

# 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