No Class

Joel Alme

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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