

## Here's the Rest of Your Life

Chumbawamba

Why settle for what we're shown  
When there is so much more?  
Sometimes the Book of Law  
Is only half the story  
Means and ends:  
Deciding where to draw the line  
Loss or work in Sellafeld homes  
Or the threat of cancers yet to come?  
The choice is obvious:  
There is no choice  
Only the option of looking outside  
This narrow definition of "What you see is all there will ever be"  
There comes a time - that time is now -  
When every second, every day  
When every action, every thought  
Will tell the world how you cast your vote  
They break our legs  
And we say "Thank you" when they offer us crutches  
Tired of mild reform  
Sick of hand-me-downs  
We topple all the theories to the ground:  
All real change  
Must come from below  
Our bosses must live in fear  
Of the factory-floor  
And when they smile  
And they ask for my support,  
I'll give them these words  
And a bloody nose:  
You don't help your enemy  
When you're at war  
There are moments in all of our lives  
Tiny sparks still deep inside  
When a new-born baby cries  
When you're watching clouds in a summer sky  
The first time you walked out on strike  
Love and sex and holding light  
Things that can't be bought  
By promises and votes  
I hate the things I love being criminalised  
I hate the straight-jacket schools I grew up in  
I hate MPs, judges and magistrates  
I hate being taught to base my life on TV stars  
I hate being kept waiting by bureaucrats  
I hate wars, and all the people who love them  
I hate the idea of living on other people's backs  
I hate being filed, registered and classified  
I hate being watched and monitored  
I hate police  
I hate the way you talk down at me  
I hate being told what to do  
I hate you when you don't listen  
I hate the way you distort my sexuality with pornography  
I hate the pain we inflict on each other  
On animals, and on the Earth  
And I hate how love songs have become such cliches  
through endless, shallow repetition

Each angry word  
Every cynical put-down  
Every song is carefully born  
From a hope of something better to come  
All jumbled-up  
Love and hate and love  
Each prompted by the other:  
For the cause of peace we have to go to war  
Refusing to sleep  
Whilst there's a world to win  
Yet happy to dream  
Dreams make the plans to change this world  
Not just some future heaven  
But today and every day  
In our place of work  
In the queue for the metrobus  
Organise!  
Here's the rest of our lives!  
..A tiny spark still deep inside  
We can and will run the factories and mills  
We can and will educate ourselves  
We can and will work the fields  
We can and will police ourselves  
We can and will create and build  
Organise!  
Here's the rest of our lives!