

# 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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