Without hurting you
How can I make you see
This might mean everything to you
But it don't mean nothing to me
And whilst your hangers on
Are laughing nervously
You'll lock them in your penthouse suite
Then you'll throw away the key

Gorgeous George
The last of the go-getters
Gorgeous George
A dandy to the letter
You really should know better
Gorgeous George

Such exquisite taste
From your head to toes
Stuck inside your lady's chambers
Powdering your nose
And now your holding court
With the Pearly King
Whilst outside on the balcony
This mocking bird will sing

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You shouldn't walk so proud You shouldn't talk so loud You're just a face in the crowd And you should know it You flit from floor to floor Buying up the store But you still want more So you blow it

I've a life of my own
That you refuse to see
One hundred at your beck and call
So why did you pick on me?
Should I return that call?
Talk to your answerphone?
Just make sure that the blinds are drawn
And pretend you're not at home

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