

A Pict Song

Billy Bragg

Rome never looks where she treads
Always her heavy hooves fall
On our stomachs, our hearts, or our heads
And Rome never heeds when we call

Her sentries pass on "that is all"
And we gather behind them in hordes
And plot to reconquer their wall
With only our tongues for our swords

For we are the little folk, we!
Too little to love or to hate
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the state

Mistletoe killing, an oak
Rats gnawing cables in two
Moths making holes in our coats
How they must love what they do

Yes and we little folk too
We are as busy as they
Working our works out of view
Watch and you'll see it someday

For we are the little folk we
Too little to love or to hate
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the state

Yes it is true we are not strong
But we know of Peoples that are
Yes and we'll guide them along
To smash and destroy you in war

We should be slaves just the same
Yes we have always been slaves
But you, you will die of the shame
And then we shall dance on your graves

For we are the little folk we
Too little to love or to hate
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the state

We are the worm in the wood
We are the rot at the roof
We are the taint in the blood
We are the thorn in the foot