

The View

"Posh Boys"

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You tried to bring us down,
You tried to beat us to the ground,
You play loud,
But you have nothing to say,
Posh boy's can't play.

You have your eyes on our prize,
Lots of really silly little daft little rock n roll lies,
Flash before your eyes.

You have nothing to say,
(skin up again)
No one is coming to your show,
(hair cut again)
Someone has pipped you to the post,
(Dee club again)

You can try to break us,
But you'll only make us,
Our heads are screwed on far too fucking tight - (oh so
very tight)
Spent the night in prison only for the reason.
Can anyone tell me what I am about to say.
Posh boys can't play.

Here's some things that you told yourself.
I'll have a brit award standing very pretty with a shine,
On your bedroom shelf.

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