

Eurovision

"Good For Nothing"

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He works so hard with no holidays
But all his clothes are tailor-made
His mother said son
"you've got it made"
"well you had it made"
"yesterday"
But now it's all for nothing
Good for nothing

He goes to bed
With a lava lamp
Beds full of books
Hair still damp
His father said son
"do well at camp"
"you'll be a champ"
"not a tramp"
"not a good for nothing"
"all or nothing"

But I was a cocky sod
And Johnny was a northern mod
And we ruled the world
I wore a velvet cloak
It looked like a fucking joke
But it pulled the girls

I got a job on a market stall
We sold Roxy Music
The one with Jerry Hall
My stepfather said son
"you've got it all"
"so just have a ball"
"until you fall into nothing"
"it's good to be nothing"

But I was a cheeky git
And Johnny nearly had a fit
When I stole his guitar
I found a new place to stay

And a hippy who could teach me to play
So I could be a big star
Then I was on the BBC
Johnny looking that must be fun
I wore a tartan suit
I thought I looked pretty cute
But now I think what a cunt!

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