

# Cock Sparrer, Get A Rope

From the streets of Aberdeen to the Brighton scene  
There's something going wrong  
From the woolacomb shore to the tots dance floor  
They all shout "what's going on?"

You promised us a country fit for a queen  
But the queen doesn't have to pay  
You promised us a future bright and clean  
For a vote on electionday

Is there no-one left to shout?  
There's some people round here need sorting out  
'Coz for you there's just no hope

Get a rope, get a rope

Sitting warm and snug on your council seat  
In comfy shoes and tweed  
With your rules and regs wrapped nice and neat  
Deciding what my kids can't read

We're sick and tired of your liberal views  
What's politically correct?  
Come judgement day, I'll be trying the noose  
And slipping it around your neck

Can't you hear me shout?  
There are a lot of people like me about  
But for you there's just no hope

Get a rope, get a rope

We want to make life one big joyride  
But the roadblocks get in the way  
We want to fly off the Spanish seaside  
But the plane's always delayed

We want to sing songs on radio 1  
but the BBC says "no!"  
We want to do deals on a mobile phone  
and have something left to show

Is there no-one left to say?  
There's some people round here need blowing away  
'Coz for you there's just no hope

Get a rope, get a rope  
Get a rope, get a rope  
Get a rope, get a rope