

# The Jam, Hey Mister

Because it's real you think it's a joke  
Because it's on your doorstep you have to have a poke  
At someone  
It's only a cliché because it's all true  
Time after time it happens through and through  
To a new generation

You're just so smug in your elected seat  
You've got your papers sorted out but you can't find your feet  
Well, I'm not surprised

Hey mister with your head in the clouds  
You can't see further than the shillings and pounds  
The things that you say don't mean nothing anymore  
You have no control they've broken down all the doors  
And the only way that you'll fix them up  
Is another war

If you think I'm gonna die in a financial war  
You've got another thing coming and  
And what's more there's lots like me

You juggle lives around with the stroke of a pen  
But we've paid to see that move and now we won't pay again  
The cost is too high

Hey mister your smiles been erased  
You can't understand why we're losing face  
Perhaps it's the promises that you never kept  
"Never had it so good"  
Well do you want a bet?