

Song of the Mother in Debt...

Chumbawamba

I'm always waiting
I'm sick of waiting
For the day my luck will change
I've spent enough time
In queues and bread lines
In hope of better days
These thieves and scroungers
And lazy bastards
If I move they'll steal my place
Steal like this State does

And who's to blame us
When none of us can pay?
Will heaven's angels
Pull out the rent books
And ask me how I'll pay?
Behind their big desks
Misspell my kids' names
And file my life away?

I knock on doors
See curtains move
Time wins wars each name is proof
I could tell tales
The tricks they use
Cut no ice, I take what's due
There are worse tasks
Than door to door
I take pride in taking more
I watch my back
Dark alleyways
When doubt calls I bank my wage
No easy choice:
The devil's boat or cruel sea?
I took the boat
When I knock knock at Peter's gate
Will he ask if I can pay?

Test the water feel the ground
Send the tax collectors round
Fill the coffers pound by pound
A surer way to keep in line
The rabble who spend half their time
Wishing they could have what's mine
Stamping on the people's hands
This is where I'll make my stand
This is how I'll rule this land
I'll push and push a little more
I'll push and goad and tease the poor
A good excuse to fight my war
The war between have-nots and haves
My little game of smash and grab
Turn the screw increase the tax
Friend or foe, who goes there?
Turns his coat and takes the rear
Sings the Red Flag once a year.

I've got this dream home
I'm queuing up for
In freshly dug brown earth
One thing I can swear
Before I get there
I'll kill the taxman first