

The Indelicates

"Fun Is For The Feeble-Minded"

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England is mine
But I don't want it.
England is mine, it's mine
But you can have it

'Cause honey, you can't have the 60s
Without the Vietnam War
And honey you can't have a Rose
Without the thorn

And when you're dancing
To the old tunes
At the nineteen-nineties disco
And you turn to
All your old friends
And you wonder: where'd all this go?

Yeah
You were young
You were healthy
You were jobless, but your dad was wealthy
So you swayed and you swerved
Through the things you deserved
It was oh so clear
You were young
But you're ageing
And the end is like a shadow there, waiting
Cause you know Fun is for the feeble-minded
Whom no treatise can justify.

Clever is as clever does
And clever doesn't try to hide it
With integrity in facsimile
Misogyny inside it, honey,
You can't have the seventies
Without the born
And honey you can't have the Darkness
Without the dawn

When you're talking
Through the old tunes

At the postmodernist disco
And you turn from all your old friends
And you can't see where'll this go

Yeah
You were young
You were healthy
You were jobless, but your dad was wealthy
So you swayed and you swerved
Through the things you deserved
It was oh so clear
You were young
But you're ageing
And the end is like a shadow there, waiting
Cause you know Fun is for the feeble-minded
Whom no treatise can justify.

Cause honey,
You can't have the eighties
Without the Berlin Wall
And honey
You can't have the fifties
Without the atom bomb
And honey
You can't have the old days
Without the diseased poor
And honey
You can't have the moment
'Cause the moment isn't yours.

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