

The Housemartins, Get Up Off Our Knees

Famines will be famines, banquets will be banquets
Some spend winter in a palace, some spend it in blankets
Don't wag your fingers at them and turn to walk away
Don't shoot someone tomorrow that you can shoot today

Time to end the praying
Listen what they're saying

Get up off your knees
You can wag your finger till your finger's sore
Shake your head till it shakes no more

Paupers will be paupers, bankers will be bankers
Some own pennies in a jar, some own oil tankers
What may sound like tomorrow could be ours today
There's no more need for sorrow if we get off our knees to pray

Time to end the praying
Listen what they're saying
Get up off your knees
You can wag your finger till your finger's sore
Shake your head till it shakes no more

Countries will be countries, borders will be borders
Some have lost their folks at war, some have give orders
Don't wag your fingers at them and turn to walk away
Don't shoot someone tomorrow that you can shoot today

Time to end the praying
Listen what they're saying