

Beautiful South, The, I Think The Answer's Yes

Beautiful South, The
Choke

I Think The Answer's Yes
(heaton/rotheray)

I'm walking through these pastures

I'm picking up sweet fruit

I'm shaking hands with people

That previously i'd shoot

But nothing will dissuade me

Nothing will dilute

I want to execute

I want to execute

And you tend to meet a lot of scum en route

It doesn't mean you've joined the other side

And because i still wear shorts and my smile is oh so cute

It doesn't mean i'll run away and hide

To a world where the leaders finally confess

(i think the answer's yes, i think the answer's yes)

To the burning of the stock exchange and bombing of the press

(i think the answer's yes, i think the answer's yes)

I think the answer's yes, yes, yes, i think the answer's yes

I'm walking through these corridors

Where crime meets pantomime

They're laughing and they're drinking

On the swill of overtime

And no-one seems to know about

The death-wish that they've signed

Ah, life's unkind

Ah, life's unkind

And they see me as a potential new recruit

They rub their hands, slap their backs and smile

But i still wear suspenders underneath my business suit

So needn't worry about me for a while

So to a world without hunger, where royalty face death

(i think the answer's yes, i think the answer's yes)

To the breaking down of barriers of north, south,

East and west

(i think the answer's yes, i think the answer's yes)

I think the answer's yes, yes, yes, i think the answer's yes

I think the answer's yes, yes, yes, i think the answer's yes

And no-one seems to know about

The death-wish that they've signed

Ah, life's unkind

Ah, life's unkind

Life's unkind, life's unkind

From poor old u2 to poor old simple minds

No amnesty for murderers of poor old working class

Rope or gas, rope or gas, rope or gas

No amnesty for murderers of poor old working class

Rope or gas, rope or gas