

Courteeners, The

"Sycophant"

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I'll never dance with a sycophant
I'd rather entertain disdain
From someone who I love
At least you know where you stand
You'll never understand

Keep your eyes on your own work son
Do your homework son
We will never be undone
We're like a father and a son
We will never be undone

I'll ask you..

Are my clothes alright?
Is my hair alright?
You can say what you want cos it's what we like
We are judged on every single thing we do
We could not care less, cos we are us not you.

You think you're clued up
I think you're glued up
You're seen everywhere in town
But you're never with a friend
You know everybody's name
You're the king of pretend

The proof's in the pudding, and the gigs
You've not even been to Woolworths to buy your mix
You flirt with the weather, a kneeling knave
Billy Shakespeare would be spinning in his grave

Are my clothes alright?
Is my hair alright?
You can what you want cos it's what we like
We are judged on every single thing we do
I could not give one cos we are us not you.

You think you're clued up
I think you're glued up
You're seen everywhere in town

But you're never with a friend
You know everybody's name
You're the king of pretend

Are my clothes alright?
Is my hair alright?
You can have what you want cos it's what we like
We are judged on every single thing we do
We could not care less cos we are us not you

Are my clothes alright?
Is my hair alright?
You can say what you want, thank you and goodnight
We are judged on every single thing we do
We could not care less cos we are us not you

You think you're clued up
I think you're glued up
You're seen everywhere in town
But you're never with a friend
You know everybody's name
You're the king of pretend

You love to dance, you're a sycophant
How do you sleep? how do you get up? Get fucked

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