

# Die Toten Hosen, Viva La Revolution

It's a soft boiled egg each morning  
and then walkies with the dog.  
It's two hours sitting in a traffic jam  
before you clock in for your job.  
Every day plays out the same way,  
then you clock out and go home  
and every night you watch the same old shite  
on the same old TV shows.

You were once a teenage rebel  
and you told yourself back then  
you'd never let yourself be caged in  
by the old establishment.

In the bars and in the marches and protest groups  
at every anarchist meeting,  
you were the first to put your hand up  
and shout "Down with everything!"

Viva la Revolution - the revolution is on.  
Viva la Revolution - long live the revolution.

You had your Che Guevara poster,  
your books by Marx and Mao.  
And you got yourself a new haircut  
to help bring the system down.

You dressed up for the battle  
like a soldier from Babylon.  
And as you joined the fight you knew that you were right  
and everybody else was wrong.

Viva la Revolution - the revolution is on.  
Viva la Revolution - long live the revolution.  
Viva la Revolution.  
Viva la Revolution.

Well, you were once a freedom fighter  
and you thank God that you won.  
Now from your semi in suburbia,  
you're free to just have fun.

But last night you heard noises  
so you stumbled out of bed.  
There was graffiti painted all over your house  
and this is what it said:

Viva la Revolution - the revolution is on.  
Viva la Revolution - long live the revolution.  
Viva la Revolution.  
Viva la Revolution.