

Soho Boy

The Tiger Lillies

Well, you've always got schoolbooks
You've always got toys
You never go hungry like
Some of the boys
But something is not quite right
It's not what it seems
Soho's best dressed boy
He doesn't feel clean
Father - no father, but
Uncles you've had
They all turned out nasty
They all turned out bad
They were all pimps
And they were all hoods
So Soho's best dressed boy
Doesn't feel good
They sent you away
To a school for the Toffs
Where you learned to speak proper
And you learned to speak posh
Your mother she cried
Your mother felt sad
So Soho's best dressed boy
He's feeling bad
Took you a long time to find out the truth
Your mother a whore all through your youth
Your mother she died
A long time ago
The ways of the world
Well, now you do know
You stand by her gravestone
You say it out loud
She was a prostitute
And you feel proud