

Chumbawamba, Homophobia

One year later
This queue never moved
I've got well dressed slugs
Crawling over my shoes
And all these bouncers
Pushing me around
Well i'll huff and i'll puff
I'll blow your house down
In these hard times
No money for the arts
No money for a bonus
And my car won't start
The taxman cometh
And the landlord too
Now something better change
I've got things to do
Scratched record carries on forever
Last waltz carries on forever
Prize fighter carries on forever
Too much bowing
To the sacred cow
Hey! You! Outside! Now!
Two years later
And the tap still drips
This pain in my back
Means i still can't sleep
They're ripping up the longside
For plastic seats
We're ripping off the gas
Just to make ends meet
Half the population
Living off crime
I'm talking 'bout the fuckers
On question time
Pop fops on horse
Haven't got a clue
Now something better change
I've got things to do
Scratched record carries on forever
Last waltz carries on forever
Prize fighter carries on forever
Too much bowing
To the sacred cow
Hey! You! Outside! Now!
Three years later
And i'm still in this queue
Now something better change
I've got things to do
Too much bowing
To the sacred cow
Hey! You! Outside! Now!