

## Austrian Death Machine

### "The Upper Classes"

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Some of the clothes you stole  
From your lovers home  
Make you glow in the dark -  
Make you light up  
The room on your own  
Formative years were a drag  
But we passed the time somehow  
In cahoots with the  
Upper classes now

Put it all in a trust fund  
She can't touch cash— twenty one  
Amazing the cruel hand of fate  
A tax loss against the state  
You had to move three times this year  
I'd rather be any where but there  
The champagne highs and the giddy  
Lights - Are paradise

House guest is here  
Can't believe that the vanishing point appeared  
Can hardly believe  
- people live in houses behind trees  
Formative years were a drag  
But we passed the time somehow  
In cahoots with the upper classes now

That cunt— really got it sussed  
Selling wine, selling drugs  
You can't get so far without a pershing wit  
But the money— in trust - isn't it?  
What treasures can you hold and name  
You don't have the right face  
The champagne highs and the giddy lights  
- Are paradise

Some of your friends, from your other life  
Just don't belong  
They're crude and they're plain  
It's not their fault  
It's the world they're from

(And) you can't come here no more  
Unless you use the tradesmans door

There's— nothing wrong with inherited wealth  
If you melt the silver - yourself  
Put it all in a trust fund  
She can't touch 'till she's— twenty one  
The champagne highs and the giddy lights  
- Are paradise

Some of the clothes you stole  
From your lovers home  
Are better than the clothes  
We stole from the  
Shops in our own  
In cahoots with the  
Upper classes now

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