

## Ruling Class

Robyn Hitchcock

"Taste your own juices, Mr. Avon."  
Said the nurse, "I'm sick of doing it for you  
You know what abuse is, Mr. Avon  
And you obviously love it, yes you do."  
Oh the ruling class  
Just wanna suffer  
Yeah, the ruling class  
Just want some pain  
All them strawberries  
They're not enough for  
All those open wounds  
All that champagne  
"Ease your own shorts off a little further."  
Said the lips that hovered slyly in the void  
Elizabeth Schwarzkopf never went to Gurnard  
But that's no reason not to be paranoid  
Oh the ruling class  
All hate their mothers  
Oh the ruling class  
All went to good schools  
When they go to bed  
On one another  
And then they grow up and  
Make all the rules  
Hang the judges high(Hang the judges high)  
Hang the wise men of the realm  
Hang the judges high(Hang the judges high)  
Hang the wise men of the realm  
Rock on Denny boy(Rock on Denny boy)  
Hang the wise men of the realm  
Oh the ruling class  
They got no worries  
Yeah, the ruling class  
Ain't got a dime  
They've got lots of them  
They're in no hurry  
'Cause the ruling class  
Rules all the time