

# Madness, Land Of The Hope And Glory

(L. Thompson / C. Foreman)

Attention!

Bridges!  
Sharkey!  
Nuttley!  
Jackson!  
Thompson!-Master!

Well as you can see  
We've gotta a new recruit  
To this land of hope and glory  
Hand behind backs and legs apart  
And tell us all your unfortunate story

Who me sir?-Yes you sir

I was an innocent man  
Till someone grassed me of a plan  
Of earning some big money  
I hadn't mouthed it about  
I am sure without doubt  
I'd of missed this land of hope and glory

Well you poor poor sod  
Here up sharp at six thirty  
A cold shower down to breakfast  
Can't have you looking dirty  
I suggest you eat what's given you  
Even if it doesn't agree with you  
Because it's all you'll be getting  
Up until twelve thirty!

In between this time  
You stay up in your room  
And you can dream  
Of how life could have been

Two years of my teenage life  
Given to this stand to attention life  
Of land of hope and glory  
I'm gettin' so bored as time goes by  
I think I'll do something dirty  
I'll pick at the floor for juicy butts  
And make meself a smoke  
A bog roll an envelope stick it  
All this helps to pass my time

As the evening drags on you can watch a little telly  
Hot Gossip Pans People with their little bit of belly  
Porridge served cold with a hint of yesterdays  
Don't complain learn the game and I'll get through  
Another day

I watch the hand on the clock  
At long last it's nine thirty  
Off to bed straight to sleep  
As I leave this land of hope and glory  
But only for a few seconds am I in ecstasy  
Before the bell rings to let me know  
Sharp at six thirty

Come on you lot! come on!

