

Graham Parker, Syphilis & Religion

We're comin' in our big ships
Big guns blazin' bibles in our hands
Comin' from a cold place
To lead those natives by the hand
Back to back to back to back to
Back to the promised land
Now this is called fire
This is called brimstone
Do you understand

Chorus
So bring me your coconuts
Bring me your sweet mango too
Bring me your papaya
And I'll tell you what I'll bring for you
Syphilis & religion
That's what we are handin' out
Syphilis & religion
Two things you could
Probably do without

Now get your little donkeys
Pack'em with straw and mud and water
Build me a church right here
Build me a whorehouse and
Bring me your daughter
She could do with some extra tuition
Later on behind the mission
Fanned by the cool night breeze
I'll spread the word and the std's

Chorus
(two things the world could do without)

Now I'm talkin' to my man upstairs
He talks through me
My burden he shares
He says go unto the islands boy
Spread my word and my gospel there
Teach those little savages
The one and only truth there is
Go out and build me one nation
Beach front property prime location

Chorus