

# Bumhooler

## Crass

Chorus: If they drop a bomb on us, we fucking deserve it  
We know we got it coming, we fucking deserve it  
They got a comfy set up, they'll try and preserve it  
We had the early warning, we can sit and observe it  
Sliding down guidelines, cradle to the grave  
All the willing saviours see that we behave  
Everybody knows they're there, see them all around  
Lots of little people who'll put you in the ground  
Well, take a burning issue and stuff it up your arse  
They've fucked you with a furrowed brow  
Shitting broken glass  
Marching down the 'dilly to demonstrate again  
While the men who plan the holocaust are pissed out of their brain  
Brain of pasty people, who'll bomb it all to fuck  
You can be a victim or they'll let you try your luck  
Pass it on to others, ship it down the line  
Leave the world in ruins, you know we've got the time  
Chorus  
Cop-outs look for motives....Freudian analyst  
Come on, Mr Horror, what do you make of this?  
Won't find many people without their rationale  
Any handy concept to hang upon the wall  
Soldier's got his enemy, police have got the state  
Family have home sweet home, SS got red tape  
MP's got his duty, priest has got his sin  
Everybody finds a hole, to drop somebody in  
Seeking out wisdom in the ironies of life  
Weight up subtleties, fiddling with the ties  
No-one else decides for you, whether to or not  
You make an easy target if you're running on the spot  
Chorus  
Someone's been training, flexing their muscles  
Getting in practice, irrelevant tussles  
Given a march, or a quiet Sunday demo  
They wait till the state put the finger on you  
Peeping through a frown, your humanity in rags  
Playing the loser till the sense of purpose sags  
They can deal with heroes, watch the bleeders run  
Only your head keeps the target from the gun

No-one else decides for you, whether to or not  
You make an easy target if you're running on the spot

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