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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