

Good Morning Britain

Aztec Camera

Jock's got a vote in Parochia
10 long years and he's still got her
Paying tax and and doing stir
Worry about it later
And the wind blows hot and the wind blows cold
But it blows us good so we've been told
Music's food 'til the art-biz folds
Let them all eat culture

The past is steeped in shame
But tomorrow's fair game
For a life that's fit for living
Good morning, Britain

20 years and a loaded gun
Funerals, fear and the war ain't won
Paddy's still a figure of fun
It lightens up the danger
Corporal sneers at a Catholic boy
And he eyes his gun like a rich man's toy
He's killing more than Celtic joy
Death is not a stranger

Taffy's time's gonna come one day
It's a loud sweet voice and it won't give way
A house is not a holiday
Your sons are leaving home, Neil
In the hills and the valleys and far away
You can hear the song of democracy
The echo of eternity
With a Rak-a-Rak-a feel

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From the Tyne to where to the Thames does flow
My English brothers and sisters know
It's not a case of where you go
It's race and creed and color
From the police cell to the deep dark grave
On the underground's just a stop away
Don't be too black, don't be too gay
Just get a little duller

But in this green and pleasant land
Where I make my home I make my stand
Make it cool just to be a man
A uniform's a traitor
Love is international
And if you stand or if you fall
Just let them know you gave your all
Worry about it later

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