Charles Windsor

McCarthy

Charles Windsor, who's at the door
At such an hour, who's at the door
In the back of an old green Cortina
You're on your way to the guillotineHere the rabble comes
The kind you hoped were dead
They've come to chop, to chop off your headHundreds of bound big business men
Hacks from The Sun, military men
So many rich men weep in despair
On and on into Trafalgar SquareHere the rabble comes
The kind you hoped were dead
They've come to chop, to chop, chop, chop your headThese once peaceful streets
The scenes of revenge you had not wished to see
Revenge is so sweet for those who have never known anything sweet
Here the rabble come
The kind you hoped were dead
They've come to chop, to chop off your head
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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