

Oxymoron, Petrol Bomb

They say it's time to crack down on what they call obscene
But what they meant is blokes like me and the life I chose to lead
OK let's have an uproar, their troops are marching in
With determination in their eyes they've rallied all again

[chorus:]

Come on, come on
Give me a Petrol Bomb

The riot troops assembly is finally marching off
A few had luck and could escape the baton-slinging lot
Some fellows are arrested, perhaps they're locked away
You lift your bottle and set out to have your fun again

Pronouncement of the judgement, the youth is led away
He wasn't even sixteen and had smashed an offie's pane
Put in reformatories where other wankers wait
Who try to force him in their frame - break out before it's too late

Come on, come on
Give him a Petrol Bomb

Now you speak out against the youth's aggressions
Scream and shout, but you taught them how to hate
Now you speak out but the account is settled
Praise your luck there ain't bullets through your head