

# Choose Me for Champion

## Rasputina

Choose me to be your champion  
I am possessing of a very righteous style  
I understand what's happening  
I have charisma and of course a winning smile  
I stand accused of being an audacious redeemer  
Not a charge I can deny  
I have refused the way of the liar and the schemer  
And I'm not afraid to die Oh hark back to the mighty shipwreck  
How ancestors of islanders are we  
How the ship sank like a sinking thinktank  
Our memories are gone and sunk at sea  
We have allowed ourselves to be insulted by invaders  
For the longest of years  
I will employ all of my cunning and my patience  
Then we will persevere I find I can get behind heretical ideas and make them real  
You do what you want to do  
I cannot tell you how to feel  
But if the grievous deeds of the Floridian forces have not opened up your eyes  
I will get down on my knees and the Pitcairnan Women's Chorus  
Will shout up to the skies Spoken: There's only 24 of us here on this island in the sea  
And we know Queen Mary Todd has sent her army  
And I can be the hero that you need me to be Oh my visionary people, you don't need powerful binoculars to see  
That we're descendants of the Bounty Mutineers  
And I can liquidate your fears  
And Pitcairn Island will be free (Free in the air)  
You don't want those blimps coming here  
(Free in the sea)  
A colonial offshoot - is that what you want us to be?  
(Freedom is fine)

The responsibility of saving all our lives on Pitcairn Island should be mine! Spoken: Consider Thursday October  
Christian.

He's a great rebel and I am exaggerating only very slightly.  
He wore no clothes but a piece of cloth about his loins.  
Heroism is no more than a chapter in a tale of submission.  
"The walls of oppression and humiliation cannot be demolished  
Except in a rain of boomerangs," Christian said Monday  
In response to Tuesday's balloon massacres.

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