

# Sloppy Seconds, Yuppies

They're thirty-nine years old  
They're worth their weight in gold  
They work in busy offices I hope to God will fold

They hated Vietnam  
They love the neutron bomb  
And they're your next door neighbors and your father and your mom

They're the yuppies  
Yup yup yup  
They were hippies  
But they grew up  
They love money  
Do re mi  
They're the Class of '63

You know what else?  
They swing to the right  
They live in Jackson Heights  
They watch "St. Elsewhere," "Hill Street Blues," and "Dynasty" a  
But when the workday's done  
They want to have some fun  
So they go out to discos and pretend they're twenty-one  
But they're not!

They're the yuppies  
Yup yup yup  
They were hippies  
But they grew up  
They love money  
Do re mi  
They're the Class of '63

Yup yup yup  
Yup yup yup  
Yup yup yup  
Yup yup yup

I tell you  
They're an ugly lot  
Who think they're pretty hot  
They know exactly where they were when Kennedy was shot  
But when they hit the skids  
They really flip their lids  
They sink a few martinis and go home and beat the kids

They're the yuppies  
Yup yup yup  
They were hippies  
But they grew up  
They love money  
Do re mi  
They're the Class of '63

Fuck them!