

# The Candidates Find Common Ground

## Chumbawamba

Full employment, slave labor and schemes  
An unemployed workforce, the capitalist's dream  
But let's keep Britain working  
Either way we must keep Britain working  
Conventional weapons to kill people nicely  
Nuclear weapons to keep the peace  
But weapons definitely  
Either way we must defend ourselves  
Nationalization, with one big boss  
No, privatization, with lots of little bosses  
But someone in control, of course  
Either way there must be someone giving orders  
A toast to democracy  
The prison guard of this society  
Sides in the voting game  
Disappear into the same machine  
The same machine  
A toast  
To US bases and nuclear weapons  
To stopping pickets pulling down fences  
To the British troops in Northern Ireland  
To the wonderful victory in the Falklands  
To the plastic bullet and the riot police  
To the UDM, to the TUC  
To isolating gays and to law and to order  
To richer bosses, to poorer workers  
A toast to democracy  
The prison guard of this society  
Sides in the voting game  
Disappear into the same machine  
The same machine  
A toast  
To longer hours and to less pay  
To the courts for those who get in our way  
To the beating of people who step out of line  
To the use of troops to break a strike  
To the expulsion of extremists  
And political witch hunts  
To repatriation, to benefit cuts

To peaceful settlements and to no strike agreements  
To authority, to power, to governments  
One, two, three  
To the annual rise in the MP's wage  
To vested interests, to privilege  
To the party who wins the next election  
By definition a victory to capitalism

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>