

Suits You

Argy Bargo

City boy in a tweed jacket,
Country life you'll never hack it
Suits by day, management meeting
Whore at night to administer beatings
Targets, goals, bottom line,
Lots of mouth but you've got no spine
Talks about work in a trendy wine bar
Drives home pissed in his company car

Suits You~!

See him on the tube all loud and lairy
For a bird on her own it must be scary
Pissed up suits, city bankers,
Contempt I hold for these wankers
Respect, honour, decency,
Don't seem like they've got that much to me
Life in the fast lane, short term thrill,
The world's moved on but you've stood still

Pushy cunt's been on a course
Got a new product he must endorse
I've done without it up till now,
He won't let it go so we have a row
One track mind, life in sales,
The M4 corridor off to Wales
The man in the suit thinks he knows best
But he can't ignore the pains in his chest