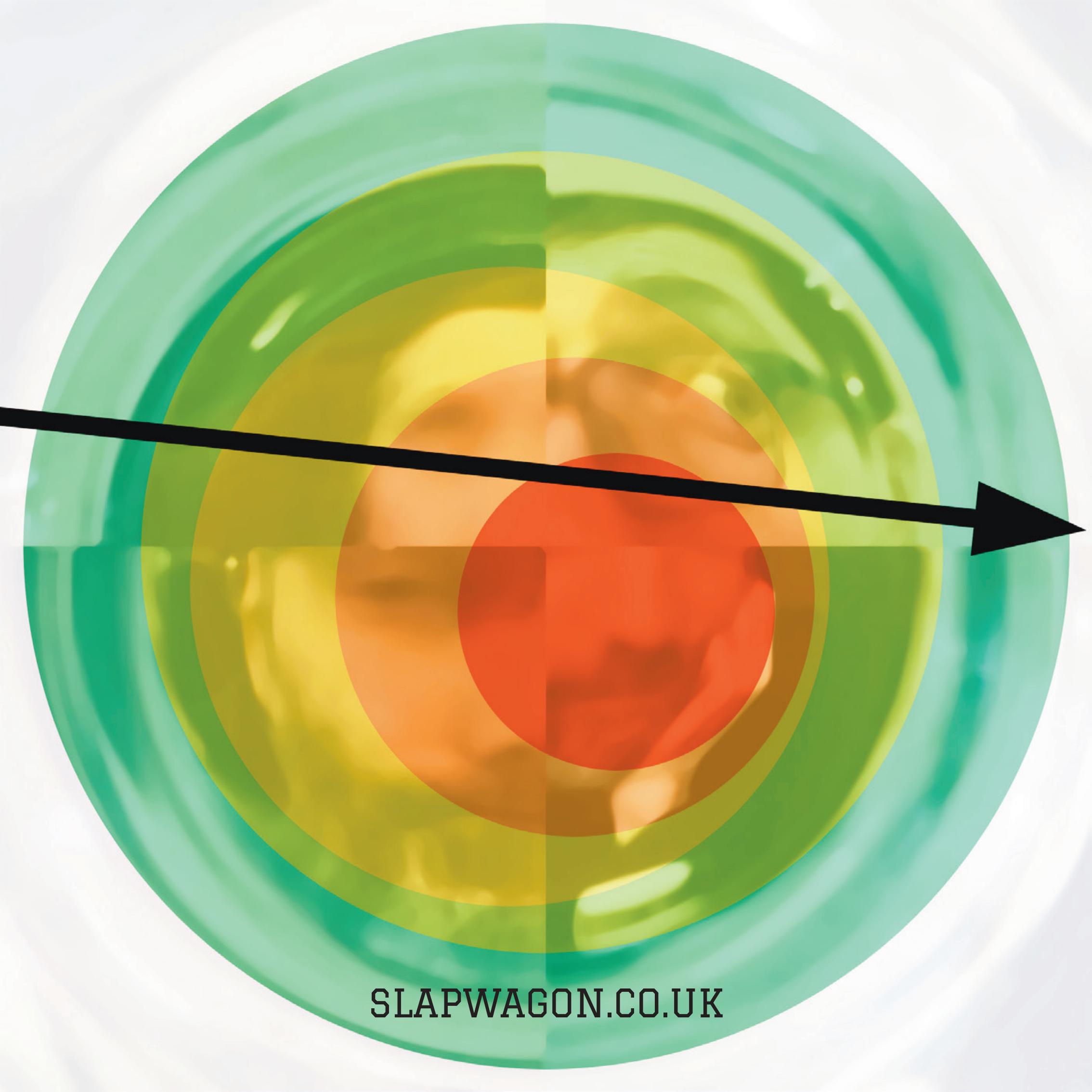
Bass, Vocals

RICH HARRISON

Drums and Other Stuff, Vocals

All songs written, performed, recorded
and produced by **SLAPWAGON** © 2024





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