

Smash Clause 28!

Chumbawamba

Oscar Wilde, Oscar Wilde, can you tell me where you've been?
I've been down to London town to pay a visit to the Queen.
Oscar Wilde, Oscar Wilde, can you tell me what you saw?
I saw the Queen and all her courtiers cooking up new laws;
I saw the corridors of power, with closets wall-to-wall;
And I saw the truth, the truth, behind the Emperor's new Clause
!

So you burn the books, and close your eyes to every other possibility-- you got to keep your job for collaborating with the enemy. You keep throwing stones though your house is made of glass; you've helped to make McCarthyism popular, at last.

Blessed are the moralists, the Judges, the patriarchs. Blessed are the gutter-press, the AIDS-joke comedians. Praise to the guilt-mongers, the fear-builders, the sin-fetishists.

Glory, glory, halleluia, His truth is marching on

One in ten driven underground, divisions getting wider. Hide your inclination behind a straight face and a Bible. Third Reich morality, and if the cap doesn't fit, there's a designer label for hypocrites.

Here comes the officer, knocking on your door. He's got a care order in the pocket of his uniform. Where's Radclyffe Hall? Now is the time to tear up clause 29!

Here comes the preacher checking your soul. Too late sir, I'd rather fall. We'll eat your bread and we'll drink your wine, and still tear up clause 29! Here comes the judge, hammer in hand, but we've all gone deaf to bigots' commands. Our justice will cross the thin blue line and tear up clause 29!

Here comes a brick, heading your way. A concrete opinion says all I want to say. Save your own soul, mine will be fine, once we've shredded clause 29.