

Marat/Sade

Judy Collins

Four years after the revolution
and the old king's execution
four years after remember how
those courtiers took their final bow

String up every aristocrat
out with the priests and let them live on their fat

Four years after we started fighting
Marat keeps on with is writing
four years after the Bastille fell
he still recalls the old battle yell

Down with all of the ruling class
throw all the generals out on their ass

Why do they have the gold
why do they have the power
why, why, why why,
why... do have they have the friends at the top
why do they have the jobs at the top

We've got nothing
always had nothing
nothing but holes and millions of them
living in holes, dying in holes
holes in our belly's and holes in our clothes

Marat we're poor
and the poor stay poor
Marat don't make us wait anymore
we want our rights and we don't care how
we want our revolution...NOW!

Four years he fought and he fought unafraid
sniffing down traitors while traitors betrayed
Marat in the courtroom, Marat underground
sometimes the otter and sometimes the hound
fighting all the gentry and fighting every priest
the business man the bourgeois the military beast

Marat always ready to stifle every scheme
of the sons of the ass licking dying regime

We've got new generals our leaders are new
they sit and they argue and all that they do
is sell their own colleagues and ride upon their back
or jail them or break them or give them all the axe

Screaming in language that no-one understands
of the rights that we grabbed with our own bleeding hands
when we wiped out the bosses and stormed through the wall
of the prison they told us would outlast us all...

Marat we're poor
and the poor stay poor
Marat don't make us wait anymore
we want our rights and we don't care how
we want our revolution...NOW!

Poor old Marat they hunt you down
the bloodhounds are sniffing all over the town
just yesterday your printing press
was smashed while they're asking your home address

Poor old Marat in you we trust
you work 'til you eyes turn as red as rust
but while you write they're on your track
the boots mount the staircase, the doors thrown back

Poor old Marat in you we trust
you work 'til you eyes turn as red as rust

Poor old Marat we trust in you...

Marat we're poor
and the poor stay poor
Marat don't make us wait anymore
we want our rights and we don't care how
we want our revolution...NOW!

Lyrics submitted by C Kelly Collins.

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