

The Gasman Cometh

Crass

The train now standing on platform four
What will you do when the gas taps turn?
Where will you be when the bodies burn?
Will you just watch as the cattle trucks roll by?
Pretend it isn't happening? Turn a blind eye?
See the army convoys quietly passing by?
Heard the helicopters in your little bit of sky?
Have you seen the squad cars packed with boys in blue?
Have you ever wondered what they're there to do?
Pictures in the paper of soldiers in the street
Pictures in the history books of rotting human meat
Auschwitz's now a tourist spot for the goggle eyed to pry
Still in working order just for you and I
Photos of the victims, of gas, of gun, of bomb
Inheritance of violence in the bookshelves of your home
Don't wait for it to come to you, cos come it surely will
The guardians of the state are trained to search, destroy and kill
There's people sitting at this moment, fingers on the trigger
There's loyalty and royalty to make their violence figure
Allegiance to the flag, they say, as they lock the prison door
Allegiance to normality, that's what lobotomies are for
God, queen and country, they say we've got the choice
Free speech for all if you've got no voice
Propaganda on the airwaves, here's the way to live
Not for you and me the alternative
The look for peace in Ireland with a thousand squaddy boys
Torture in their mental homes is another of their ploys
They'll keep us all in line, by christ, they'll keep us on our toes
But if we stand against their power, we'll see how violence grows
Read it in the paper about rebellious youth
But it's them that are so violent, it's them that hide the truth
Stay in line, or pay the cost,
Do you think they care when another life's lost?
Auschwitz's now a tourist spot for the goggle eyed to pry
Still in working order just for you and I
To ashes at Auschwitz it's just a small leap
From coshes at Southall, life is cheap
Don't think that they won't do it, cos they already do
But this time 'round the pawns are me and you