

The Style Council

"Life At A Top Peoples Health Farm"

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Dad's gone down the dog track, Engels' laying cables
Brother's with his student friends plotting in the stables
They're preparing for power and how to win
I'm covered in Solaire and preparing to swim

"Old iron, old iron"
I heard the bobby shout
As he brought his friendly truncheon down
With a God Almighty clout

Mother's playing bingo, she's hoping for a big win
She buys the daily papers to see how 10 percent live
My cousin's greatest wish is to one day buy a farm
And turn it into a health club with top people charm

And any evening, any day
I'm singing to myself
I'll pack up all my clothes and dough
And piss off somewhere else

My ol' man was a dust person until he got the shove
Now the iron heel he talked about is backed by the iron
glove
Brother's bought new glasses, shaped like Leon
Trotsky's
They look very nice on the mantle piece next to the
Royal Family
I'm laying back with the radio on in time to hear the
Archer's
An everyday tale of country folk mixed up in
prostitution, hey

Like all good stories with a happy end, which I'll now
give to you
Our cousin's wish was granted and so his dreams
came true
His gas shares doubled, his telecoms soared
Till he had enough money to chair his own board

Thank you Margaret Thatcher
May you never come to harm
He now serves cocktails and lettuce

At Top Peoples Health Club Farm, hey

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