Uniform

Kopaz

See black, see yellow with little notebooks drawn
See gray stripes bowling down the street
Silver streaks and T-shirts so precisely torn
Strange foreign chaps in white bed-sheets
Uniforms, uniforms
See golden haloed men of high renown
Prance to the politicians' beat
Well tailored in unswerving elegance
With shoes by Gucci on their feet
Uniforms, uniforms
How do you know who the hell you are?
Wake up each day under a different star
Dressed to the nines, meet yourself going home
like a clone, smartly dressed in your pressed uniform
Uniforms, uniforms
White battle dress on green pitch, proud eleven
Beneath the swelling box so neat
The teeming millions of the future fly
The spinning cricket ball to cheat
There are uniform, uniform
All uniform

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/