

The Style Council, Life At A Top Peoples Health Farm

Dads gone down the dog track, Engels' laying cables
Brothers with his student friends plotting in the stables
They're preparing for power and how to win
I'm covered in Solaire and preparing to swim
"Old Iron! Old Iron!" - I heard the bobby shout
As he brought his friendly truncheon down with
with a God Almighty clout.

Mothers playing bingo, she's hoping for a big win
She buys the daily papers to see how 10% live
My cousins' greatest wish, is to one day buy a farm
And turn it into a health club with top people charm
"Any evening, any day" - I'm singing to myself
I'll pack up all my clothes and dough and piss off somewhere else.

My ol' man was a dust person until he got the shove
Now the iron heel he talked about is backed by the iron glove
Brothers bought new glasses, shaped like Leon Trotsky's
They look very nice on the mantelpiece, next to the Royal family
I'm laying back with the radio on, in time to hear the Archer's
An everyday tale of country folk mixed up in prostitution.

Like all good stories with a happy end, which I'll now give to you
Our cousins wish was granted and so his dream came true
His gas shares doubled, while his telecoms soared
Til he had enough money, to chair his own board
And thank you Margaret Thatcher, "may you never come to harm"
He now serves cocktails and lettuce at a Top Peoples Health Club Farm.