

Billy Bragg, Thatcherites

You Thatcherites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear
You Thatcherites by name lend an ear
You Thatcherites by name, your faults I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I must blame, you will hear, you will hear
Your doctrines I must blame, you will hear

You privatise away what is ours, what is ours
You privatise away what is ours
You privatise away and then you make us pay
We'll take it back some day, mark my words, mark my words
We'll take it back some day, mark my words

The scabs they hide their faces in shame, yes in shame
The scabs they hide their faces in shame
They hide away in shame but we recall their names
And they know they'll share the blame for it all, for it all
They know they'll share the blame for it all

Your leader she has gone to the Lords, to the Lords
Your leader, she has gone to the Lords
Your Leader she has gone, but she's left us Little John
And he's barely hanging on by his nails, by his nails
He's barely hanging on by his nails