

Killing Joke, The Pandys Are Coming

There was a rhyme that wasn't a rhyme
In a time that wasn't a time
There was a place that wasn't a place
There was a race that wasn't a race

But I lived in a city no-one knew
Thousands of people, indecisions
Chained in by sorrow everyone
Started to wonder how it all begun
Waiting for leaders to lead them to pens
Queues went for miles and millions to come
Fall of because write us a few
Friend kept complaining and joined the queue!

Still was a place that wasn't a place
Still a race that wasn't a race
Had to find it, it wasn't 'round here
Such a thought - a simple idea
Long hall and benches, flesh on the spit
Music was playing, wine to drink
Women of scarlet, faces of flame
Laughter and argue, ever the same