

# Dr. Feelgood, A Touch Of Class

(mark hankins/chris bradford)

Poor boy, up west, and the action wasn't going my way  
Rich girl, best dressed, lookin' like she come out to play  
I stood back, you swept passed, I decided that I'd give it a shot  
I stepped in, I moved fast, I thought I'd give it everything that I'd got

We take tea at the ritz, I take you down to the docks  
You can rely on me to lower the tone  
You call me your bit of rough, I call you my bit of stuff  
You ain't brass, you're a touch of class

I like a pint, you like your bubbles  
We have a whip round when you order your drink  
You're in who's who, I'm whose in trouble  
You're upper class and I'm the missing link

You got a bun(? ) in your mouth and too much time on your hands

I got an accent, you can cut with a knife  
Your dad's a bit of a snob but mine's a terminal slob  
You ain't brass, you're a touch of class

We go dutch, it ain't much  
I knew a classy girl like you wouldn't mind  
A bit rough, a bit tough, a bit of low life knocks that perfect punch

- guitar solo -

You got a race horse at home, you keep him down on the farm  
I buy the sporting life to studying the odds  
I got a feel for the streets, you got your country retreat  
You ain't brass, you're a touch of class  
You ain't brass, you're a touch of class  
You ain't brass  
Huh, you're a touch of class