

# 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!

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Lyrics submitted by C Kelly Collins.

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