The King Blues
"The Schemers, The Scroungers And The Rats"

Will you still love me, will you still hug me,
When I'm 84,
When I've been working all my life,
And I'm still bloody poor?
Dust in my lungs, a broken back,
Still can't retire it hurts,
I'm all for workers' rights and that,
As long as I don't have to work,

So hats off to the schemers, to the scroungers, to the rats,
To the ones who sleep on mattresses on the floor, clutching baseball bats,
To the beggars and the cheaters and the kings who rise at noon,
To the scoundrels, the misfits, the parasites, this one's for you,

"Don't send me on another New Deal course, I can already spell my name, you lot take the piss"

Maybe I'll never shoot a rabbit,
Perhaps I'll never drink champagne,
But that's alright with me,
I prefer cider anyway,
I'm happy doing nothing,
They tell me it's all a waste,
But I ain't never seen no 3 piece suit,
With a smile on his face,

So hats off to the schemers, to the scroungers, to the rats,
To the ones who sleep on mattresses on the floor, clutching baseball bats,
To the beggars and the cheaters and the kings who rise at noon,
To the scoundrels, the misfits, the parasites, this one's for you,

"I searched all the newspapers and made my CV, I swear there just ain't nothing out there"

A 9 to 5, 5 days a week,
Is bottom of my list,
I just couldn't live with myself,
Knowing there was something that I missed,
So don't go telling me "Take it seriously",
Believe me I do,
But life's for living, not for working,
And I got better things to do,

So hats off to the schemers, to the scroungers, to the
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