

# Sewing Up Crap

Chumbawamba

I don't know  
I don't know

Chain, chain, chain, chain  
Chain, chain, chain, chain

A cut-price empire  
Clean-cut lines  
A perfect body  
And a dirty mind  
The rules of this game  
Say we all look the same

Chain, chain, chain, chain  
Chain, chain, chain, chain

We'll put a spin on it  
We'll take a pencil to it  
We'll make a virtue  
Out of keeping oh so quiet about it

I don't know, and I don't want to know  
I don't know, and I don't want to know  
I don't know, and I don't want to know  
I don't know, and I don't want to know

Chain, chain, chain, chain  
Chain, chain, chain, chain

Talk about child's play  
Count the birthdays  
A stitch in time says  
Just look the other way  
The rules of this game  
Say you don't know her name

Chain, chain, chain, chain  
Chain, chain, chain, chain

We'll span a hundred years for it  
We'll make a killing out of it  
And we'll corner the market  
By keeping oh so quiet about it

Working for The Gap (chain, chain, chain, chain)  
Sewing up crap  
Working for The Gap  
Sewing up crap  
Working for The Gap (chain, chain, chain, chain)  
Sewing up crap  
Working for The Gap  
Sewing up crap  
Working for The Gap (chain, chain, chain, chain)  
Sewing up crap  
Working for The Gap  
Sewing up crap  
Working for The Gap (chain, chain, chain, chain)

Sewing up crap  
Working for The Gap  
Sewing up crap

One up the chimney goes  
Two hawks a tray of matches  
Three braves the weaving floor  
All pray for the life of four  
Five down the pit descends  
Six plows in fields and meadows  
Seven spins the handloom round  
Eight lies in the burial ground

One up the chimney goes  
Two hawks a tray of matches  
Three braves the weaving floor  
All pray for the life of four