

Oysterhead, Wield The Spade

Barber

Get this mirror cleaned

I'm troubled by the face I see before me

As we shave our nations face

Keep a steady hand

Listen to these words that soon will ring across the land

Wield the Spade

Ready the blade

Sacrifices must be made

There are many fools who dare propose imposing limits on my power

Those ungrateful who've been swayed by intellectuals in their ivory towers

They will pay for crimes that God and I will not allow

Some before the firing squad and some behind the plough

Wield the spade

Barber

Get this mirror cleaned

I'm troubled by the face I see before me

Be careful not to miss a whisker

Soon I face my people who adore me

As you shave our nations face

Keep a steady hand

Listen to these words that soon will ring across the land

Wield the spade

Ready the blade

Sacrifices must be made

Barber

You've done very well

Much cleaner now

The mirror's telling no lies

I know I'm not imagining the telltale glint of death I see in your eyes

I can't trust you

So I must do something with my knife

It's a shame to lose a damn good barber

But that's life

Wield the spade

Ready the blade

Sacrifices must be made