Build

Cubanate

Build
Housemartins
Now That's What I Call Quite Good...

Clambering men in big bad boots
Dug up my den, dug up my roots.
Treated us like plasticine town
They build us up and knocked us down.

From Meccano to Legoland,
Here they come with a brick in their hand,
Men with heads filled up with sand,
It's build.

Chorus:
It's build a house where we can stay,
Add a new bit everyday.
It's build a road for us to cross,
Build us lots and lots and lots and lots.

Whistling men in yellow vans
They came and drew us diagrams.
Showed us how it all worked out
And wrote it down in case of doubt.

Slow, slow, quick, quick, quick,
It's wall to wall and brick to brick,
They work so fast it makes you sick,
It's build.

Chorus.
Down with sticks and up with bricks,
In with boots and up with roots,
It's in with suits and new recruits,
It's build...

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