

Only My Honesty Matters

Baxter Dury

We're just obvious
Small jumpers, corkscrews
Wacky socks, commuter belts
Scientologists without yoghurt
We're just obvious
Hippy private schools fighting amongst themselves
And beard trimmers and sloppy arms
With sloppy tears that splash upon the things that you left
We're just obvious
Alternative thoughts, alternative clothes
Your leisurely dressed boss and corporate all in one tiny team
We're just obvious
Like David Cameron, bow tie at breakfast
Rotund facial cheekiness and borderline inference
Flirty Cockney croissant crumbs in the morning
Going to war with your best pals
We're just obvious
Listening to Florence and the Machine and having a roll-up
A man with soft hands and a dark heart
Politically cautious with nice skin; hard-working
Impotent white obvious people
With shocking clothes and awful music
Red death and the science of being a nob
I don't like anyone's music, not mine; New World order
We're just obvious
Only my honesty matters
I'm having a roll-up, being supportive
The back bone, the leg bone, the bone, the bone
We're just obvious
Tiny little pale porcelain ants running around
In a large fish bowl full of aggressive men
With beard trimmers