

Don't Try This at Home

Chumbawamba

It's a long walk to the gallows
It's a small step to swing free
The crying in the tower
For my conspirators and me
Gunpowder and modem
And a dream of liberty

And then they'll tell you
Don't try this at home
Oh yes, they'll tell you
Don't try this at home

If you walk on the beach with King Canute
You'll be walking back alone
Tonight he'll dine on oysters
While we fall like green acorns
We'll be putting down our roots
Right in the centre of the storm

Oh, but they'll tell you
Don't try this at home
Oh yes, they'll tell you
Don't try this at home

The cry of gulls, the hum of streets
The buzz of phones, the march of feet
We'll meet tonight to draw up plans
Exclamations, ampersands

Somewhere across the water
They're storming palace gates
Scared of the moth-flame metaphor
We fall asleep and wait
Singing for a future
But the chorus comes too late

Because they'll tell you
Don't try this at home
Oh yes, they'll tell you
Don't try this at home

Don't, don't, don't, don't [repeats to end]
Don't try this at home [repeats to end]
Try this at home [repeats to end]

So we're coming to the last dance
I've got another request
With your best foot forward
We'll lay this ghost to rest

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So we're coming to the last dance
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