

Slag Aid

Chumbawamba

This is the last one
Organize, occupy, kick the bastards out
Don't wear the gold lame
In keeping with the fashion for charity, not change
Here's our contribution, we've called it Slag Aid
For every pop star that we slag off today
Twenty-five million pounds will be given away
Paul McCartney, come on down
With crocodile tears to irrigate this ground
Make of Somalia a fertile paradise
Where everyone sings Beatles songs, buys shares in EMI
A and M
Axel Rose, this is your life
Thank the Lord that you were born white
And thank MTV for this wonderful opportunity
To peddle your hypocrisy
David Bowie, the price is right
With a suit full of compassion and a gob full of shit
Still the voices of those who doubt
Coca-Cola for the peasants
And Michael Jackson, game for a laugh
Dancing us down the garden path
To Beverly Hills nine oh one oh, you know, you know
Fill the world with silver media
Ladies and Gentlemen, our special guest tonight
He's come all the way, put your hands together for Mr. John Lydon
AKA Johnny Rotten he's got a new book out
No McLaren, no Matlock, no Dignity
Well, we got a surprise for him tonight
'Cause we're gonna do the business
And we take no prisoners
'Cause we got the hammer and we got the nails
We got the hammer and we got the nails
We got the hammer and we got the nails
And the two pieces of wood
Put 'em together, folks and what have we got?
Tonight, live in Leeds, in city square
We've got the two pieces of wood sitting up
You see him hanging there

He's upside down, nice little twist
Because we're gonna nail Mr. Light on right up
To that cross and leave him hanging there
Till the vultures come down
And pick his eyes off his can, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha
Ladies and gentlemen, you've been so good
Thank you, on next week's show, the man upstairs
And have we got a bone to pick with him
Adieu, thank you very much, thanks a lot
Cheers, ta

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