

Contaminated Minds

UB40

Some people search for the holy grail
Run round in circles and chase their own tails
But you can't really blame them for clutching at straws
For weeding some truth in our morals and laws
Some people say that revolution will descend
On this madness end this confusion
But we've all heard the privileged boast and preach
And the promised land we want is still out of reach
I once knew a man who wore self-righteousness
Like a medal on his inflated chest
He hated all people for breaking his rules
Looked down with distaste on the cowards and fools
He lived like a king in his castle of stone
And sneered at the man who worked hard for his home
He knew all the right words and who to defend
And would be with conviction the working mans friend

Songwriters

Wilson, Terry / Virtue, Michael / Travers, Brian / Hassan, Norman / Falconer, Earl / Campbell, Robin /
Campbell, Ali / Brown, Jim

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>