

The Beautiful South, You're Only Jealous

Perhaps it was the holiday we spent abroad last year
It could have been the wine we drank last night
Possibly the palace needs a second coat of paint
But that doesn't condone setting it alight

Why does the butler look so smug?
And the gardener, well he looks even worse
He's sent me every flower that he's dug
And have you ever seen a chauffeur drive a hearse

You're only jealous, Ah Ah
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Perhaps it is the quantity of acres that we own
It could be their allotment's only small
Maybe we should reconsider giving them a wage
But a taste of money is worse than none at all

The parlourmaid's a deadly quiet lass
Never really comes out of her shell
But every time I talk to her, she offers me a glass
Of a drink that she never drinks herself

You're only jealous

Stir it up

Of the company I keep and the stars you never meet
Of the caviar they eat whilst you're chewing at your wheat
Of the hours that they sleep whilst you're sweating in the heat
Of the masses at their feet and the tongue between their cheek
Think of stronger than the weak
Think of vulture and its beak
Think of oil, think of sheikh, think of lord and comfy seat
Think of admiral and fleet, think of public school elite
Think of leaders and their sheep
Think of butchers and their meat
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