# SMASH the MAC:

## Crass

Roll up, roll up, to the land of dreams.
We weave and spin a web of fantasy.
We touch on the pain and fear.....
Then whisk you back to the consumer world.
Touch the surfaces smooth the veneer,
While three-quarters of the world starves.
What do you care?
The glitter continuing to glitter
The tinsel showers and Tinkerbell
Waves the magic wand.
Sell sell buy buy.
You know the name of the game.....All right Jack sitting on the fence,
All right Jack sitting on the fence,
All right Jack sitting on the fence,
All right Jack sitting on the fence.They sit on the fence;
Real people stand against
And say they have the best intention,
Just a rip-off trick, it's always hip
To keep in with dissention
And if an arms dealer is the record boss,
The record labels can run'em at a loss.
It's money well spent to control the dross
What they don't break gets bent.... John.All right Jill sitting on the fence.
All right Jill sitting on the fence.
All right Jill sitting on the fence.
All right Jill sitting on the fence.The people are fooled by the parasites who mindlessly entertain
And take rich pickings fom the bombed out crowds who've paid to bury their pain
While the clowns in the pantomine don't give a toss
And sing about fucks and fads and loss
Sliding around in a genital froth,
Our world slips down the drain.That's really really wonderful.
Well off the wall.
That's really really marvellous.
Sitting on the fence.
Really terrific well out to lunch.
That really is a buzz sitting on the fence.Preening and posing in a life of pretence,
In a cynical mockery of caring,
Well you can't see a turd in a barrel of shit
If that's their idea of sharing.

Yeah peace is in so dump an old track
Buy a little cred with the Greenham pack,
The biz is keen to kill or catch,
As the people scream they're cheering.All right Jack. All right Jill.
The pen is mighty and looks can kill.
All right Jack. All right Jill.
In one hand a gift in the other a bill.We've seen their best and we're not impressed,
So lets get priorities straight.
A hamper from Harrods and the patronising gestures
Ain't gonna change the state.
While the people who care are prepared to act,
The pantomine clowns keep the system intact,
Shamming a commitment they so obviously lack.
The love they sing is hate.... fakes.All right Jack shit on the fence.
All right Jill shit on the fence.
All right Jack shit on the fence.
All right Jack you shit on the fence.But the fence, the fence, is owned by America.
Sit on the fence, owned by America.
They make no pretence, it's owned by America.
Sitting on the fence, owned by America.On their side American troopers and bombs
On our side the trash and consumer cons
We've been occupied, culture smashed and betrayed
But the spirit is untouched... look out...Smach the Mac, smach the Mac,
Smach the Mac, smach the Big Mac.
Smach the Mac, smach the Mac,
Smach the Mac, smach the Big Mac.Bronco burgers, burnt out brains,
Sterile fat, deadly rain,
Chemical colours, Kentucky creams,
Cut your teeth on American.... dreamsStickin chicken, American grains.
Licking shittin, American reigns.
Kiddies fit in American trains.
Bombs tick in American.... planes.Smach the Mac. You're on your back.
Smach the Mac till it won't came back.
Smach the Mac. You're on your back.
Smach the Mac so it won't came back.American tourist, American free,
Two week tour in our misery.
A good museum but a stinking home.
The natives hang on the rotten.... backbone.America owns, American wins.
Comes in packets bottles tins.
Blind our eyes, fills our ears
It's been our soul for twenty.... years.Smach the Mac. American tack.
Smach the Mac, smach the big Mac.
Smach the Mac, make it crack.
Smach the Mac, smach the big Mac.We stand among your war machines looking for the light
Squaddies grunts and filth sip pepsi-cola wait to fight...The bricks of our world

That you cover in plastic
Will sail through your plate-glass windows.E.T. go home...
E.T. go home...Mickey Mouse fuck off.

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