

Past the bingo
cut through the estates
come out on Bethwin
across thru Burgess
touch Old Kent and back again!

No word of a lie!
What i'm about to tell you, no word of a lie
There was that one time when I was on the way to bagel king
hmmm
and this plate of indomie kept following me around!

Fuck off
dat hood indomie?!
dat good indomie?!
where it was made with a kettle and a plate cover type, indomie!?
These times I just wanted a bagel
contemplating between apple crumble and bun 'n' cheese
This indomie wouldn't leave

Then all I could hear is
"there is rice at home"
when supermalt came through knocking on the glass
beside it

miss saltfish pattie
jerk chicken wings
uncle joloff
and cod
and chips
and fork

all beckoning me to take a bite

Felt like Ilderton
nine night
and the pub had a link up

Sonic spinning
sprinting
Boomerang
around my mind