

Too Bad

Faces

Too bad we were thrown downstairs;
We never got a chance to sing.
We were quite polite with one invite
To keep us off the street.
We mingled for a minute or two
With the high class clientele.
Then somebody said "who invited them,
that crowd of refugees. Get out!"
What an insult, to be shown the door
Before we could shake a leg.
I was most intrigued by the colored queen
leaning on the kitchen door.
Then I was ushered with my friends
by the butler who was twelve feet tall.
Well let me please explain
'Cause we're not to blame
We just don't have the right accent. No, no
All we wanted to do was to socialize
Oh, you know its a shame I was always getting the blame
All we wanted to do was to socialize
Oh, you know its a shame how we always get the blame
Sweaty girls and damp motels
is where I'm gonna stay.
'Cause now I see what it's all about,
I didn't at the old school tie.
Don't worry, we had no fun waiting
for the all night bus home.
Too bad my regional tongue
Gave us away again.

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