

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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