

# Television Personalities, Not For The Likes Of Us

I wouldn't like to be in your shoes baby  
Man, how do you sleep?  
Your dinner's getting burned  
While you drink all that she earns  
The baby needs changing  
Boy, you're in trouble deep!  
Riding on the back of your black Lambretta  
Everybody knew your name  
We danced all the night to the Motown classics  
But look at you now boy

You're old and set in your ways  
Hey don't come around  
In your dressing gown  
Crying your crocodile tears  
Dancing on my chandelier  
It's not for the likes of us  
There is no need to rush  
Some of us never take the bus!