

Charles Windsor

Manic Street Preachers

(McCarthy)

One, two, three, four
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 chopoff 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'd wished not to see
Revenge is so sweet for those who don't know anything sweet
Here the rabble comes
The kind you hoped were dead
They've come to chop, to chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chopoff your head
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