

Procol Harum, Butterfly Boys

They tell us that we're savages
who haven't got a hope
We're burning in the furnaces,
we're choking at the smoke
They say we haven't got a choice,
refuse to recognize our voice
Yet they enjoy commissions
from the proceeds of the joke

Those Butterfly Boys
at play with their toys
Stinging like bees
itching like fleas
Butterfly Boys
you got the toys
You got the breeze
we caught the freeze
Butterfly Boys give us a break
We got the groceries you got the cake

They tell us that we're savages
who cannot understand
We're sailing on a sinking ship,
we're swimming in the sand
They put their fingers in their ears,
refuse to recognize our fears
And fly off to Jamaica
when we call them underhand