

## Sometimes Plunder

Chumbawamba

Two little ducks sank with a knock knock knock  
She got twenty on tick and smoked the bloody lot  
The fridge was bare, the dog was bones  
Weavin' and a-bobbin' when the tallyman calls  
Mary, Mary, she went up the wall  
And she kissed bye bye to the holiest Joe  
Played the wild rover and climbed on board  
Says, 'It's all that the lady of the manor can afford'

You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder  
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder

Meet Miss Morrissey, fingers light  
She lifted up his hat and he wept all night  
She's the woman with the granny bag dressed to the nines  
The pleasure and the privilege mine all mine  
Candid camera on every bloody wall  
All the cameras under heaven couldn't catch 'em all  
Fill those pockets and lift that grail  
Lead me into temptation, girls

You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder  
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder

Everything I do, I do it for you  
Everything I do is driven by you  
Driven by you? You don't have a clue  
I make your songs better and you always try to sue!  
Money, money, money  
It's gone to your head  
I sample too much and you say 'the music's dead'  
Dead?  
Huh! You're the one that's dead  
Lots of money spent on someone with a hollow head  
New Kids, Minogue  
All those sort of rogues  
Making lots of money for those scheming little toads  
Then you come to us and say we made the music worse  
Look at the Beatles and Stones  
Who made their music first?

All the threes and all the queen bees  
Singing 'does the driver wanna wee wee?'  
Wicked ladies, malicious intent  
Your honor, I was only trying to pick it up for lent  
Does the driver wanna wee wee?  
Does the driver wanna wee wee?  
Does the driver wanna wee wee?  
'Cause we want to wee wee too!

Why waste change, why change the habit  
If the girl's got to have it, then the girl's got to have it  
Easiest pickings  
Wall to wall  
In England's piped ceramic malls  
By the dickens and the Devil's daughter  
Bingo, full house everyone's a winner

The lady works in mysterious ways  
All because the lady loves Christmas every day

You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder  
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder  
(You can make a living  
Sometimes plundering)

...

(Too late)

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Some people wanna fill the world with silly love songs