

Eurythmics, Good For Nothing

He works so hard with no holidays
but all his clothes are tailor-made
his mother said son
"you've got it made"
"well you had it made"
"yesterday"
but now it's all for nothing
good for nothing

he goes to bed
with a lava lamp
beds full of books
hair still damp
his father said son
"do well at camp"
"you'll be a champ"
"not a tramp"
"not a good for nothing"
"all or nothing"

but I was a cocky sod
and Johnny was a northern mod
and we ruled the world
I wore a velvet cloak
it looked like a f**king joke

but it pulled the girls

I got a job on a market stall
we sold Roxy Music
the one with Jerry Hall
my stepfather said son
"you've got it all"
"so just have a ball"
"until you fall into nothing"
"it's good to be nothing"

but I was a cheeky git
and Johnny nearly had a fit
when I stole his guitar
I found a new place to stay

and a hippy who could teach me to play
so I could be a big star
then I was on the BBC
Johnny looking that must be fun
I wore a tartan suit
I thought I looked pretty cute
but now I think what a cunt!