

# On the Day the Nazi Died

Chumbawamba

We're told that after the war  
The Nazis vanished without a trace  
But battalions of fascists  
Still dream of a master race

The history books they tell  
Of their defeat in '45  
But they all came out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

They say the prisoner at Spandau  
Was a symbol of defeat  
Whilst Hess remained imprisoned  
And the fascists; they were beat

So the promise of an Aryan world  
Would never materialize  
So why did they all come out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

The world is riddled with maggots  
The maggots are getting fat  
They're making a tasty meal of all  
The bosses and bureaucrats

They're taking over the boardrooms  
And they're fat and full of pride  
And they all came out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

So if you meet with these historians  
I'll tell you what to say  
Tell them that the Nazis  
Never really went away

They're out there burning houses down  
And peddling racist lies

And we'll never rest again...  
Until every Nazi dies...