

Robyn Hitchcock

"Ruling Class"

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"Taste your own juices, Mr. Avon."
Said the nurse, "I'm sick of doing it for you
You know what abuse is, Mr. Avon
And you obviously love it, yes you do."
Oh the ruling class
Just wanna suffer
Yeah, the ruling class
Just want some pain
All them strawberries
They're not enough for
All those open wounds
All that champagne
"Ease your own shorts off a little further."
Said the lips that hovered slyly in the void
Elizabeth Schwarzkopf never went to Gurnard
But that's no reason not to be paranoid
Oh the ruling class
All hate their mothers
Oh the ruling class
All went to good schools
When they go to bed
On one another
And then they grow up and
Make all the rules
Hang the judges high(Hang the judges high)
Hang the wise men of the realm
Hang the judges high(Hang the judges high)
Hang the wise men of the realm
Rock on Denny boy(Rock on Denny boy)
Hang the wise men of the realm
Oh the ruling class
They got no worries
Yeah, the ruling class
Ain't got a dime
They've got lots of them
They're in no hurry
'Cause the ruling class
Rules all the time

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