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Jet Set Roger "Uniform"

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See black, see yellow with little notebooks drawn See grey stripes bowling down the street Silver streaks and T-shirts so precisely torn Strange foreign chaps in white bed-sheets ---Uniforms

See golden halo'd men of high renown Prance to the politicians' beat Well tailored in unswerving elegance With shoes by Gucci on their feet ---Uniforms

How do you know who the hell you are? Wake up each day under a different star Dressed to the nines, meet yourself going home Like a clone, smartly dressed in your pressed uniform

White battle dress on green pitch, proud eleven Beneath the swelling box so neat The teeming millions of the future fly ---The spinning cricket ball to cheat They're all uniform

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