

And The Kid "The Working Class"

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You hold on to the bar so tight
I wonder if you took a shower last night
What do you read, where are your books?
I don't have a single one
But I know how to read
I wanna tell you
I wanna tell you my name
But I know that I smell bad
I do, I really do
Let me smell you before I touch you
Accidentally, on the arm, you wont know
And once again the books
I don't have a single one
Hope it's fine
I hope it's fine

I am the working class
And sometimes the working class's
Got class

And if I tell you that I have someone?
If I spit on the floor?
It's disgusting I know
But maybe you won't notice?
I am brave, I dont shave
Thats all i have to say
Now it's your turn
Please don't dissapoint me
I might take you away
You could say it's the wrong way
And make you change your mind the hard way
Would you be able to get away?
Hardly, you're slow
And I wouldn't let you go
I Will let nobody know

I am the working class
And sometimes the working class's
Got class

