

The Old School Tie

Peter Hammill

Oh the bright young men in their tight-buttoned suits:
Yeah, the light beams out from capped smiles
To the shines on their lick-spittle boots,
On their lick-spittle boots.
Oh these sharp young sparks with their fresh rosettes -
Yeah, the artful way that they promise the earth
To all suffragettes.
What they won't promise we don't know yet.

They say they're build- and shaping society
But we know they're just saving for their own
Safe home in politics,
A safe home in politics.
Anything goes: look at them run.

Come from every side, noses Pinocchio clean;
Lock in synchromesh,
Oil the wheels and the gears of the party machine,
Of the party machine.
And the final goal is a cabinet seat...
In the trappings of power,
The presumption to speak for the man in the street,
For the man in the street.

Once they move in, they're in for good;
Yeah, once they get that bed made
It's a safe home in politics,
A safe home in politics.
Jobs for the boys: look at them run.

Yeah, there's just one thing none of us should forget:
A political man is just in it
For power and the smell of success,
For power and the smell of success.

Yeah, some start out as idealists -
Pretty soon they all cop for ideal careers
And a safe home in politics,
A safe home in politics,
A cushy job in politics,
A cushy job in politics;
Oh, look at them run.

Politicians fight it out on the conning tower
But they all agree not to rock the boat.
It's a safe home in politics.
It's built on your vote.