

The Kinks, Second-Hand Car Spiv

Sung by Spiv, Flash & Floosies

Spiv: I was born a slum gutter infantile,
Brute-force educated, delinquent juvenile.
I am a product of mass produced factory fodder,
Streets full of tenement blocks, rat infested filth and squalor.
I left school, went straight on the dole
And unemployment's no enjoyment,
Welfare State owned my mind and my body and my soul.
So I worked my way up to be a second-hand car spiv,
But don't judge me harshly because I'm just a slum kid.
I built up my business with a quick wit and fist,
So don't double-cross me or my hoods will dissect you
With their black jacks and shiv.
Slum kids never get a break, they've got to fight their way up.
Wheel and deal, beg and steal,
Sweat blood to earn a buck.
I didn't want to work on the factory floor,
I wasn't content, I wanted more
Than to be a slave of a lathe,
Work all day and go home bored.
So a second-hand car spiv was what I became.
I built an empire because I used my brains.

Chorus: He was a second-hand car spiv up from the slums,
So don't judge him harshly because he's just a slum kid.
Then he moved into property, stocks and shares,

Spiv: And into high finance and you've got to agree
That running a multi-million corporation
Sure beats selling cars second-hand.

Chorus: Once he sold old worn out heaps to the punters on the street,

Spiv: Now I'm in control of the country as a whole,
And the world is at my feet.

Chorus: The world is at his feet.

Spiv: Power, power, I've got power oozing out of me,
And when you think of all the things I've done
It says a lot for one
Who worked his way up from the streets.
Yes I'm a second-hand car spiv.
Do a deal, buy and sell,
It's my trade, I know it well.
Make a sale, ring the bell
And let the suckers go to hell.
Bank the profits, count the change
Another sucker comes your way.
Life is a crooked game,
And slum kids never change.