

A Morality Play

Chumbawamba

People would have to be told that if they refuse to answer questions when they might be expected to answer questions, that is something which can be used at the trial and which might strengthen the case against them.

Hang Michael Howard, oh c'mon...

Act one, the smell of green leather, French polish, quite pristine, not a hair out of place, not a wrinkle, not a crease, the silverware all clean. Exquisite chaussures grace marble floors, be upstanding, for men of yore. But wait, who's this, sticky under the collar in Elsinore? Enter silent comedy geek with dynamite down his pants. Nervous, shuffling on his feet, leading a merry song and dance. A back seat driver of good moral fibre, holding up the light. He's made his own bed, now he's got to lie in it. Ho hum, it serves him right.

Act three, 'I am the lord of the dance,' said he. John the Baptist, dripping wet, playing sir politick-would-be.

Backslapping, backsliding, back to basic instincts, backfiring. By your own choice you're on a hiding to nothing, I ask you which is more comforting? The thought that I am bad seed, gone to seed, turned sour by TV sex and violence. Or even worse, am I unleashed by my own volition to do you ill? 'Condemn a little more, understand a little less.' Oh sad sir, thou jest! Ha ha! I am Prometheus, prepare thee to meet thy nemesis.

Thanks a lot

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