



LITTLE LAMBS

Stick it to the man
Or wave those flags
wave those flags
TA TA TA TA!
Then steal your clothes
Stick it to the man
And you're the alibi
My little island
2 FOR 1!
Little lambs
So many fantastic lies
FOOL FOOL!
But here's some cash
Fall behind
Here's the prize
In the herd
Lucky there's an alibi
Lose your chance
Save yourselves
Lose your nerve
You're just a cattle fly
SHOO SHOO!
So many distracted minds
At the scene of the crime
With all these cattle flies
BUZZZZ!
Go ahead jump the line
No that's just fine
That's just fine
CHAR-CHAR-CHARMING!
No go ahead jump the line
I've got time to wait
I'm not going to whine
QUEUE QUEUE!
Twiddle your thumbs
Pick your nose
They'll fiddle the books

SUNNY STORIES

I could tell you sunny stories
All your history's happened now
All your battles lost and won
Fatalities
At your heel
I could whistle songs so pretty
All your memories a smile
And your effigies of pride
An epitaph
At your head

OLD THORN

Hear my bonny voice
My bonny boy
Hear my bonny voice
My bonny boy
Hear my bonny voice
My bonny
Hear my bonny voice
My Bonny
My Swansong

JERUSALEM

Caller: Hiya. Hi there. Hi. I'm calling to um... I'm just calling to report um...
an abandoned vehicle just by er... the park where I live.
Punch: (laughs) That's the way to do it!
Caller: It's been there for about a week. I don't seem to have seen anyone coming or
going um... and er... I think it's probably been stolen and dumped.
Punch: (singing) do da do de! (etc)
Caller: Yeah, yeah, yeah I just thought I'd be a good neighbourhood watch person
and all that yeah (laughs). Ok. Yep. Alright.
Punch: (laughs) That's the way to do it!
Caller: Thank you. Cheers. Bye. See ya. Bye-bye. Bye
Punch: (laughs) That's the way to do it!

BETTER IN MY DAY

Much better in my day	Much better in my day	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	Much better in my day	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	Much better in my day	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	Much better in my day	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	It was much better in my day	Streets were safe back then
Much better in my day	Tut Tut Tut Tut!	Boys were boys!
Much better in my day	We worked hard!	Girls were girls!
It was much better in my day	Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	Just look at these kids now	Ooh the golden days
Much better in my day	Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day
Much better in my day	Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day
No locked doors	No respect	Much better in my day
No foreigners	No proper job	The streets were safe back then
Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day	Much better in my day
Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day	Much better in my day
Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day	Ooh the good old golden days
Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day	
Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day	
Just look at these kids now	Much better in my day	
No respect	Much better in my day	
No proper job		
Much better in my day		
Much better in my day		
Much better in my day		

DIEU ET MON DROIT

Eating from bins outside supermarkets	
Kicked into the curb like empty coke cans	
Become numb	
Take nothing else for granted	
Stay awake all the time	
Never have a break	
Never have a break	Your hands have not touched
Dieu et mon droit	Dieu et mon droit
Dieu et mon droit	Dieu et mon droit
Your eyes have not seen	Your heart has not loved
Your eyes have not seen	Your heart has not loved
Dieu et mon droit	
Dieu et mon droit	
Your ears have not heard	
Your ears have not heard	
Scapegoated by the provincial losses	
Trickling-down like shit into the sewer	
Serve yourself	
Take Pride	
Work hard	
Trust no-one	
Stay alert all the time	
Never hesitate	
Never hesitate	
Dieu et mon droit	
Dieu et mon droit	
Your hands have not touched	

GLORY

You won't see your old home again
You won't see the old ancient
You will tell yourself it will be OK
You will take the liberty
You will serve the holy sentence
'Til it transpires in your vision
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Will you become the saint you want to be?
Spreading your disease all on one sunny afternoon
GLORY BE!
Flowers
See the flowers growing from his head.
HERESY'S DARE!
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?

FOLLY

What species is this?
What century?
What atmosphere?
What government?

MONGREL

Caste your eye	I'm too tired to protest this
For they've designed	But I'm too worried I'll regret this
The sharpened fang	I'm not ready to accept this
A friendly face	Ready
Caste your eye	What species is this?
For they've designed	What species is this?
The sharpened fang	What species is this?
A single race	What century?
Licking their wounds	Caste your eye
When they have confrontations	For they've designed
Special kind of vitriol	The sharpened fang
Or is it subliminal?	A friendly face
Puffing up their chests	Caste your eye
Because they have big aspirations	For they've designed
Is it sentimental?	The sharpened fang
Is it not just criminal?	A single race
I'm not ready to forget this	Licking their wounds
I'm not ready to accept this	When they have confrontations
I'm not ready	Special kind of vitriol
Watch your back	Or is it subliminal?
For they'll recruit	Puffing up their chests
The quiet ones	Because they have big aspirations
At summer fetes	Is it sentimental?
Watch your back	Is it not just criminal?
For they'll recruit	
The quiet ones	I'm not ready to forget this
With silent hate	I'm not ready to accept this
What species is this?	
What century?	

TEA ROOMS

Acres Acres
Hedgerows and Streeple
I don't know what I'm doing here
I don't know why I'm standing here
I don't know who I'm working for
I don't know what I'm begging for
I'm living in a pastoral picture
In a pastoral picture
In a pastoral picture
I don't know
What I'm doing
Cattle Cattle
Tearooms and road kill
I don't know what I'm doing here
I don't know why I'm standing here
I don't know what I'm waiting for
I don't know what I'm living for
In a pastoral picture
In a pastoral picture
In a pastoral picture

HOBBY HORSE

Get on your hobby horse	Pack on the loose but I can't let them in here
Get on your hobby horse	My fears are growing
Get on your hobby horse	My wounds are showing
And get out of here	My time is up I want to get the fuck out of here NOW
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
And get out of here	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
Get on your hobby horse	Get on your hobby horse
And get out of here	Get on your hobby horse
My eyes are stinging	Get on your hobby horse
My ears are ringing	
My hands are tied and I can't get out of here	
My thighs are chafing	
My back is breaking	
My feet are stuck I want to get the fuck out of here NOW	
Get on your hobby horse	
Get on your hobby horse	
Get on your hobby horse	
And get out of here	
Their tongues are licking	
Their noses sniffing	

OVER THE HILLS

And it's O'er the hills and o'er the main
Flanders, Portugal and Spain
King George commands and we obey
Over the hills and far away

Line up lads behind the drum
Colours blazing like the sun
Along the road to come what may
Over the hills and far away

And it's O'er the hills and o'er the main
Flanders, Portugal and Spain
King George commands and we obey
Over the hills and far away

DANCE OF THE PEDDLERS

Burning bright	In what furnace was thy brain?
The mighty white	On this
Began the fight	This green field
Stealing voicemail in the night	That suckles our sons and daughters
Skip to the right	Cutting edge
On what wings dare they aspire?	A blade that brings us all to slaughter
What the hand dare seize the fire?	Clap
And this	Stand
This cold blood is thicker than wine or water	Listen to the Sages
More or less	It's the Middle Ages
Illusions speak much louder NoW	But with lesser wages
Just clap	So when the stars threw down their spears
Stand	And water'd heaven with their tears
Watch the flickering candle	Did you smile your work to see?
And a mirror angled	Did he who made the Lamb make thee?
To deflect a scandal	Did he who made the Lamb make thee?
So when the stars threw down their spears	Did he who made the Lamb make thee?
And water'd heaven with their tears	
Did you smile your work to see?	
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?	
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?	
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?	
One for all	
They rise we fall	
A dirty brawl	
Locked in stocks by the town hall	
Hung from the wall	
What the hammer?	
What the chain?	

THRONE

I sit on the throne
I sit on the throne
I gather your soul
Eat your debts
Your debts
Debts
Debts
Open
Close
Debt
Relief
Insolvency
Insolvency
Insolvency
Insolvency
Waiting
Stoking
Scratching
Picking
The Wound
Bleeds
Pus
Flows
Sticks
Stinks

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