

XTC, Knuckle Down

(Andy Partridge)

Knuckle down,
Love his skin,
It doesn't matter what colour skin he's locked in,
Knuckle down,
Knuckle down and love that skin.
Knuckle down,
Love his race,
It doesn't matter if you win or lose a little face,
Knuckle down and love that race.
One bright morning the world might end with a big bang,
And you'll never get yourself another chance.
Put aside the hoodoo and some of the voodoo,
'Bout people being different,
They're not so different.
Take them by the arm and run to the street,
Take a little drum to supply the beat,
Soon the whole world will be up on it's feet and dancing.
For my sake,
Won't you put your knuckles down, boys?
For my sake,
Won't you put you knuckles down?
Love her skin,
It doesn't matter what colour skin she's locked in,
Knuckle down,
Knuckle down and love that skin.
Knuckle down,
Love her race,
It doesn't matter if you win or lose a little face,
Knuckle down and love that race.
One bright morning you just might wake when the coin drops,
Even though you think that love is such a corny thing.
You can burst the bubble full up with trouble,
Says that people always got to be fighting
(not right!)
Take them by the arm and run to the fields,
Blow on your horn until Jericho yields,
Soon the whole world will lay down swords and shield for singing.
For my sake,
Won't you put your knuckles down, boys?
For my sake,
Won't you put you knuckles down?