

## **Kinks, The**

# **"Scrapheap City"**

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Sung by: Belle and The Floosies  
(as Flash's empire is being dismantled piece by piece)

There ain't no beauty  
And there ain't no style,  
There's no quality  
And there's no purity.  
Honour's dead and buried  
Because it's unnecessary.

Look at all the people,  
Why they all look the same.  
They're walking to the factory  
In their cloth caps and trilbies.  
They've got no style,  
Ain't it a pity.

They're tearing old quality down  
Without any pity,  
Now they're coming to take me away  
To Scrapheap City.  
They say that good manners belong on a heap,  
They say they're outdated and they're obsolete,  
And now they're coming to take me away  
To Scrapheap City.

There's no quality  
And there ain't no style  
Just miles and miles  
Of Scrapheap piles.  
There's no quality  
And there's no purity.  
They're digging up all of the flowers  
Because they look pretty  
And erecting identical concrete monstrosities.  
They're killing off all of the animals too,  
The only ones left are the ones in the zoo.  
Now they're coming to take me away  
To Scrapheap City.  
Ain't it a pity,  
Scrapheap City.

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