

# You Can't Trust Anyone Nowadays

Chumbawamba

You can't trust anyone nowadays

...

Brown shirts don't make it

...

I'm not so brave and I'm not too crazy

And I'd rather be a coward than pushing up daisies

Never rocked the boat, never tipped the scales

Never got off the fence, never had that much to say

So when I get a leather glove across my face

I say 'yes sir, no sir, whatever you say sir'

And when the Nazis stop me

Shouting 'get out your pass book'

I say 'yes sir, yes sir'

I don't trust to luck

Who'd Adam and Eve it

They're rationing clothes

And where they find a molehill a mountain grows

So please, no pictures 'cause the snap you took

They'll take it as a sign

Jesus H Christ--just my luck

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I'd stay at home and sit it out

But in a dirty world you need a launderette

Two short minutes

I look the other way

Some bastard robbed me blind

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