

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 a 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 anywhere 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 trees
Formative years
Were a drag but we passed the time somehow
I'm in a cahoots
With the upper classes now

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

What treasures can you hold and face
You don't have the right name
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 tradesman's door

There's nothing wrong with inherited wealth
If you melt the silver - yourself

Put it all in a trust fund
She can't touch 'till shes twenty one
The champagne highs and the giddy lights
Are paradise
Paradise
Paradise

Some of the clothes

You stole from your lover's home
Are better than the clothes
We stole from the shops on our own
Formative years
Were a drag but we passed the time somehow
I'm in a cahoots
With the upper classes now, now, now