Not for the Likes of Us

Television Personalities

I wouldn't like to be in your shoes baby
Man, how do you sleep?
Your dinner's getting burned
While you drink all that she earns
The baby needs changing
Boy, you're in trouble deep!
Riding on the back of your black Lambretta
Everybody knew your name
We danced all the night to the Motown classics
But look at you now boy
You're old and set in your ways
Hey don't come around
In your dressing gown
Crying your crocodile tears
Dancing on my chandelier
It's not for the likes of us
There is no need to rush
Some of us never take the bus!

Songwriters
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