

You never had much style about you
We never knew the reason that you
You sat around almost every hour
And quickly lost your bargaining power
You can't be me
I'm convinced you're twice the man we are

And you cannot clear your mind
Cos in our eyes we're fine
And you're running out of time
But it's not to do with us
And you cannot clear our minds
Cos in our eyes you're blind
And it's such a waste of time

The threads you wore were something tragic
The words you spoke were so emphatic
The records that you make are tasteless
And eloquence with you is wasted
So what's your method, what's your scheme?
The whole scene knows what you already mean

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