

The Leader

The Clash

Atom secrets, secret leaflet
Have the boys found the leak yet?
The molehill sets the wheel in motion
His downfall picks up locomotion You gotta give the people
Something good to read
On a Sunday Now, the leader's wife takes a government car
In the dark to meet her minister
But the leader never leaves his door ajar
As he swings his whip from the Boer war The people must have
Something good to read
On a Sunday He wore a leather mask for his dinner guests
Totally nude and with deep respect
Proposed a toast to the votes he gets
The feeling of power and the thought of sex The people must have
Something good to read
On a Sunday Now the girl let the fat man touch her
Vodka fumes and the feel of a vulture
The driver waited in the embassy car
The fat man's trap was set for capture So the girl let the thin man touch her
Mixing questions, drunken laughter
The ministry car was waiting there
A minister knows his own affair The people must have
Something good to read
On a Sunday

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