

A Touch Of Class

Dr. Feelgood

Poor boy, up west, and the action wasn't going my way
Rich girl, best dressed, lookin' like she come out to play
I stood back, you swept passed, I decided that I'd give it a shot
I stepped in, I moved fast, I thought I'd give it everything that
at I'd got

We take tea at the ritz, I take you down to the docks
You can rely on me to lower the tone
You call me your bit of rough, I call you my bit of stuff
You ain't brass, you're a touch of class

I like a pint, you like your bubbles
We have a whip round when you order your drink
You're in who's who, I'm whose in trouble
You're upper class and I'm the missing link

You got a bun(?) in your mouth and too much time on your hands
I got an accent, you can cut with a knife
Your dad's a bit of a snob but mine's a terminal slob
You ain't brass, you're a touch of class

We go dutch, it ain't much
I knew a classy girl like you wouldn't mind
A bit rough, a bit tough, a bit of low life knocks that perfect
punch

You got a race horse at home, you keep him down on the farm
I buy the sporting life to studying the odds
I got a feel for the streets, you got your country retreat
You ain't brass, you're a touch of class
You ain't brass, you're a touch of class
You ain't brass
Huh, you're a touch of class