

Posh Boys

The View

You tried to bring us down
You tried to beat us to the ground
You play loud
But you have nothing to say
Posh boy's can't play

You have your eyes on our prize
Lots of really silly little daft little rock 'n' roll lies
Flash before your eyes

You have nothing to say (skin up again)
No one is coming to your show (hair cut again)
Someone has pipped you to the post (Dee club again)

You can try to break us
But you'll only make us
Our heads are screwed on far too fucking tight (oh so very tight)
Spent the night in prison only for the reason
Can anyone tell me what I am about to say
Posh boys can't play

Here's some things that you told yourself
I'll have a brit award standing very pretty with a shine
On your bedroom shelf