

The Jam, All Mod Cons

Seen you before, I know your sort,
You think the world awaits your every breath
You'll be my friend, or so you say
You'll help me out when the time comes

And all the time we're getting rich,
You hang around to help me out

But when we're skint, Oh God Forbid!
You drop us like hot bricks

Artistic Freedom. Do what you want.
But just make sure that the money ain't gone

I'll tell you what, I got you sussed
You'll waste my time, when my time comes.