

Chumbawamba, I Want More

Product sells, People die
Same manipulation wrapped in lies
Give a little money and play your rock and roll
The biggest prizes to the biggest fools
In keeping with the fashion for charity, not change
Here's our contribution: we've called it Slag Aid
For every pop star that we slag off today
A million pounds will be given away!
Paul McCartney - Come on Down!
With crocodile tears to irrigate this ground
Make of Ethiopia a fertile paradise
Where everyone sings Beatles songs and buys shares in EMI
Freddie Mercury - This is Your Life!
Thank the Lord that you were born white
And thank apartheid for this wonderful opportunity
To peddle your hypocrisy in Sun City
David Bowie - The Price is Right!
A suitful of compassion and a gobful of shite
Still the voices of those who doubt
Coca-Cola for the peasants to end this drought
Jagger and Richards - Game for a Laugh!
Dancing us down the garden path
To a place where money grows on trees
Where cocaine habits are financed by hunger and disease
Ask the puppet-masters who pull the strings
"Who makes the money when the puppets sing?"
Ask the corporations "Where does the money go?"
Ask the empty bellied children "What are we singing for?"
A Cliff Richard - 3,2,1!
The God who remains when the religion's gone
Cliff, we've got a special surprise for you today
So come closer, step this way
Cliff, you're such an example of moral worth
Such a purist saint come to bless our Earth
That on behalf of our viewers watching telly
And on behalf of the millions with empty bellies
We're donating something special that we're all going to like:
Cliff Richard, we're going to nail you up to a cross tonight!!
I know there must be more
Than giving just a little bit more
When half of this world is so helplessly poor
Starved of a real solution -
Only charity and tradition
And the cycle of hungry children
Will keep on going round...