

When Fine Society Sits Down To Dine

Chumbawamba

With her friends on a road less travelled, on a journey of do's and dares
Looking back on a fear of leaving and forgetting how it felt to be scared

There are those paying fancy prices to pretend they have fancy lives

But at every charity banquet the majority stay outside

(Chorus)

We play to a packed gallery

We smile for the CCTV

We're making our own history

When fine society sits down to dine, remember that someone is pissing in the wine

Pissing in the wine, pissing in the wine

Remember that someone is pissing in the wine

She'd love to be dancing the tango and she traces the steps in her mind

You can tell by the snap of her fingers that she moves to a different time

Where all the quiet submission is smeared in lipstick red

And every act is a crime of passion

"That's not all she wrote," she said

(Repeats)

(Repeat chorus)

Lyrics provided by

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