

That's How Grateful We Are

Chumbawamba

OK, this one's called "Whitewash"
When was the very first time you saw Chumbawamba?
In my dreams!
Ha!
Working in a forge, black lungs, burnt skin
Callouses, arched back, hammering, hammering
Stalin watching over us pigeon shit head
We'd spit on the floor at this red bastard god
That's how grateful we are
Bronze statue, pink marble, built to last
We brought him to his knees in a single night
And the boots that remained I attacked, I attacked
Hammering, hammering, the past is past
That's how grateful we are
Scrub away, scrub away
And the noise rang out, metal on metal
Pigeons flit, dust settled
Out from the shadows we took to the streets
David chopping at the giant's feet
That's how grateful we are
OK, we're gonna take it right, right, right, right down, way down
What we need is a break from the old routine
Can I kick it? Yes you can!
There ain't no justice, just us
OK, we've been doing this one quite a few nights running, but I'd like
to take that one. Is that a yes? Which one, then?
Goodbye girl, goodbye girl...
Martin McLaren, Archer, Anais Nin...
Well, basically, Chumbawamba are the sort of metals of the pop world
The old groups, they're not concerned with what there is to be learned
They sell 501s and they think it's funny, turning rebellion into money
Can I kick it?
This song's become a bit irrelevant now, innit, we may as well just go
off now. Couple of you could just get up and we'll just fuck off. I
'm into that man, you know, 'cause I've got a hot chocolate waiting for
me back there. There's, uh, quite a bit of anti-Criminal Justice Bill
sentiment down in front here. Excellent!
What we need is a break from the old routine
You still want to come? Too late, too late
We're cut and we're fallen like harvested wheat
But we lived on our feet, at least, at last
And we will live on our feet, at least, at last
That's how grateful we are
You still want to come? Too late, too late
We're cut and we're fallen like harvested wheat
But we lived on our feet, at least, at last
We will live on our feet, at least, at last
That's how grateful we are
That's how grateful
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