

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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