

Crass, The Greatest Working Class Rip Off

chorus: ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi
ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi
ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi
what a fucking rip off, oi, oi, oi.

another threatening glance, another macho stance
another aggressive fist, another asshole pissed
another vicious threat, a stream of blood stained sweat
another bottle waved in the air, another battle with tension and fear

chorus

tell me, why do you glorify violence? ain't there nothing better to give?
why fuck up the only chance to be yourself and really live?
you tell me you're a working class loser, well what the fuck does that mean?
is the weekly fight at the boozier gonna be the only action you've seen?
are you gonna be one of the big boys, well, we've all seen it before
muscles all akimbo as they boot down another door
will you see yourself as the hero as you boot in another head
when you're just a pathetic victim of the media you've been fed
you're lost in your own self pity, you've bought the system's lie
they box us up and sit pretty as we struggle with the knots they tie
okay, so you're right about one thing no-one's got the right to shit on you
but what's the point of shitting on yourself, what's that gonna do?
working class hero beats up middle class twit
media labels, system's shit
when it looks like the people could score a win
the system makes sure that the boot goes in.

yeah it's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi
just another fucking rip off, a fucking media ploy
it's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi
ain't it just a rip off, ain't it just a rip off, ain't it just a rip off, oi

Punk attacked the barriers of colour, class, and creed
but look at how it is right now, do you really think you're freed?
Punk once stood for freedom, not violence, greed, and hate
Punk's got nothing to do with what you're trying to create
anarchy, violence, chaos? you mindless fucking jerks
can't you see you're talking about the way the system works?
throughout our bloody history force has been the game
the message that you offer is just the fucking same
you're puppets to the system with your mindless violent stance
that's right you fuckers, sneer at us cos we say, give peace a chance?
Punk is dead you wankers cos you killed it through and through
in your violent world of chaos, what you gonna do?
is top the pops the way in which you show how much you care?
will you take off to the usa to spread your message there?
well mouth and trousers, sonny boy, never changed a thing
the only thing that'll ever change will be the song you sing
cos when you've bought your Rolls Royce car and luxury penthouse flat
you'll be looking down your nose and saying, Punk, dear chap, what's that??
you'll be the working class hero with your middle class dream
and the world will be the same as the world has always been
Punk's the people's music so you can stuff your ideas of class
that's just the way the system keeps you sitting on your arse
class, class, class, that's all you fucking hear
middle class, working class, I don't fucking care.

It's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi
what a fucking rip off, oi, oi, oi
it's the greatest human sell off, oi, oi, oi
ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi.

Punk's the people's music and I don't care where they're from
black or white, punk or skin, there ain't no right or wrong
we're all just human beings, some of us rotten, some of us good
you can stuff your false divisions cos together I know we could
beat the system, beat it's rule
ain't got no class, I ain't a fool
beat the system, beat it's law
ain't got religion cos I know there's more
beat the system, beat its game
ain't got no colour we're all the same
people, people, not colour, class, or creed
don't destroy the people, destroy their power and their greed.