

You never had much style about you  
We never knew the reason that you  
You sat around almost every hour  
And quickly lost your bargaining power  
You can't be me  
I'm convinced you're twice the man we are

And you cannot clear your mind  
Cos in our eyes we're fine  
And you're running out of time  
But it's not to do with us  
And you cannot clear our minds  
Cos in our eyes you're blind  
And it's such a waste of time

The threads you wore were something tragic  
The words you spoke were so emphatic  
The records that you make are tasteless  
And eloquence with you is wasted  
So what's your method, what's your scheme?  
The whole scene knows what you already mean

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