

# Aylesbury Boy

Baxter Dury

Thought I was better than you  
Foyer of Chiltern Firehouse  
Bloated spleen, brown slip-ons, watercress on the chin  
White suit, patriarchal figure, lipstick on the collar  
Who's thinner than who, who's speaking more lowbrow  
Day ghosts raised by long faces  
I was alone mum but you said nothing  
Just off chirpsing that alcoholic

And everyone says yah  
(Can I, can I, can I, can I)  
And I sometimes say yah  
(Can I, can I, can I, can I)  
And all the posh kids go yah  
(Can I be this way? Can I be this way tonight?)

And I'm with a dangerous man  
On our way to posh school Kensington  
Tricksy's in the back, she's made no effort at all  
And the yah yah's are screaming at us  
Scared of the bohemians

And all the posh girls go yah  
(Can I, can I, can I, can I)  
And I go, yah  
(Can I, can I, can I, can I)  
And everyone goes yah  
(Can I be this way? Can I be this way tonight?)

Tonight (And you never know where the old things go to die)  
Tonight (And you never feel the old things go to hide)  
I'll be lost in your sweet arms

So, you're the Aylesbury boy, sailing close to the wind  
You got to let go of the dark thoughts  
Funny smiles and broken china, for this is now  
Pinot sunsets and Burger King trousers  
We are the future carrying the past like rancid meat  
Boys and girls who dare to dream and love to sa

Yah  
(Can I, can I, can I, can I)  
And everyone says yah  
(Can I, can I, can I, can I)  
And all the posh kids go yah  
(Can I be this way? Can I be this way tonight?)

Everyone gonna love you, boy  
Shine bright on this concrete floor  
Love is lost and all  
Aylesbury boy