

## Posh Boys

The View

You tried to bring us down  
You tried to beat us to the ground  
You play loud  
But you have nothing to say  
Posh boy's can't play

You have your eyes on our prize  
Lots of really silly little daft little rock 'n' roll lies  
Flash before your eyes

You have nothing to say (skin up again)  
No one is coming to your show (hair cut again)  
Someone has pipped you to the post (Dee club again)

You can try to break us  
But you'll only make us  
Our heads are screwed on far too fucking tight (oh so very tight)  
Spent the night in prison only for the reason  
Can anyone tell me what I am about to say  
Posh boys can't play

Here's some things that you told yourself  
I'll have a brit award standing very pretty with a shine  
On your bedroom shelf