Mike Scott, I Will Not Follow

You say that you will carry the torch
you say that you will beat the winning drum
You'll be there when the saints roll in
with a back made of rubber, half made out of tin
How many times does the snake crawl out of its skin?
you change your spots
But I will not...

You say you'll put your trust in that old American flag
you say there is still no place like home
That you'll still go to war when your papers come
surrender your nerve to a gatling gun
Come back home maimed
tell everyone you'll be happy with the time that you've got
But I will not...

I will not follow!
I will not follow!
I will not follow

You say that you'll wear the colours, blue and grey
you say you'll wear the colours, black and red
You wear whichever colour shines most, bright so
you can shine like Blake's eternal tiger in the night
You say that you will carry the torch
you say that you will beat the winning drum
You say that there is still no place like home
no place like home, sweet home
You say that everyone's gotta change their spots
But I will not...
no, I will not

I will not follow!
I will not follow!
I will not follow!
I will not follow!
No!