

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!