

# I Don't Need This Pressure Ron

Billy Bragg

What was that bang  
It was the next big thing  
Exploding over our heads  
And soon the next generation  
Will emerge from behind the bike sheds  
What are we going to offer 'em  
The exact same thing as before  
But a different way to wear it  
And the promise of a whole lot more

Oh pity the pressures at the top  
The tantrums and the tears  
And the sound of platinum cash deals  
Ringin' in their ears

Money maketh man a Tory  
Don't fire that assumption at me  
I like toast as much as anyone  
But not for breakfast dinner and tea

So don't saddle me with your ideals  
And spare me all your guilt  
For a poet with all the answers  
Has never yet been built

I see no shame in putting my name  
To socialism's cause  
Nor seeking some more relevance  
Than spotlight and applause  
Neither in the name of conscience  
Nor the name of charity  
Money is put where mouths are  
In the name of solidarity

We sing of freedom  
And we speak of liberation  
But such chances come  
But once a generation  
So I'll ignore what I am sure  
Were the best of your intentions  
You were judged by your actions  
And not by your pretensions

There's drudgery in social change  
And glory for the few  
And if you don't tell me what not to say  
I won't tell you what not to do