

The Kinks, Mr. Churchill Says

Well Mr. Churchill says, Mr. Churchill says
We gotta fight the bloody battle to the very end
Mr. Beaverbrook says we gotta save our tin
And all the garden gates
And empty cans are gonna make us win

We shall defend our island
On the land and on the sea
We shall fight them on the beaches
On the hills and in the fields
We shall fight them in the streets
Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed to so few
'Cos they have made our British Empire
A better place for me and you
And this was their finest hour
Well Mr. Montgomery says
And Mr. Mountbatten says
We gotta fight the bloody battle to the very end
As Vera Lynn would say
We'll meet again someday
But all the sacrifices we must make before the end

Did you hear that plane flying overhead
There's a house on fire and there's someone lying dead
We gotta clean up the streets
And get me back on my feet
Because we wanna be free
Do your worst and we'll do our best
We're gonna win the way that Mr. Churchill says
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Well Mr. Churchill says
We gotta hold up our chins
We gotta show some courage and some discipline
We gotta black up the windows and nail up the doors
And keep right on till the end of the war