

Union Jack and Union Jill
Back up and down the same old hill
Sell the flag to all the youths
But who swallow the bill
"Murdoch she wrote"
Him have his hands in the till
Blairful of Thatcher
Stuck on the 45
The suits have changed
But the old ties survive
New Britannia Cool
Who are you trying to fool?
Behind your fashion-tashion I see nothing at all
Care for the community
Cuts the nation into three
Rich pickings for the first
Bottom third you'll never see
While middle England keeps swinging it's loyalty
No concern for the future
Just with dead royalty
So will the Real Great Britain step forward
This is the national identity parade
Shoe gazer nation forever looking backwards
Time to reject the sixties charade
Not enough schools
Not enough homes
Just phony care in his millennium dome
More Prime cuts than beef on the bone
And there's too many questions you're not answering tone
Union Jack and Union Jill ...
So will the Real Great Britain step forward ...