The Great Escape

I Am Kloot

You were born with football boots and a sun tan complexion
You once thought that on reflection, you'd really got it made
You shrugged and smiled and made the usual excuses
You suffered small abuses, and settled for their pay
You want to learn to live like earnerest the crat (an aristocrat)
You bought your girlfriends earrings well that soon put paid to that
and if the whole world came crashing, down around your ears
You could dream of stuck old wallpaper and crystal chandeliersYou cashed in your cards now you want to buy some glamour
You really are enamoured, with that new soap on a rope
A thousand fat comedians came in disguised as clerics
They got you in histerics, and walked off with your soul
and with that cheap, skate, royalty, you get your flag and wave
Well I saw you on TV grinning at the motorcade
Pretty soon we'll hang the traitors, string them up like drapes
So we can ride around like Steve McQueen in the great escapeYou hung around to long, your mother read your letters
You grinned like a go-getter, come and got and gone
The time the morning slips, blends into your wallpaper
and once you could escape her, but where did you go wrong
and your fathers at the factory that makes money seeling guns
To fight the wars that spends the lives of all the peoples sons
Pretty soon we'll hang the traitors, and we'll string them up like drapes
So we can ride around like Steve McQueen in the great escapeYou were born with football boots and a sun tan complexion
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