

# The Gasman Cometh

Jeffrey Lewis

The train now standing on platform four  
What will you do when the gas taps turn?  
Where will you be when the bodies burn?  
Will you just watch as the cattle trucks roll by?  
Pretend it isn't happening? Turn a blind eye?  
See the army convoys quietly passing by?  
Heard the helicopters in your little bit of sky?  
Have you seen the squad cars packed with boys in blue?  
Have you ever wondered what they're there to do?  
Pictures in the paper of soldiers in the street  
Pictures in the history books of rotting human meat  
Auschwitz's now a tourist spot for the goggle eyed to pry  
Still in working order just for you and I  
Photos of the victims, of gas, of gun, of bomb  
Inheritance of violence in the bookshelves of your home  
Don't wait for it to come to you, cos come it surely will  
The guardians of the state are trained to search, destroy and kill  
There's people sitting at this moment, fingers on the trigger  
There's loyalty and royalty to make their violence figure  
Allegiance to the flag, they say, as they lock the prison door  
Allegiance to normality, that's what lobotomies are for  
God, queen and country, they say we've got the choice  
Free speech for all if you've got no voice  
Propaganda on the airwaves, here's the way to live  
Not for you and me the alternative  
The look for peace in Ireland with a thousand squaddy boys  
Torture in their mental homes is another of their ploys  
They'll keep us all in line, by christ, they'll keep us on our toes  
But if we stand against their power, we'll see how violence grows  
Read it in the paper about rebellious youth  
But it's them that are so violent, it's them that hide the truth  
Stay in line, or pay the cost,  
Do you think they care when another life's lost?  
Auschwitz's now a tourist spot for the goggle eyed to pry  
Still in working order just for you and I  
To ashes at Auschwitz it's just a small leap  
From coshes at Southall, life is cheap  
Don't think that they won't do it, cos they already do  
But this time 'round the pawns are me and you

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