

# That's How Grateful We Are

## Chumbawamba

OK, this one's called "Whitewash"  
When was the very first time you saw Chumbawamba?  
In my dreams!

Ha!  
Working in a forge, black lungs, burnt skin  
Callouses, arched back, hammering, hammering  
Stalin watching over us pigeon shit head  
We'd spit on the floor at this red bastard god  
That's how grateful we are

(Repeat)

Bronze statue, pink marble, built to last  
We brought him to his knees in a single night  
And the boots that remained I attacked, I attacked  
Hammering, hammering, the past is past  
That's how grateful we are

(Repeat)

Scrub away, scrub away  
And the noise rang out, metal on metal  
Pigeons flit, dust settled  
Out from the shadows we took to the streets  
David chopping at the giant's feet  
That's how grateful we are

(Repeat)

OK, we're gonna take it right, right, right, right down, way down  
What we need is a break from the old routine

(Repeat)

Can I kick it? Yes you can!

(Repeat)

There ain't no justice, just us

(Repeat)

OK, we've been doing this one quite a few nights running, but I'd like to take that one.

Is that a yes? Which one, then?

Goodbye girl, goodbye girl...

Martin McLaren, Archer, Anais Nin...

Well, basically, Chumbawamba are the sort of metals of the pop world  
The old groups, they're not concerned with what there is to be learned  
They sell 501s and they think it's funny, turning rebellion into money

Can I kick it?

This songs become a bit irrelevant now, innit, we may as well just go off now. Couple of yous could just get up

and we'll just fuck off. I'm into that man, you know, 'cause I've got a hot chocolate waiting for me back there.

There's, uh, quite a bit of anti-Criminal Justice Bill sentiment down in front here. Excellent!

What we need is a break from the old routine

(Repeat)

You still want to come? Too late, too late

We're cut and we're fallen like harvested wheat

But we lived on our feet, at least, at last

And we will live on our feet, at least, at last

That's how grateful we are

(Repeat)

You still want to come? Too late, too late

We're cut and we're fallen like harvested wheat

But we lived on our feet, at least, at last

We will live on our feet, at least, at last

That's how grateful we are

That's how grateful

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written by HUNTER, NIGEL/DUNSTAN, BRUCE/NUTTER, ALICE/WATTS, LOUISE

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