

The Style Council, The Whole Point Of No Return

The lords and ladies pass a ruling
That sons and girls go hand in hand
From good stock and the best breeding
Paid for by the servile class
Who have been told all lie in state
To bow down forth and face their fate
Oh it's easy.
So, so easy

All righteousness did build thy arrow
To shoot it straight into their lies
Who would expect the mighty sparrow
Could rid our world of all their kind?

Rising up and taking back
The property of every man
It's so easy.
So, so easy

Rising up to break this thing
From family trees the dukes do swing
Just one blow to scratch the itch
The law's made for and by the rich
It would be easy.
So, so easy.