

## Clerkenwell Polka

Madness

I request that the best of our minds  
Be impressed to repent of their crimes  
For the truth is there all for to see  
What can be said in defense of man's tyranny?

To declare too content of the view  
That to conform to the norm is what you do  
If you live wracked in anger and in shame  
The only road you'll find is that hard road, my friend

I concur to defer to the sound  
Of discontent when it's meant by the crowd  
If in fairness is how you see it end  
The only road you'll walk is that hard road, my friend

And the papers they were printing they did sell  
In Clerkenwell there were presses turning  
And the emigrates they boarded ships and sailed  
They could not fail to bring passions burning

Why deny that the lie that is sent  
Makes you live work and die for some rent  
If you're happy then to leave it up to them  
The only road you'll know is that hard road, my friend

We resent the intent of the few  
Who do conspire to acquire what's our due  
If you don't know your rights and defend  
The only road you'll go is that hard road, my friend

If you fall and you crawl towards debt  
And the sum it is more than what was lent  
If you can't keep your eyes on the change  
The only road you'll walk is that bloody road, my friend