

# Sycophant

## The Courteeners

I'll never dance with a sycophant  
I'd rather entertain disdain  
From someone who I love  
At least you know where you stand  
You'll never understand

Keep your eyes on your own work son  
Do your homework son  
We will never be undone  
We're like a father and a son  
We will never be undone

I'll ask you...

Are my clothes alright?  
Is my hair alright?  
You can say what you want cos it's what we like  
We are judged on every single thing we do  
We could not care less, cos we are us not you.

You say you're clued up  
I think you're glued up  
You're seen everywhere in town  
But you're never with a friend  
You know everybody's name  
You're the king of pretend

The proof's in the pudding, and the gigs  
You've not even been to Woolworths to buy your mix  
You flirt with the weather, a kneeling knave  
Billy Shakespeare would be spinning in his grave

Are my clothes alright?  
Is my hair alright?  
You can say what you want cos it's what we like  
We are judged on every single thing we do  
I could not give one cos we are us not you.

You say you're clued up  
I think you're glued up  
You're seen everywhere in town  
But you're never with a friend  
You know everybody's name  
You're the king of pretend

Are my clothes alright?  
Is my hair alright?  
You can what you want cos it's what we like  
We are judged on every single thing we do  
We could not care less cos we are us not you

Are my clothes alright?  
Is my hair alright?  
You can say what you want, thank you and goodnight  
We are judged on every single thing we do  
We could not care less cos we are us not you

You say you're clued up  
I think you're glued up  
You're seen everywhere in town  
But you're never with a friend  
You know everybody's name  
You're the king of pretend

You love to dance, you're a sycophant  
How do you sleep? how do you get up? Get fucked