

Scaterd Few, Camel Crawl

Here's a tale that's ancient but true
From the "Jewish Social Register"
It reads like a feature written days ago
About York's new swell young bucks

Our hero is a wealthy twenty-something
In the most desireable social strata
Who's lived a good life since only a child
But he can't afford life pro rata

He prefers the socials breakfast at Tiffany's
You and I are merely NOCD
Even this lyric is a "white man's burden"
Simply written by a worker bee

Toff or not life's a shopping spree
Ski vacation at Verbier
This rich young ruler with his pedigree
Scottish castle is a millionare

Rich Man - Rich Man - Rich Man
Better crawl like a camel
Like a camel as fast as you can

Our hero's walk the upper echelons
While they talk about the ol' "Grand Tour"
It's as simple as being sybaritic
To qualify as ferry lure

Titles are envied when properly used
Provide your own amount of credit in hell
And you don't want to admit to being a playboy
When you're living the life of a swell

To write a novel sail in the cup
To be mentioned in Brooke's new book
Are some of the things our hero desires
But nothing 'bout a shepard's crook

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It reads like daily in Vanity Fair
About York's new young bred connoisseurs

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