

Crass, General Bacardi

I've seen it all before,
Revolution at my back door,
Well whose to say it won't happen all again.
Cos the General's sip bacardi, while the privates feel the pain.

They talk from the screen and T.V. tube.
They talk revolution like it's processed food.
They talk of anarchy from music hall stages,
Look for change in colour supplement pages.
They think that by talking from some distant tower,
That something might change in the structure of power.
They dream, they dream, never walk on the street.
They dream, they dream, never stand on their feet.

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Alternative values were a fucking con.
They never really meant it when they said "Get it on";
They really meant, "Mine, that's mine", can't you see?
They stamped on our heads so that they could be free.
They formed little groups, like rich mans ghettos,
Tending their goats and organic tomatoes.
While the world was being fucked by fascist regimes,
They talked of windmills and psychedelic dreams.

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