

## Suits You

Argy Bargy

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