

The Jam, Hey Mister

Because it's real you think it's a joke
Because it's on your doorstep you have to have a poke
At someone
It's only a cliché because it's all true
Time after time it happens through and through
To a new generation

You're just so smug in your elected seat
You've got your papers sorted out but you can't find your feet
Well, I'm not surprised

Hey mister with your head in the clouds
You can't see further than the shillings and pounds
The things that you say don't mean nothing anymore
You have no control they've broken down all the doors
And the only way that you'll fix them up
Is another war

If you think I'm gonna die in a financial war
You've got another thing coming and
And what's more there's lots like me

You juggle lives around with the stroke of a pen
But we've paid to see that move and now we won't pay again
The cost is too high

Hey mister your smiles been erased
You can't understand why we're losing face
Perhaps it's the promises that you never kept
"Never had it so good"
Well do you want a bet?