

# The Whole Point Of No Return

## The Style Council

The Lords and ladies pass a ruling  
The sons and girls go hand in hand  
From good stock and the best breeding Paid for by the servile class  
Who have been told or lie in state  
To bow down forth and face their fate  
Oh, it's easy, so, so easy All righteousness they build thy arrow  
To shoot it straight into their lies  
Who would expect the might sparrow  
Could rid the world of all their kind? Rising up and taking back  
The property of every man  
It's so easy, so, so easy Rising up to break this thing  
From family trees the dukes do swing  
Just one blow to scratch the itch  
The law's made for 'em by the rich  
It would be easy, so, so easy

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