

Don't Try This at Home

Chumbawamba

It's a long walk to the gallows
It's a small step to swing free
The crying in the tower
For my conspirators and me
Gunpowder and modem
And a dream of liberty And then they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home"
Oh yes, they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home" If you walk on the beach with King Canute
You'll be walking back alone
Tonight, he'll dine on oysters
While we fall like green acorns
We'll be putting down our roots
Right in the center of the storm Oh, but they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home"
Oh yes, they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home" The cry of gulls
The hum of streets
The buzz of phones
The march of feet We'll meet tonight
To draw up plans
Exclamations
Ampersands Somewhere across the water
They're storming palace gates
Scared of the moth-flame metaphor
We fall asleep and wait
Singing for a future
But the chorus comes too late Because they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home"
Oh yes, they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home" Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't, don't, don't, don't So we're coming to the last dance
I've got another request
With your best foot forward
We'll lay this ghost to rest So we're coming to the last dance
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