

# 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 guillotine Here the rabble comes  
The kind you hoped were dead  
They've come to chop, to chop off your head Hundreds of bound big business men  
Hacks from The Sun, military men  
So many rich men weep in despair  
On and on into Trafalgar Square Here the rabble comes  
The kind you hoped were dead  
They've come to chop, to chop, chop, chop your head These 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.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>