

Yuppies

Sloppy Seconds

They're thirty-nine years old
They're worth their weight in gold
They work in busy offices I hope to God will fold
They hated Vietnam
They love the neutron bomb
And they're your next door neighbors and your father and your mom
They're the yuppies
Yup yup yup
They were hippies
But they grew up
They love money
Do re mi
They're the Class of '63
You know what else?
They swing to the right
They live in Jackson Heights
They watch "St. Elsewhere," "Hill Street Blues," and "Dynasty" at night
But when the workday's done
They want to have some fun
So they go out to discos and pretend they're twenty-one
But they're not! They're the yuppies
Yup yup yup
They were hippies
But they grew up
They love money
Do re mi
They're the Class of '63
Yup yup yup
Yup yup yup
Yup yup yup I tell you
They're an ugly lot
Who think they're pretty hot
They know exactly where they were when Kennedy was shot
But when they hit the skids
They really flip their lids
They sink a few martinis and go home and beat the kids
They're the yuppies
Yup yup yup
They were hippies
But they grew up
They love money
Do re mi
They're the Class of '63
Fuck them!

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