

Pretenders, Nails In The Road

If this is public transportation
What are you doing here?
Royalty and people like thee
Should queue up in the rear

My patience has worn thin
My tyres are gonna explode
Yeah, yeah
Every time I try to get close to you
You throw nails in the road

This is a sticky situation
Will require a measure of tact
We just don't like to mix it with you all
It's a cultural fact

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This is a clean up job
Everybody grab a mop
You wanna further your position
Well look what floats on top
On top

Well there's class and then there's class
But we're above all that
The butcher and the baker and the thief and the witch
And the aristocrat

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