

The Beautiful South, I Think The Answer's Yes

(Heaton/Rotheray)

I'm walking through these pastures
I'm picking up sweet fruit
I'm shaking hands with people
That previously I'd shoot
But nothing will dissuade me
Nothing will dilute
I want to execute
I want to execute

And you tend to meet a lot of scum en route
It doesn't mean you've joined the other side
And because I still wear shorts and my smile is oh so cute
It doesn't mean I'll run away and hide

To a world where the leaders finally confess
(I think the answer's yes, I think the answer's yes)
To the burning of the Stock Exchange and bombing of the press
(I think the answer's yes, I think the answer's yes)

I think the answer's yes, yes, yes, I think the answer's yes

I'm walking through these corridors
Where crime meets pantomime
They're laughing and they're drinking
On the swill of overtime
And no-one seems to know about
The death-wish that they've signed
Ah, life's unkind
Ah, life's unkind

And they see me as a potential new recruit
They rub their hands, slap their backs and smile
But I still wear suspenders underneath my business suit
So needn't worry about me for a while

So to a world without hunger, where royalty face death
(I think the answer's yes, I think the answer's yes)
To the breaking down of barriers of North, South,
East and West
(I think the answer's yes, I think the answer's yes)

I think the answer's yes, yes, yes, I think the answer's yes
I think the answer's yes, yes, yes, I think the answer's yes

And no-one seems to know about
The death-wish that they've signed
Ah, life's unkind
Ah, life's unkind
Life's unkind, life's unkind
From poor old U2 to poor old Simple Minds
No amnesty for murderers of poor old working class
Rope or gas, rope or gas, rope or gas
No amnesty for murderers of poor old working class
Rope or gas, rope or gas