

Tim Minchin, Prejudice

This is a song about prejudice
And the language of prejudice
And the power of the language of prejudice
It's called "Prejudice"

In our modern free-spoken society
There is a word that we still hold taboo
A word with a terrible history
Of being used to abuse, oppress and subdue
Just six seemingly harmless letters
Arranged in a way that will form a word
With more power than the pieces of metal
That are forged to make swords

A couple of Gs, an R and an E, an I and an N
Just six little letters all jumbled together
Have caused damage that we may never mend
And it's important that we all respect
That if these people should happen to choose
To reclaim the word as their own
It doesn't mean the rest of you have a right to its use

So never underestimate
The power that language imparts
Sticks and stones may break your bones
But words can break hearts
A couple of Gs, jeez, unless you've had to live it
An R and an E, even I am careful with it
An I and an N; in the end, it will only offend
Don't want to have to spell it out again

Yeah

Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"
Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"
So listen to me if you care for your health
You won't call me ginger unless you're ginger yourself
Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"

When you are a ginger, life is pretty hard
Years of ritual bullying in the school yard
Kids calling you "ranga" and "Fanta pants"
No invitation to the high school dance
But you get up and learn to hold your head up
You try to keep your cool and not get het up
But until the feeling of ill is truly let up
Then the word is ours and ours alone

Don't you know that...
Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"
Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"
So if you call us ginge, we just might come unhinged
If you don't have a fringe with at least a tinge of the ginge in it
Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"

Now listen to me, we're not looking for sympathy
Just because we're sensitive to UV
Just cause we're pathetically pale
We do alright with the females

Yeah, I like to ask the ladies 'round for ginger beer
And soon they're running their fingers through my ginger beard
And dunking my ginger nuts into their ginger tea
And asking if they can call me ginge

And I say, "I don't think that's appropriate!"

'Cuz only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"
Only a ginga can call another ginga "ginga"
And all the ladies, they agree it's a fact
Once you've gone ginge, you can't go back
Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"

Yeah, go ginge, go you funky motherfucking ginge
Yeah, funky ginger mofo

Yeah, you can call us "bozo" or "fire truck"
You can even call us "carrot top" or "blood nut"
Yeah, you can call us "match stick" or "tampon"
But fucking with the G-word is just not on

If you're a ginger-phobe and you don't like us
We will stand up to the fight if you want to fight us
But if you cut yourself, you might catch gingivitis
So maybe you should shut your funky mouth

Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"
Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"

So if you call us ginge, you can't whinge if you're injured
If you don't have a tinge of the ginge in your minge

Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"
And you know my kids will always be clothed and fed
'Cos papa's gonna be bringing home the gingerbread
And they'll be pretty smart, because they'll be well-read
And by "read", I mean "read" and the other kind of "red"
(It's a homophone!)

Only a ginger can call another ginger "ginger"
Only a ginga can call another ginga "ginga"
Just like only a ninja can sneak up on another ninja

Yeah, only a ginger, only a ginger
Only a ginger, yeah
Are you all listening-a?
I'm not pointing the finger
I just having a sing-a
I'm just reminding ya

That only a ginger can call another ginger
"Ginger"