

Just A Few Things That I Ain't

The Beautiful South

When you called me a useless druggie
At least you got half of it right
When you called me a hopeless alcoholic
I'm only hopeless after nine at night
And when I said you came staggering home blind drunk
If I didn't you'd get terrible fright
And if this is the land of hope and glory
Where's the land of hope but not quite

I've been scruff bag, dirt bag, always someones binbag
But never been bono or sting
However I dressed never really impressed
So they never got to hear a damn thing
I've been bad man sad man certified mad
But never 007 or saint
Trendsetter go getter international jet setter
Are just a few things that I ain't

The time you told class I was a half wit
Was my very first 50 %
Previous best in any other test
Was either stolen copied or lent
And when you branded me and every single one of my mates
A waste of time and effort to teach
Why d'you give us sums if our only hope was bums
On someone else's deckchair and beach

I've been smart arse, mardy arse, on and off a lard arse
But never been a legend to god
New thing dumb thing even last year's thing
Headbang? - not even a nod!
I've been left-wing, secure-wing, lost stripes, gained winged
We've never caused a lady to faint
Wideboy, ladyboy, read it in the paper boy
A few things they said that I ain't

When popularity soared, hometown and abroad
I spent most of it trying to breathe in
Always ill at ease, too willing to please
An inferior life's bargain bin
When you come from a background of bargain bins
You're bound to fear it ends where it begins
So when nation adored we felt more of a fraud
And too phoney to celebrate wins

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