

# When Fine Society Sits Down to Dine

Chumbawamba

With her friends on a road less travelled  
On a journey of do's and dares  
Looking back on a fear of leaving  
And forgetting how it felt to be scared  
There are those paying fancy prices  
To pretend they have fancy lives  
But at every charity banquet  
The majority stay outside

We play to a packed gallery  
We smile for the CCTV  
We're making our own history  
When fine society sits down to dine  
Remember that someone is pissing in the wine  
Pissing in the wine, pissing in the wine  
Remember that someone is pissing in the wine

She'd love to be dancing the tango  
And she traces the steps in her mind  
You can tell by the snap of her fingers  
That she moves to a different time  
Where all the quiet submission  
Is smeared in lipstick red  
And every act is a crime of passion  
"That's not all she wrote," she said  
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