

# Salome

Chumbawamba

Part punk part god almighty  
Part fuck you part Mr. X ray eyes  
- I didn't choose to be  
Shouting for a living, it happened  
Something snapped; and I don't know why  
Too many slaps? Too many priests?  
Fumbled sex in parks?  
Or just a part of the me me me generation  
The thatcher youth  
Coming home to roost

If the old school cap fits, wear it  
But I'll take my cake and share it  
Burning down a bonfire made of teachers  
Pay your vat bills on the cinders  
Just you and little molly flinders  
Doing the twist at all the dances  
Don't look to me for answer

Let's twist again, see them sing  
Let's twist again, hear them sing  
Let's twist again  
Bring on the dancing girls!

Part sussed part amateur  
Part love you part Mr. bleeding heart  
I singalonga, jump uppa-downa,  
Watch this space  
I've got lungsfuls of this stuff  
Both sides together in the commons bar  
Just who the fuck  
Do they think they are?

I am not a pop star -  
I am a part of the class war

'Every revolutionary  
is motivated by love'  
I see the newsreels: 200 bodies  
In a shallow grave in East Timor;  
What am I supposed to do?  
Forget it? Pretend it never happened?  
Whilst politicians circle-jerk around  
Legal jargon totem poles

Let's twist again, see them sing  
Let's twist again, hear them sing  
Let's twist again  
Bring on the dancing girls!

You tell me  
Where does entertainment end  
And responsibility begin?

Oh Salome waits  
She says 'Bring me all the heads  
Of all the heads of state'

Let's twist again, see them sing  
Let's twist again, hear them sing  
Let's twist again  
Bring on the dancing girls!