

sometimes plunder

Chumbawamba

Two little ducks sank with a knock knock knock
She got twenty on tick and smoked the bloody lot
The fridge was bare, the dog was bones
Weavin' and a-bobbin' when the tallyman calls
Mary, Mary, she went up the wall
And she kissed bye bye to the holiest Joe
Played the wild rover and climbed on board
Says, 'It's all that the lady of the manor can afford'
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
Meet Miss Morrissey, fingers light
She lifted up his hat and he wept all night
She's the woman with the granny bag dressed to the nines
The pleasure and the privilege mine all mine
Candid camera on every bloody wall
All the cameras under heaven couldn't catch 'em all
Fill those pockets and lift that grail
Lead me into temptation, girls
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder

Everything I do, I do it for you. Everything I do is driven by you. Driven by you? You don't have a clue. I make your songs better and you always try to sue! Money, money, money--it's gone to your head. I sample too much and you say 'the music's dead'. Dead? Huh! You're the one that's dead--lots of money spent on someone with a hollow head. New Kids, Minogue, all those sort of rogues, making lots of money for those scheming little toads. Then you come to us and say we made the music worse--look at the Beatles and Stones--who made their music first?

All the threes and all the queen bees singing 'does the driver wanna wee wee?'
Wicked ladies, malicious intent
Your honor, I was only trying to pick it up for lent.
Does the driver wanna wee wee?
Does the driver wanna wee wee?
Does the driver wanna wee wee?
'Cause we want to wee wee too!
Why waste change, why change the habit
If the girl's got to have it then the girl's got to have it
Easiest pickings, wall to wall, in England's piped ceramic malls
By the dickens and the devil's daughter
Bingo full house everyone's a winner
The lady works in mysterious ways

All because the lady loves Christmas every day
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
(Repeat)
You can make a living sometimes plundering
(Repeat)
Too late
(Repeat)
Some people wanna fill the world with silly love songs

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