A Pict Song

Billy Bragg

Rome never looks where she treads
Always her heavy hooves fall
On our stomachs, our hearts or our heads
And Rome never heeds when we callHer sentries pass on, that is all
And we gather behind them in hordes
And plot to reconquer their wall
With only our tongues for our swordsFor we are the little folk, we
Too little to love or to hate
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the stateMistletoe killing an oak
Rats gnawing cables in two
Moths making holes in a cloak
How they must love what they doYes and we little folk too
We are as busy as they
Working our works out of view
Watch and you'll see it some dayFor we are the little folk, we
Too little to love or to hate
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the stateYes, it is true, we are not strong
We know of peoples that are
Yes and we'll guide them along
To smash and destroy you in warWe shall be slaves, just the same?
Yes, we have always been slaves
But you, you will die of the shame
And then we shall dance on your gravesFor we are the little folk, we
Too little to love or to hate
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the stateWe are the worm in the wood
We are the rot at the root
We are the taint in the blood
We are the thorn in the foot

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