

S-O-R-R-Y

The Proclaimers

Your prose is elegant
As you demonstrate contempt, it's true
And the targets you attack
Mostly deserve a whack from you
Yes, you're entertaining
You fill up the page
Fill it up with your rage
But now there's a doubt
Over the wisdom you hand out in spades
Please tell us which you think
Is the country we should next help invade
What a bloody carnage
You cheered us into
And the others like you
You never wore a uniform
Less it was a uniform
Of a school or youth organization
But from watching others do
What they would never do
Holds a sad fascination
And now I'm reminded by feelings so strong
Of Bernie Taupin's lyric to Sir Elton's song
Can you say the hardest word?
'Cause you demand apologies
From public figures on their knees
As you invite them to say, "So long"
So let's hear your rendition
Of words of contrition
For getting it so wrong
Would you like to say something?
Would you like to say sorry? Sorry
Sorry, that's S-O-R-R-Y

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