

The Proclaimers, A Land Fit For Zeros

Hold hands with the person to your right
Hold hands and try to look sincere-o
Tell them, though you don't know their name
That you still can feel their pain
Yeah you still can feel their pain
We'll sing "Jerusalem" now boys
As we build a land fit for zeros
It's all that I can do to stop
Fake tears from welling up
Fake tears from welling up

If you thought this was your country
You can just forget it
You're too old, you're too poor
You're too posh
You'll never get in here wearing that my dear

Don't smoke, don't smack
Don't eat red meat
This is a tolerant land fit for zeros
And if you're lost just hear my call
"Mediocrity is all. Mediocrity is all"

If you thought this was your country
You can just forget it
You're too old, you're too poor
You're too posh
You'll never get in here wearing that my dear

The past is all forgotten now
This is a young, modern land
Fit for zeros
And if we fight, it's only when
We're guaranteed to win
And should you, just stray
Just hear my call
"Mediocrity is all. Mediocrity is all"