

Here they come with their make-up on  
as lovely as the clouds, come and see them,  
Boys and girls and their mums and their words  
and their romances and jobs and their sons,  
Barking mad kids, lonely dads  
who drug it up to give it some meaning,  
From the raves to the council estates  
they're reminding us there's things to be done.

But you and me, all we want to be is lazy,  
you and me, so lazy...

Here they come gone 7am  
getting satellite and Sky getting cable,  
Bills and Bens and their mums and their friends  
who just really, really want to be loved,  
Uncle Teds and their legendary vests  
helping out around the disabled,  
From the flats and the maisonettes  
they're reminding us there's things to be done.

But you and me, all we want to be is lazy,  
you and me, so lazy...  
It's you and me, it's you and me, you and me...