

Skyclad, Think Back And Lie Of England

(It's a load of old John Bull)
Cruel Britannia ruled the waves, Empire
oiled by toiling slaves. White flag stained
St. George Cross red, and blues sung for
the countless dead

God save brave Johnny Company,
stiff-upper-lipped he sipped his tea,
atop a mound of babes he'd killed,
to keep our nations coffers filled.

(Chorus)
Think back and lie of England.
Conceal the evil we have done.
Think back and lie of England.
Fake alibis for Albion

Meanwhile back on British loam,
Irish driven from their homes.
Persecuted Welsh and Scot,
and robbed them all of all they'd got.

Bound unto the plough and yoke,
they broke the backs of honest folk.
Built a gentlemen's Jerusalem.
I'm ashamed I share my race with them!

(Chorus)
Think back and lie of England.
Conceal the evil we have done.
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So will our future history tell,
how we've used this country well?
If you ask me, well I think not,
unless we watch these bigots rot.

In poverty the masses drown;
So raise a Dome in Greenwich town?
The Cenotaph is strewn with flowers,
yet arms-deals struck with fascist powers!

(Chorus)
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Conceal the evil we have done.
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