

# Uniform

## The Little Flames

See black, see yellow with little notebooks drawn  
See gray stripes bowling down the street  
Silver streaks and T-shirts so precisely torn  
Strange foreign chaps in white bed-sheets  
Uniforms, uniforms  
See golden haloed men of high renown  
Prance to the politicians' beat  
Well tailored in unswerving elegance  
With shoes by Gucci on their feet  
Uniforms, uniforms  
How do you know who the hell you are?  
Wake up each day under a different star  
Dressed to the nines, meet yourself going home  
like a clone, smartly dressed in your pressed uniform  
Uniforms, uniforms  
White battle dress on green pitch, proud eleven  
Beneath the swelling box so neat  
The teeming millions of the future fly  
The spinning cricket ball to cheat  
There are uniform, uniform  
All uniform

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