

British Lions, Eat the Rich

(John Fiddler)

Oh authority stinks or so you think, then you walk along
You just won't budge, you don't wanna judge what's right from wrong
And many a man has lost his way when he's found his dough
They don't think about rules but they make themselves fools when they live on
snow

Eat the rich, eat the rich
Eat the rich, eat the rich

Now some are bound for glory, and some are bound to lose
Some are bound in leather, and some are bound to blow their fuse
Now all you young people, don't you forget where it's leadin' to
Don't you fix with a steeple, you get no respect outta sniffin' glue
There ain't no place that you can run to
If the battle-field is just a mirror image of you

Eat the rich, eat the rich
Eat the rich, eat the rich

Some folk stands with their backs to the wall
They look the same as the wall, that's all
They say the bricks are tryin' to look like them
And to tell 'em apart you look again and again
And again and again and again and again and again

Eat the rich, eat the rich
Just take a big bite
They're filthy... I said filthy!