

Skinny Tie says we forgot the eighties too quickly
Like when the aesthetic mattered
More than the content and the streaks in your hair
Were louder than your guitars

Or more lately your synthesizers
Skinny Tie says that he wants to
Look like Simon Le Bon you know
Eighty one, eighty two kinda time, maybe later

It's the sound, it's around
It's Skinny Tie Sensurround

Skinny Tie says that his mum is worried about
The eye liner in his pocket, says, it's not natural
And that his dad would be turning in his grave if he knew
He comes across some sort of half-baked

Half hearted point about sexuality
Knowing full well that he'd never deviate
No matter how much he convinces
Himself otherwise

Skinny Tie reckons it impresses the girls
How he's free thinking and stuff, not like these lads
That are so common you know, only he doesn't realize
How much we see through him

Skinny Tie is just someone you know
And not someone you'd call a friend
You wouldn't notice if you hadn't seen him for weeks
But you know you'll see him again

It's the sound, it's around
It's Skinny Tie Sensurround

Skinny Tie always asks where the cool party is
But never goes because he chickens out
Of wearing that gold silky suit
That he saw Spandau ballet wear on

Top of the pops and sounds of the eighties
Skinny Tie doesn't realize that no matter
How defensive he gets about it
The eighties probably sucked if you weren't a kid

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