

# Don't Try This At Home

## Chumbawamba

It's a long walk to the gallows  
It's a small step to swing free  
The crying in the tower  
For my conspirators and me  
Gunpowder and modem  
And a dream of liberty  
And then they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'  
Oh yes they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'  
If you walk on the beach with King Canute  
You'll be walking back alone  
Tonight he'll dine on oysters  
While we fall like green acorns  
We'll be putting down our roots  
Right in the centre of the storm  
Oh but they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'  
Oh yes they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'  
The cry of gulls  
The hum of streets  
The buzz of phones  
The march of feet  
We'll meet tonight  
To draw up plans, exclamations, ampersands  
Somewhere across the water  
They're storming palace gates  
Scared of the moth-flame metaphor  
We fall asleep and wait  
Singing for a future but the chorus comes too late  
Because they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'  
Oh yes they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'  
Don't, don't, don't, don't (Repeats)  
Don't try this at home (Repeats)  
Try this at home (Repeats)  
So we're coming to the last dance  
I've got another request  
With your best foot forward  
We'll lay this ghost to rest  
(Repeats)

---

written by NUTTER, ALICE/WATTS, LOUISE/ABBOTT, JUDITH/HUNTER, NIGEL  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>