

Global Warming (With Royal Northern Sinfonia)

John Grant

You people and your cute little terms you like to throw around and make everybody squirm
Upper class, middle class, lower class, Sassafras
Everybody these days thinks that they're a bad-ass
How am I supposed to live in a world with no Madeline Kahn my favourite girl is gone
[?] is not an auto zone, 31 is trash and now I just want to be left alone
Global warming is ruining my fair complexion
Augmenting all my imperfections
And Brazil does not need more encouragement
Global warming encourages slack jawed troglodytes
To leave their homes with guns and knives
In search of bodily refreshments and some homicide
I'm so sick of hearing people talk about the sun
They sound like a bunch of Aztec Indians
And all they do is hang out clogging up the streets
Congratulating each other on their pedicured feet
Sure I like to see the fella's skateboarding their best
Stripped down to their shorts so they can work on their tans
I know I shouldn't care cause I'm a taken man
But I guess you can look, nobody said that you can't
Global warming is ruining my fair complexion
Augmenting all my imperfections
And Brazil does not need more encouragement
Global warming encourages slack jawed troglodytes
To leave their homes with guns and knives
In search of bodily refreshments and some homicide
All I've got are first world problems
I guess I better get some more third world kind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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