

Yuppy Scum

Tom Robinson

Heads up in the clouds, noses in our beers
Sat on a bench outside the Station Inn
Me and my friend Jojo with our good friend Pierre
Drink to the passing of our teens
Jojo thinks he's Jean Genet, Pierre he's Casanova
And me, the most modest of the three
Me, I simply see myself as me
And late at night we'd see the professional classes
Leaving the hotel restaurant
We'd show our good manners and we'd show them our asses
And then we'd chant

Yuppy scum, smug and dumb
The richer they are, the thicker they get
Yuppy scum, smug and dumb
As they get old they all forget

Heads up in the clouds, noses to the grind
Sat on a bench outside the Station Inn
Me and my friend Jojo with our good friend Pierre
Drink to the way our lives had been
Jean Genet's forgotten his words
And Casanova's on his knees
And me, as for good old modest me
Me, I'm as drunk as only I can be
And late at night we'd see the professional classes
Leaving the hotel restaurant
We'd show them our good manners and we'd show them our asses
And then we'd chant

Yuppy scum, smug and dumb
The richer they are, the thicker they get
Yuppy scum, smug and dumb
As they get old they all forget

Heads up in the clouds, champagne every night
To celebrate our great success
Jojo he's a broker, Pierre's at the bar
We've all done well I must confess
Jojo still talks of Jean Genet
But Casanova's just a book on the shelf
And me, as for good old modest me
Me, me I talk only of myself
And every night outside the Station Inn, Inspector
Whenever we leave this restaurant
Those little assholes always drop their pants
And then they chant

Yuppy scum, smug and dumb
The richer they are, the thicker they get
Yuppy scum, smug and dumb
As they get old they all forget