# Morality Play in Three Acts

## Chumbawamba

Act one, the smell of green leather,
French polish, quite pristine,
Not a hair out of place, not a wrinkle,
Not a crease, the silverware all clean.
Exquisite chaussures grace marble floors,
Be upstanding, for men of yore.
But wait, who's this,
Sticky under the collar in Elsinore?
Enter silent comedy geek with dynamite down his pants.
Nervous, shuffling on his feet,
Leading a merry song and dance.
A back seat driver of good moral fibre,
Holding up the light. He's made his own bed,
Now he's got to lie in it.
Ha ha! Serves him right.
Act two, a new New England,
Watch the good seed grow.
But who is this miss out-of-wedlock,
With children of her own?
Enter witch finder general,
Of melancholy humor,
And irascible power, all dressed in goody-goody two shoes,
Pulling the heads of flowers.
'Let this be,' said he, 'a lesson,
Your dirty linen is your own reflection.'
Said I, 'Somehow it just doesn't wash,
Away with your petty inquisition.
In the vernacular, most unkind sir,
Fuck with me and you will see the flesh and blood and bone,
The black eye of thine enemy.
' Dance, dance.
Act three,
'I am the lord of the dance,'Said he. John the Baptist, dripping wet,
Playing sir politick-would-be.
Backslapping, backsliding,
Back to basic instincts, backfiring.
By your own choice you're on a hiding to nothing,
I ask you which is more comforting?
The thought that I am bad seed, gone to seed,

Turned sour by TV sex and violence. Or even worse,
Am I unleashed by my own volition to do you ill? '
Condemn a little more, understand a little less.'
Oh sad sir, thou jest! Ha ha! I am Prometheus,
Prepare thee to meet thy nemesis.

Songwriters
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