

# Aztec Camera, Good Morning Britain

Words and music by Roddy Frame

Jock's got a vote in Parochia  
Ten long years and he's still got her  
Paying tax and and doing stir  
Worry about it later.  
And the wind blows hot and the wind blows cold  
But it blows us good so we've been told  
Music's food 'til the art-biz folds  
Let them all eat culture.

Chorus:

The past is steeped in shame,  
But tomorrow's fair game,  
For a life that's fit for living  
Good morning Britain.  
Twenty years and a loaded gun  
Funerals, fear and the war ain't won  
Paddy's just a figure of fun  
It lightens up the danger.  
And a corporal sneers at a catholic boy  
And he eyes his gun like a rich man's toy  
He's killing more than celtic joy  
Death is not a stranger.  
Taffy's time's gonna come one day  
It's a loud sweet voice and it won't give way  
A house is not a holiday  
Your sons are leaving home Neil.  
In the hills and the valleys and far away  
You can hear the song of democracy  
The echo of eternity  
With a Rak-a-Rak-a feel.

Chorus

From the Tyne to where to the Thames does flow  
My English brothers and sisters know  
It's not a case of where you go  
It's race and creed and colour.  
From the police cell to the deep dark grave  
On the underground's just a stop away  
Don't be too black, don't be too gay  
Just get a little duller.  
But in this green and pleasant land,  
Where I make my home, I make my stand  
Make it cool just to be a man,  
A uniform's a traitor.  
Love is international  
And if you stand or if you fall,  
Just let them know you gave your all,  
Worry about it later.

Chorus