

# Eat the Rich

## British Lions

(john fiddler) Oh authority stinks or so you think, then you walk along  
You just won't budge, you don't wanna judge what's right from wrong  
And many a man has lost his way when he's found his dough  
They don't think about rules but they make themselves fools when they live on  
Snow Eat the rich, eat the rich  
Eat the rich, eat the rich Now some are bound for glory, and some are bound to lose  
Some are bound in leather, and some are bound to blow their fuse  
Now all you young people, don't you forget where it's leadin' to  
Don't you fix with a steeple, you get no respect outta sniffin' glue  
There ain't no place that you can run to  
If the battle-field is just a mirror image of you Eat the rich, eat the rich  
Eat the rich, eat the rich Some folk stands with their backs to the wall  
They look the same as the wall, that's all  
They say the bricks are tryin' to look like them  
And to tell 'em apart you look again and again  
And again and again and again and again and again Eat the rich, eat the rich  
Just take a big bite  
They're filthy... I said filthy!

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