

The Jam, Shopping

High town - high street connections
With clothes at the top of my list
You could steal things from the jewelry department
But you can't take kind or steal a kiss
As I flit from shop window to window
I'm trying to pick up a friendly bargain
But it's not like the adverts all make out
And there's no one to greet you as a friend

I dress myself for the part
I smile but it just don't work
Something about my face - must just be the wrong shape
I better try another brand pretty quick

I'm haunted by the colours and holding a reminder that I must be inadequate
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