

## Village People

# "Sophistication - The Ritchie Family"

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Sophistication

Who, who, who do you think you are  
Who, who, looks like a superstar

I'm not gonna rag about what I see  
You're wasting your precious time staring at me  
You try to look mysterious, but it ain't no big deal  
So why must I have to tell you that you got to be real

Who, who, who drives a foreign car  
Who, who, who thinks that he's a star  
Who, who, who takes the game too far  
Who needs some sophistication

You wear designer clothes  
But, that's as far as it goes  
Halston and Gucci can only take you so far  
You're not half the man that you think you are

Who, who, who has an attitude  
Who, who, who's wearing lots of jewels  
Who, who, who's sometimes very rude  
Who needs some sophistication

Who's that being deceiving, when you're not aware  
Every time you turn around, what, what, what, what  
What you think you see, what you think you see  
What you think you see, no, really isn't there

Who, who, who's living in the past  
Who, who, who's moving much too fast  
Who, who, who needs to find some class  
Who needs some sophistication

I'm not hard to please, but you're acting so unreal  
And I hope you don't mind hearing about how I feel  
Take a look in the mirror, 'cuz a mirror won't conceal  
Something ain't right, you don't quite fit the bill

Who, who, who's got their head on wrong  
Who, who, who sing a different song

Who, who, when all their cash is gone  
Who needs some sophistication

Gonna have to change your name  
'Cuz you've got yourself to blame  
Gonna Have to leave this town  
'Cuz we don't want you around

Who, who, who's gonna be afraid  
Who, who, when all the good times end  
Who, who, who needs to look ahead  
Who needs some sophistication

Who, who, who has a lot to learn  
Who, who, as far as I'm concerned  
Who, who, who's gonna end up burned  
Who needs some sophistication

I'll break it to you easy before you get your fill  
Something is lacking 'cuz you don't quite fit the bill

It ain't no big deal  
I wanna be for real  
You think your game is tight  
But something just ain't right  
You're almost up to par  
Do you know just who you are  
I'll break it to you easy  
Before you get your fill  
Something is lacking  
'Cuz you don't quite fit the bill

Who, who, who do you think you are  
Who, who, you're no star  
Who, who, who do you think you are  
Who, who, you're no star  
Who, who, who do you think you are  
Who, who, you're no star

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