

The Kinks, Scrapheap City

Sung by: Belle and The Floosies
(as Flash's empire is being dismantled piece by piece)

There ain't no beauty
And there ain't no style,
There's no quality
And there's no purity.
Honour's dead and buried
Because it's unnecessary.

Look at all the people,
Why they all look the same.
They're walking to the factory
In their cloth caps and trilbies.
They've got no style,
Ain't it a pity.

They're tearing old quality down
Without any pity,
Now they're coming to take me away
To Scrapheap City.
They say that good manners belong on a heap,
They say they're outdated and they're obsolete,
And now they're coming to take me away
To Scrapheap City.

There's no quality
And there ain't no style
Just miles and miles
Of Scrapheap piles.
There's no quality
And there's no purity.
They're digging up all of the flowers
Because they look pretty
And erecting identical concrete monstrosities.
They're killing off all of the animals too,
The only ones left are the ones in the zoo.
Now they're coming to take me away
To Scrapheap City.
Ain't it a pity,
Scrapheap City.