

# All Mod Cons

## The Jam

Seen you before, I know your sort  
You think the world awaits your every breath  
You'll be my friend, or so you say  
You'll help me out when the time comes

And all the time we're getting rich  
You hang around to help me out

But when we're skint, oh God forbid!  
You drop us like hot bricks

Artistic freedom. Do what you want  
But just make sure that the money ain't gone

I'll tell you what, I got you sussed  
You'll waste my time, when my time comes

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