

Billy Bragg, I Don't Need This Pressure Ron

What was that bang? It was the next big thing
Exploding over our heads
And soon the next generation
Will emerge from behind the bike sheds
What are we going to offer them?
The exact same thing as before
But a different way to wear it
And the promise of a whole lot more

Oh, pity the pressures at the top,
The tantrums and the tears
And the sound of platinum cash tills
Ringing in their ears
Money maketh man a Tory
Don't fire that assumption at me
I like toast as much as anyone
But not for breakfast, dinner, and tea

So don't saddle me with your ideals
And spare me all your guilt
For a poet with all the answers
Has never yet been built

I see no shame in putting my name
To socialism's cause
Nor seeking some more relevance
Than spotlight and applause
Neither in the name of conscience
Nor the name of charity
Money is put where mouths are
In the name of solidarity

We sing of freedom
And we speak of liberation
But such chances come
But once a generation
So I'll ignore what I am sure
Were the best of your intentions
You are judged by your actions
And not by your pretensions

There is drudgery in social change
And glory for the few
And if you don't tell me what not to say
I won't tell you what not to do