

# Invasion

Chumbawamba

The first world's got greedy, we're consuming it all  
The third world's got hunger and military control  
This unequal balance is a master plan  
One gets rich from the other's land

They've got it all worked out and we give our consent

They've got it all worked out for Central America  
They've got it all worked out for Africa  
And in our naivety we believe myths and over consume  
And give them our consent, dying in the shadow of the USA  
Let them eat bullshit, make the land pay

Make a fast deal with the local elite  
Then substitute cash crops where once grew wheat  
Build a cycle of dependence on a starvation diet  
With food as a weapon, workers stay quiet

And multinational names have blood on their brands  
From taking an interest in misused lands  
Del Monte, Tate and Lyle, Ralston Purina  
Coca-Cola, RTZ and Unilever  
All packaging lifestyles for the glamorous west  
Expand the company, exploit the rest

We are not isolated by distance  
But by greed and our racist history  
Just a wall's width away  
Still impossible to see across  
This space in front of me

It's we who write this history  
We who guard the money tree  
We support the companies  
We stole the colonies

And when the system starts to crack  
We'll have to ready to give it all back

See the space which lies between the rich and the poor  
How the space increases as we keep on taking more  
Keeping that space between us all  
Is how the West can keep control

With a mission and a cheque book promising aid  
Posing for the camera, the United Nations man came  
He talked of control and the terrible drought  
And the way that the West would bail them out

They he stopped smiling and talked conditions  
Of mutual aid, of American wishes  
Sending in aid with sewn on strings  
If they won't buy arms, then it's pulled back in

Feeding the world American style  
Col. Sanders has an empire behind his smile  
Back up the investments with a military regime

Then cleverly say, "It's to keep the world free"

But the multinational myths are beginning to fall  
The poor don't want aid, they want control  
And if we really want to see the Third World eat  
We've got to see through the wrapping on the high street

Past barriers of culture that dictate our lives  
We're busy consuming as the other half dies  
And the answer's not a question on charity  
Not whilst profit's still the top priority

So let the glossy shop fronts know what to expect  
And you bosses of companies  
And the cycle of hungry children  
Will keep on going round  
Until we burn the multinationals to the ground