

Neil Innes

"Bottom Of The Pile"

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When you've had about enough
Of the paparazzi stuff in the media
With its freedom to depress
And its easy money t.v. shows
While down in the city
There are fat kitties getting even greedier
With their claws in the corporate drawers
Where the money goes

Look away, maybe someday
Greed will stand trial
But meanwhile
You're never alone at the bottom of the pile

Oo hoo hoo
Oo hoo hoo
Oo hoo hoo

When you're tired and you're sick
Of the carrot and the stick economy
And you know in your heart
There is nothing anyone can do
It's as old as the hills
And it's even in the book of Deuteronomy
Thou shalt do unto others before they can do unto you

Look away, maybe someday
We'll look back and smile
But meanwhile
You're never alone at the bottom of the pile
No you're never alone at the bottom of the pile

For all, all over the world
You can hear the same old story told
And saddest of all is that it happens to be true
There's only room at the top for a precious few

Oo hoo hoo
Oo hoo hoo
Oo hoo hoo

There's a man going home
With a broken mobile phone and a worried stare
There's a woman from Venus
Married to a man from Mars
There's some dot com kid on the net
Who wants to be a millionaire
We are all in the gutter so we may as well gaze at the
stars

Look away, maybe someday
We shall be reconciled
But meanwhile
You're never alone at the bottom of the pile
Never alone at the bottom of the pile
You're never alone, never alone
No not even if you want to be
We are never alone at the bottom of the pile

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