

Auteurs, The "The Upper Classes"

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Some of the clothes you stole
from your lovers home
Make you glow in the dark -
make you light up
The room on your own
Formative years were a drag
but we passed the time somehow
IÃ&A½ in a cahoots with the
upper classes now

Put it all in a trust fund
She can touch I'll she's twenty one
Amazing the cruel hand of fate
A tax loss against the state
You had to move three times this year
I rather be any where but there
The champagne highs and the giddy
lights
Are paradise

House guest is here
can believe that the vanishing point appeared
Can hardly believe
people live in houses behind trees
Formative years were a drag
but we passed the time somehow
I in a cahoots with the upper classes now

That cunt really got it sussed
Selling wine, selling drugs
You can get so far whit a pershing wit
But the money in trust isn't it?
What treasures can you hold and name
You don't have the right face
The champagne highs and the giddy lights
Are paradise

some of your friends, from your other life
Just don't belong
They're crude and they're plain
It's not their fault

it's the world they're from
(And) you can come here no more
Unless you use the tradesmans door

There's nothing wrong with inherited wealth
If you melt the silver yourself
Put it all in a trust fund
She can touch I'll she's twenty one
The champagne highs and the giddy lights
Are paradise

Some of the clothes you stole
from your lovers home
Are better than the clothes
we stole from the
Shops in our own
I in a cahoots with the
upper classes now

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