

Smith And Taylor

Chumbawamba

Built with lives
Remembered in plans
A history of no-ones
For the glory of just one man
Should Smith now fall
Then Taylor takes his place
We're measuring our progress
By burying our waste

Pyramids, palaces
Railways and mills
Viaducts, offices
Pipelines and canals

Bells for the architect
Ringing through the land
A hundred honest men to wash
The ink stains from his hands
For the forging of words
Comes easy as sleep
Stones for Smith & Taylor
Their memories to keep
Every maiden voyage
Leaves a widow on the shore
And every blessed spire
Sees the earth get its reward

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