

## Beulah

# "The Aristocratic Swells"

Visit "[The Aristocratic Swells](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Hey mister for real, sir  
We're in it for fun  
And have you heard the news, sir?  
We're in it for free

And with a kiss, yeah you be so sure  
We'll put a laugh track on for you, dear  
A million and one excuses  
the homes are full of surprise

We're all over waiting  
We're in it for fame  
And hey smoke hole a nation  
Repeat the same themes

The devil takes a bite out of this here land  
Every hour on the hour  
The good kind of suicide, dear  
The adjectives  
They pound next to pageants  
To those who never place  
To those who come in second  
A mistress all your lives

Our lullabies will never move you to tears  
The jokes bounce right off you

All next to pageants  
To those who never place  
To those who come in second  
A mistress all your life

Our lullabies will never move you to tears  
the jokes bounce right off you  
like dirty words  
An anecdote that we share  
We've told before  
Our destination's still unknown

Visit [Beulah](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

