General Bacardi

Crass

I've seen it all before, revolution at my back door
Well, whose to say it won't happen all again
'Cos the General's sip Bacardi
While the privates feel the painThey talk from the screen and TV tube
They talk revolution like it's processed food
They talk of anarchy from music hall stages
Look for change in color supplement pagesThey think that by talking from some distant tower
That something might change in the structure of power
They dream, they dream, never walk on the street
They dream, they dream, never stand on their feetI've seen it all before, revolution at my back door
Well whose to say it won't happen all again
'Cause the General's sip Bacardi
While the privates feel the painAlternative values were a fucking con
They never really meant it when they said, "Get it on"
They really meant, mine, that's mine, can't you see?
They stamped on our heads so that they could be freeThey formed little groups, like rich man's ghettos
Tending their goats and organic tomatoes
While the world was being fucked by fascist regimes
They talked of windmills and psychedelic dreamsI've seen it all before, revolution at my back door
Well whose to say it won't happen all again
'Cause the General's sip Bacardi
While the privates feel the pain

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