

## Second-Hand Car Spiv

The Kinks

I was born a slum gutter infantile,  
Brute-force educated, delinquent juvenile.  
I am a product of mass produced factory fodder,  
Streets full of tenement blocks, rat infested filth and squalor.  
I left school, went straight on the dole  
And unemployment's no enjoyment,  
Welfare State owned my mind and my body and my soul.  
So I worked my way up to be a second-hand car spiv,  
But don't judge me harshly because I'm just a slum kid.  
I built up my business with a quick wit and fist,  
So don't double-cross me or my hoods will dissect you  
With their black jacks and shiv.  
Slum kids never get a break, they've got to fight their way up.  
Wheel and deal, beg and steal,  
Sweat blood to earn a buck.  
I didn't want to work on the factory floor,  
I wasn't content, I wanted more  
Than to be a slave of a lathe,  
Work all day and go home bored.  
So a second-hand car spiv was what I became.  
I built an empire because I used my brains.

He was a second-hand car spiv up from the slums,  
So don't judge him harshly because he's just a slum kid.  
Then he moved into property, stocks and shares,

And into high finance and you've got to agree  
That running a multi-million corporation  
Sure beats selling cars second-hand.

Once he sold old worn out heaps to the punters on the street,

Now I'm in control of the country as a whole,  
And the world is at my feet.

The world is at his feet.

Power, power, I've got power oozing out of me,  
And when you think of all the things I've done  
It says a lot for one  
Who worked his way up from the streets.  
Yes I'm a second-hand car spiv.  
Do a deal, buy and sell,  
It's my trade, I know it well.  
Make a sale, ring the bell  
And let the suckers go to hell.  
Bank the profits, count the change  
Another sucker comes your way.  
Life is a crooked game,  
And slum kids never change.