Fall "BRITISH PEOPLE IN HOT WEATHER"

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British people in hot weather British people in hot weather British people in hot weather British people in hot weather

Fill green envelopes and send them to ya, on train ride, read Marx tracts Play Walkmans loud behind ya, demonstrate on Oxford Street About what the hell, they couldn't tell ya

The British people in hot weather have a heart-to-heart with your sister People in shorts drunk before ya, beached whale in Wapping His armpit hairs are sprouting, serpentine, ah, serpentine

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Press hot houses waste tree statements Compare your pearls before the king of monks I'm telling ya, oh, do they know they can get cancer?

Designer tramp goes, looking jolly from Stoke As he walks through and makes up titles like this to order

They're well off their trolley, smoking like a chimney Bespectacled stare-out

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I was a candidate for club 'Eighteen-Thirty' But I've been through all that shit before British people in hot weather, British people in hot weather That's it, I'm looking straight for the car, if that's how you feel, let's go

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