

# The Exploited, Maggie

Twenty five quid to live on  
Seven days a week to survive  
Five and twenty pictures of the queen  
You won't see the starvation in her eyes  
Twenty five quid to dish out  
And you're already ten in debt  
So with fifteen singles left over The landlord gets the rent  
MAGGIE, MAGGIE YOU CUNT MAGGIE, MAGGIE YOU CUNT MAGGIE, MAGGIE YOU CUNT M  
Twenty five reasons for trouble  
Three million mouths to feed  
They're destroying your mind and body  
While they increase their own needs  
Twenty five quid of insult  
Two meals soon kills your health  
They want to see you suffer  
They want to see you dead  
[repeat verses 1&2]