

Crass, Banned From The Roxy

Banned from the Roxy... O. K
I never much liked playing there anyway
They said they only wanted well behaved boys
Do they think guitars and microphones are just fucking toys?
Fuck 'em, I chosen to make my stand
Against what I feel is wrong with this land
They just sit there on their overfed arses
Feeding off the sweat of less fortunate classes
They keep their fucking power cause their finger's on the button
They've got control and won't let it be forgotten
The truth of their reality is at the wrong end of a gun
The proof of that is Belfast and that's no fucking fun
Seeing the squaddy lying in the front yard
Seeing the machine guns resting on the fence
Finding the entrance to your own front door is barred
And they've got the fucking nerve to call it defence
Seems their defence is just the threat of strength
Protection for the privileged at any length
The government protecting their profits from the poor
The rich and the fortunate chaining up the door
Afraid that the people may ask for a little more
Than the shit they get. The shit they get
The shit they get. The shit they get
The shit they get. The shit they get
The shit they get. The shit they get
DEFENCE? SHIT, IT'S NOTHING LESS THEN WAR
AND NO ONE BUT THE GOVERNMENT KNOWS WHAT THE FUCK IT'S FOR

Oh yes they say it's defence, they say it's decency
Mai Lai, Hiroshima, know what I mean?
The same fucking lies with depressing frequency
They say "We had to do it to keep our lives clean"
Well whose like? Whose fucking life?
Who the fuck are they talking to?
Whose life? Whose fucking life?
I tell you one thing, it ain't me and you
And their system, christ, they're everywhere
School, army, church, corporation deal
A fucked up reality based on fear
A fucking conspiracy to stop you feeling real
Well ain't got me, I'd say their fucking wrong
I ain't quite ready with my gun, but I've got my song...
Banned from the Roxy, well O. K
I never much liked playing there anyway
GUNS