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And maybe we're just kids who've grown, and maybe not,
And maybe when we're on our own, we don't have much,
But oh, we are young and not tired of it,
Oh, we are young and easily lead,
Oh, with all the kids getting out of their heads.

Oh, Class A, Class B, is that the only chemistry?
Oh, Class A, Class B, is that the only chemistry between us?

And maybe were just Streatham trash, and maybe not,
And maybe we're just capital flash in a stupid love,
But oh, we are young and not tired of it,
Oh we are young and easily lead,
Oh, by all the kids getting out of our heads.

Oh, Class A, Class B, is that the only chemistry?
Oh, Class A, Class B, is that the only chemistry between us?
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