

Kinks

"Scrapheap City"

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There ain't no beauty
And there ain't no style
There's no quality
And there's no purity
Honor's dead and buried
Because it's unnecessary

Look at all the people
Why they all look the same?
They're walking to the factory
In their cloth caps and trilbies
They've got no style
Ain't it a pity

They're tearing old quality down
Without any pity
Now they're coming to take me away
To Scrapheap City

They say that good manners belong on a heap
They say they're outdated and they're obsolete
And now they're coming to take me away
To Scrapheap City

There's no quality
And there ain't no style
Just miles and miles
Of Scrapheap piles
There's no quality
And there's no purity

They're digging up all of the flowers
Because they look pretty
And erecting identical
Concrete monstrosities

They're killing off all of the animals too
The only ones left are the ones in the zoo
Now they're coming to take me away
To Scrapheap City

Ain't it a pity

Scrapheap City
Scrapheap City
Scrapheap City
...

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