

Crass, White Punks On Hope

They said that we were trash,
Well the name is Crass, not Clash.
They can stuff their punk credentials
Cause it's them that take the cash.
They won't change nothing with their fashionable talk,
All their RAR badges and their protest walk,
Thousands of white men standing in a park,
Objecting to racism's like a candle in the dark.
Black man's got his problems and his way to deal with it,
So don't fool yourself you're helping with your white liberal shit.
If you care to take a closer look at the way things really stand,
You'd see we're all just niggers to the rulers of this land.

Punk was once an answer to years of crap,
A way of saying no where we'd always said yep.
But the moment we saw a way to be free,
They invented a dividing line, street credibility.
The qualifying factors are politics and class,
Left wing macho street fighters willing to kick arse.
They said because of racism they'd come out on the street.
It was just a form of fascism for the socialist elite.
Bigotry and blindness, a marxist con,
Another clever trick to keep us all in line.
Neat little labels to keep us all apart,
To keep us all divided when the troubles start.

Pogo on a nazi, spit upon a jew,
Vicious mindless violence that offers nothing new.
Left wing violence, right wing violence, all seems much the same,
Bully boys out fighting, it's just the same old game.
Boring fucking politics that'll get us all shot,
Left wing, right wing, you can stuff the lot.
Keep your petty prejudice, I don't see the point,
ANARCHY AND FREEDOM IS WHAT I WANT.