

Life In A Barrat Garret

Karelia

So many people
People settle down
I want to be part of a small suburban town
I want net curtains to catch the pink of dawn
I want some corduroys with which to mow the lawn

So let's not lie
We're quite plain
And find this life
Of filthy strain
Rather tiresome
And I do dream of
Tranquility
As semi-detachedly
As fate meant me to be
I don't really want a Ford Orion.

So many people
People settle down
Have dinner parties to invite the boss around
I want stone cladding
On my pebbledash
Electric clippers for my middle-class mustache.

So let's not lie
I cannot live within this vile alternative
Squalid style
And I do dream of
Tranquility
As semi-detachedly
As fate meant me to be
I don't really want a Ford Sierra.

So many people
Are pension plan secure
Take yearly holidays
Through 10-day package tours

I want two bathrooms in which to lay my stool
I want some offspring to send to private schools
So let's go straight
I am a snob
And I do hate life with little job in office
And I do dream of
Tranquility
As semi-detachedly
As fate meant me to be
And I don't really want a Ford Grenada.

So many people
People settle down
Why don't we share part of a small suburban town?
Try not to sneer
Please suffocate your scorn
I love suburban heaven for in heaven I was born.