

I'm gonna stay in bed all day  
I'm not gonna hear a word you say  
It's gonna be a life of style for me  
Electric blankets, pillows, fire and TV

Take a look outside  
Those lively arts are on the slide  
And culture's just a bore  
When you're angry young and poor  
And if I got my way  
Those idle rich would pay  
When the discussion starts  
On the lively arts

I'm gonna be a lazy slob  
Sod the folks and sod the job  
And tell the foreman that I'm ill  
And in a week I'll be here still  
Yes I will

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