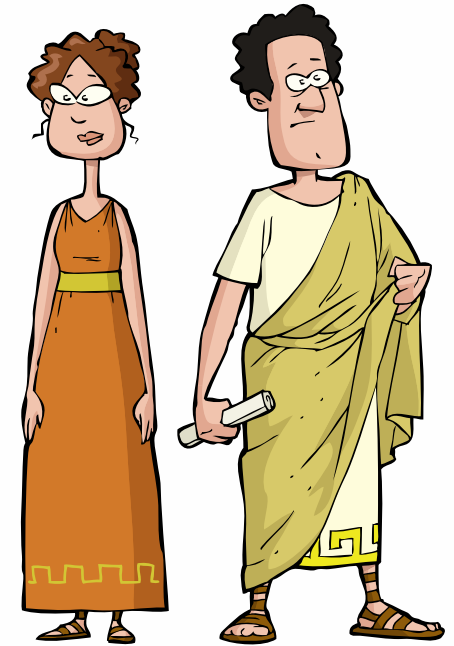


# Oh, the strata of society

1 Oh, the strata  
Of society,  
Down from Emperor to slave,  
Oh they tell you  
What you ought to do  
And just how you should behave  
And the manners  
That you have to show  
When superiors you pass...  
Roman people,  
Neatly organised  
Into layers, class by class.



2 From the toga  
With the purple stripe,  
To the sack-cloth down below,  
Know your status  
In society,  
What you wear and who you know,  
Status symbols?  
Own a villa  
And a garden and a horse...  
Make your slaves do  
What you want them to,  
When you want them to, of course.



3 At the bathhouse  
Are you pampered?  
At the theatre, where's your seat?  
Are you wealthy?  
Are you healthy?  
Are you part of the elite?  
Yes, the senator  
And the citizen,  
Seeking privilege, no doubt...  
Seeking power, seeking influence,  
Are they 'in', or are they 'out'?

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