DON'T GET CAUGHT:

Crass

They won't fucking listen, they won't fucking listen, they won't fucking listen,
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They won't fucking listen, they won't fucking listen, they won't fucking listen,
They won't fucking listen, they won't fucking listen, they won't fucking listen.We know our know our enemy
they're hiding underground,
They want us to live and die in the shit they leave around.
What can we do? What can we say?
We're not dead yet; to show we're alive?
The government says "shove it" and "don't get in the way".
But we're sliding down corpses on a world nose-dive.
People here cling tightly to their fear and their fun,
The dead are abroad, so our streets are clean.
Even those who know, hide in Sounds and Sun.
What will it take to stop the machine?It's only when we're serious and start to make fuss
That the politicians show their real face.
It's the copper and the squaddy who were once one of us,
Now trained to do the dirty work and know their place.
If they won't listen either, what can we do?
They're people. Yes. But only people oppress.
If we can go round them, we'll have to go through.
If it rains and there's no shelter we must work in the mess.They say they're only trying to uphold the law
And if they were off duty we could talk some more
O.K., they're individuals but when they're in a mob,
They're under orders, it's a dirty job.
The plods are taught to go for your neck
Or bust your nose running their gauntlet.
P.C. Punishment on the spot,
Take the law into their own hands and fuck us a lot.If we choose to leave the paths that we've been taught,
Don't expect help, do don't get caught.They try so very hard to seem reasonable and straight
And asked you twice already to co-operate.
"You have every right to protest like anyone these days,
But keep to the footpath and out the fucking way, see?"
???If we choose to leave the paths that we've been taught,
Don't expect help, do don't get caught.??? They'll think it's easy on the news at ten ???
The commie-anar-fems are at it again,
Annoying the police and the passive 'grass roots'
We're living in a country where the army shoots.
People with courage dumped and stranded
Don'ts and won'ts look on empty-handed.

If you fuck up the state, don't be a star,
They're struck if they don't know who you are.If we choose to leave the paths that we've been taught,
Don't expect help, do don't get caught.To stand up for the good of all and make demands for peace
Will bring us hard and sharp against the army and police.
Well, they're the poor too, just like us, maybe it's too late.
The rich are in their bunker, the poor are at the gate.
Use our head to avoid confrontation,
Our love to avoid exploitation.
If the uniforms choose to stay,
They'll have to learn to get out of the fucking way.If we choose to leave the paths that we've been taught,
We cease to be the seeker, we become the sought.

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