

## Just Desserts

Chumbawamba

And uh, uh, every (security) (no, let him stay) no (let him stay) well at least it's a fruit pie  
(let's pray for him right now, Anita, let's pray, Anita, why don't you pray, that's all right) father, we want to thank you for the opportunity of coming to Des Moines, and father I want to ask that you forgive him (and that we love him) and that we love him, and that we're praying for him to be delivered from his deviant lifestyle, father

See them scramble to the top  
Watch them fall from grace  
Never trust a man  
With egg on his face

Groucho Marxists look so sweet  
Slapstick anarchists, nice enough to eat  
Peter Kropotkin in the way we talk  
Charlie Cairoli in the way we walk

See them scramble to the top  
Watch them fall from grace  
Never trust a man  
With egg on his face

Intellectual tarts with a good left hook  
Copycat killers, cover and duck  
Polite assassins, you shout, I scream  
And the party starts, on a count of one, two, three

See them scramble to the top  
Watch them fall from grace  
Never trust a man  
With egg on his face

We talk without words, and everybody understands  
Just desserts, delivered by hand  
Nobody move or the CEO  
Gets it in the face with cream and dough

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Watch them fall from grace  
Never trust a man  
With egg on his face

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"What? What's that? Who's there? Fido? Ahhh, it's you Mrs. Arbuthnot"