

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 call
Her 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 swords
For 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 state
Mistletoe killing an oak
Rats gnawing cables in two
Moths making holes in a cloak
How they must love what they do
Yes and we little folk too
We are as busy as they
Working our works out of view
Watch and you'll see it some day
For 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 state
Yes, 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 war
We 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 graves
For 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 state
We 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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