

# The Upper Classes

The Auteurs

Some of the clothes you stole from your lover's home  
Make you glow in the dark  
Make you light up the room on your own

Formative years were a drag  
But we passed the time somehow  
I'm in cahoots with the upper classes now

Put it all in a trust fund  
She can't touch till she's twenty one  
Amazing the cruel hand of fate  
A tax loss against the state

You had to move three times this year  
I'd rather be any where but here  
The champagne highs and the giddy lights  
Are paradise

House guest is here  
Can't believe that the vanishing point appeared  
Can hardly believe  
People live in houses behind the trees

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That cunt's really got it sassed  
Selling wine, selling drugs  
You can get so far with a perishing wit  
But the money's in trust, isn't it?

What treasures can you hold and name?  
You don't have the right face  
But the champagne highs and the giddy lights  
Are paradise

Some of your friends, from your other life  
Just don't belong  
They're crude and they're plain  
It's not their fault it's the world they're from  
And you can't come here no more  
Unless you use the trades man's door

There's nothing wrong with inherited wealth  
If you melt the silver yourself, put it all in a trust fund  
She's an heiress at twenty one  
The champagne highs and the giddy lights, paradise

Some of the clothes you stole from your lover's home  
Are better than the clothes  
We stole from the shops on your own

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But we passed the time somehow  
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