

# The Lodgers (Or She Was Only A Shopkeeper's Daughter)

The Style Council

No peace for the wicked - only war on the poor  
They're battling on pickets - trying to even the score  
It's all inclusive - the dirt comes free  
And you can be all that you want to be  
Oh an equal chance and an equal say  
But equally there's no equal pay  
There's room on top - if you tow the line  
And if you believe all this you must be out of your mind

There's only room for those the same  
Those who play the leeches game  
Don't get settled in this place  
The lodger's terms are in disgrace

Getcha brains blown out - in a captain's mess  
Stand for the Queen if you can stand the test  
It's all thrown in and the lies come free  
And you can be all that they want you to be

Oh if you work hard you can be the boss  
But if you don't work at all then that's nobody's loss  
There's room on top - if you dig in low  
And the idea is what they reap you sow

With an old school tie and a reference  
You can cover up crimes in their defense  
It's all thrown in and the lies come free  
And you can be all that they want you to be