

# Chumbawamba, Give The Anarchist A Cigarette

Georgina's cooking supper for her husband  
All her friends are coming round to see the show  
Because the thief she calls her husband won't be hungry  
When he see's what's on the end of his fork  
Georgina isn't asking anymore  
And her lover isn't isn't asking anymore  
And the cook isn't asking anymore  
Since the thief met a bullet on the way to the floor  
Georgina's got a timebomb in her stomach  
She knows that any minute now it's going to blow  
With all the pain and the silence that she feeds on  
With all the hurt that her bruises can't show  
Georgina isn't asking anymore  
And her lover isn't isn't asking anymore  
And the cook isn't asking anymore  
Since the thief met a bullet on the way to the floor  
Georgina's got an appetite for vengeance  
And she sings all the songs from "Oliver";  
But she won't be wanting seconds any more  
As she thightens up the grip on her trigger finger  
Georgina isn't asking anymore  
And her lover isn't isn't asking anymore  
And the cook isn't asking anymore  
Since the thief met a bullet on the way to the floor