

The Style Council, Fairy Tales

The giant towers over all
But from close distance he don't seem that big at all
In fact he's no more than you or I
Though we give him far more power than his size
Could such a land ever exist
Where those so many could be rendered oh so weak
And still be listening by the phone
To buy shares in things that we already own

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But from close distance she don't seem that big at all
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Now as we lay me down to sleep
Hold firm the idea that the truth shall always keep
For history will prove in time
That their laws today will be tomorrows crime