

Hazel O'Connor, Big Brother

They'll tear out your heart, throw it neatly in a cart
'Cause that's what they do, with scum like me and you
And you feel as if you died. Whilst you're standing on the line
And you wonder all the time why can't you cry?
But the people in control don't care for you
Dear, you're just a robot with a job to do
And when your use exhausted, they'll be rid of you
As soon as look at you - go to the back of the queue!

Big Brother's got no heart
When I get my chance
I'm gonna kick it in the ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Big brother's got no heart
When I get my chance
I'm gonna kick it in the arse

His eyes are dull. They stole his soul
They left him to rot in some stinking council hole
Where they keep him doped on beer and hopes
Of television dreams he's living on the screen
See there's something that he used to believe in
That was: Every human being should have his freedom
But bobbys truncheon had to wait to show him
He should be more useful, as they broke into his skull

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I'm gonna kick it in the ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Big brother's got no heart
When I get my chance
I'm gonna kick it in the arse

Big brother, beware, 'cause some of us do care
And the worm (and the worm, and the worm, and the worm)
may turn (may turn, may turn, may turn)
And the violence (and the violence, and the violence, and the violence)
In my head (in my head, in my head, in my head) is real
Bam-bam, you're dead!

Big Brother's got no heart
When I get my chance
I'm gonna kick it in the ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Big brother's got no heart
When I get my chance
I'm gonna kick it in the arse Big Brother's got no heart
When I get my chance
I'm gonna kick it in the ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Big brother's got no heart
When I get my chance
I'm gonna kick it in the arse
Arse!