

# Zounds, Dirty Squatters

Some dirty squatters moved into my street  
With their non sexist haircuts, dirty feet  
Their dogs, cats, political elite  
They may have beds but they don't use sheets  
Furnishing their houses from the contents of skips  
Things that decent people put on rubbish tips  
They look quite harmless sitting out in the sun  
But I wouldn't let my daughter marry one

Dirty squatters  
Oh my god they're moving in next door  
Dirty squatters  
Is it for people like this that Winston won - the war

I've lives in this street for nearly fifteen years  
Lived here with my hopes, lived here with my fears  
Paid my taxes, paid my bills  
Watched my money vanished in the council tills  
Alone come these scruffs with their education  
Their grand ideas, talk of corruption  
My rent keeps rising, my job gets boring  
If things gets worse then I'm gonna have to join them

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Bought myself a lock and late tonight  
Under the cover of darkness if the moons not bright  
Getting out of here, moving in next door  
Don't think I can take much more

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