

Snip Snip Snip

Chumbawamba

Well madam how'd you like it, maybe plenty off the back? I heard the coiners took the scissor to the Union Jack, with a snipper and a clipper and a bloody close shave making fivers, tenners, twenties, change. What's your size? What's the hours? No, you don't need the hassle--take the new short cut to the old clippy castle with the ramblers and the scramblers and the loiners and the tykes and the punks and the hippies living over by the pike.

Pick a coin, any coin, and with a snip snip snip you turn a portuguese guinea to a threepenny bit; and every last watermark just curled up and died and now the king and the queen got a bit on the side. Don't be bloody silly keep away from bloody Billy cause he's shopping all the chopping going down along the valley, and supergrassing catches like a plague, to be sure, but it's nothing that a bullet in the belly couldn't cure. Please to put a penny in the young man's hat, then roll 'em over, roll 'em over, lay 'em out flat! Just deliver us kicking from our pokes and sacks to the hills of Hebden, hell and Halifax, and the next bugger blabs is the next bugger dies, got a flame for your pants and a poker for your eyes where every hot guinea is another hot dinner, with the weavers and the spinners and the reverends and the sinners.

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