No hope for the village No hope for the village There's a merchant in our midst And with a barrel fist He's coloured every surface He's slapped up a portrait And, yes, it is his own He's gonna take your home Have you seen our visitor? Look! Over the treetops! Newly conjured erections Are making him a killing And Richmond St. is illing So the graduates are willing To buy in to the pillage Now there is no hope for the village

Prisoners, be silent, be silent and be sharp
When he was a young man, he conjured up a firemare
And burnt off both his eyebrows and half a head of hair
And then as an apprentice, he took a Drowish mistress
Who bestowed upon his youthfulness a sense of Champagne
Chic

Oh seduction, his seduction to the world of construction

Now his mind will start to wander when he's not at his computer

Now his massive genitals refuse to co-operate And no amount of therapy can hope to save his marriage

Prisoners, be silent, be silent and be sharp can you hear them talking? Listen through the wall:

Nothing to do, nothing to do Living rent-free is boring me Got no use for my PE Degree Got no use for my pedigree

I feed you every morning and ask so little
Hedi Slimane
But you belittle all the work that I do
And Agnes B
When you take that walk without permission
I'm not content
I'm not defensive, I'm just saying this cause I love
you
I'm not content
You know I hate it when your friends are in the pool
Donna Karan
Old money stinks, send those faggots back to Forest
Hill
And Kara Saun
Contentment? What contentment? I am bald ad impotent
I'm not content

Is that what it's about? Oh honey, honey, shut your mouth

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