

# The Brain of Britain

[John Wesley Harding](#)

The brain of Britain sits in the tower of London  
Protected by the ravens  
The prime-minister and the cabinet queue up to consult it  
On urgent matters of state  
And it sits suspended in fluid  
Attached to ten electrodes  
It's a scene straight out of Star Wars or Star Trek  
The brain of Britain masterminds the nation  
From this curious vantage point  
It's an oracle, it's a magic eight-ball  
That can give out just three answers  
(and here they are....)  
It's the best kept secret of all  
The politicians are pawns to the power  
Of a prime piece of meat called  
The brain of Britain  
The brain of Britain was born into this limbo  
It knows no other existence  
Its consciousness floats like an island  
Communicating only by pulse  
The queen swears allegiance to the brain  
But the future king wants to kick it  
Through the streets of London like a football  
And that means trouble  
The brain of Britain has no wizard of Oz  
Pulling the protein strings  
Science can't explain the superbrain away  
And that's the terrifying thing  
Cos the brain can't see the world  
It can't see the big picture  
Just a colour-by-numbers before the next election

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