Clerkenwell Polka

Madness

I request, that the best of our minds,
be impressed to repent of their crimes.
For the truth, is there all for to see.
What can be said in defense of man's tyranny?

To declare, too content of the view,
that to conform to the norm is what you do.
If you live wracked in anger and in shame.
The only road you'll finds that hard road my friend.

I concur, to defer, to the sound
of discontent when it's meant by the crowd.
If in fairness is how you see it end
the only road you'll walk's that hard road my friend

And the papers they were printing, they did sell.
In Clerkenwell, there were presses turning.
And the emigrates they boarded ships and sailed,
they could not fail to bring passions burning

Why deny that the lie that is sent
Makes you live work and die for some rent
If you're happy then to leave it up to them
The only road you'll knows that hard road my friend

We resent the intent of the few
Who do conspire, to acquire, what's our due
If you don't know your rights, and defend.
The only road you'll goes that hard road my friend

If you fall and you crawl towards debt.
And the sum, it is more than what was leant.
If you can't keep your eyes on the change,
the only road you'll walk's that bloody road my friend.

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