

No Class

WYLDFYRE

Shut up, you talk too loud
You don't fit in with the crowd
I can't believe you exist
I've crossed you right off my list
 Too much, too soon
 You're way out of tune
 No class, no class
Way out, you're way out of line
No buddy, I can't spare a dime
 Fade out, baby that's right
 No bark and even less bite
 Your perfect smile
Betrays your lack of style
 No class, no class
Ah, no class, no class, ah
Too late, you can't catch up now
You face the wrong way anyhow
I know you ain't got the brain
 To come in out of the rain
 Too bad, no magic
I'm afraid you're merely tragic
 No class, baby, no class
 No class, ah, no class

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