

Guitar Gangsters, Nothing To Shout About

No more fighting. No more war.
So, what the hell are you marching for?
No more copy of Vietcong.
But still you wanna sing your protest song.

No, no, no, no, you've nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, no, you've nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, nothing to shout about.

No more spying undercover.
But still you'll never trust your Russian lover.
No more working in a ditch.
But still you Rock 'n' Roll against the rich.

No, no, no, no, you've nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, no, you've nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, nothing to shout about.

No more guns or pollution.
But still you want to sell the revolution

No, no, no, no, you've nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, no, you've nothing to shout about.
No, no, no, nothing to shout about.