

The Land Of Do What You're Told

Chumbawamba

Have a word with your Patron Saint
Cover up the cracks with a lick of paint
All the exits are all double-locked
Because St Sebastian sways but doesn't rock

Here's to you - you put up a fight
You're the last to leave, now turn out the light
You danced to the Devil and the Feathery wife
Now the Ordnance Survey is mapping out your life

Look at the small print: it's what we agreed -
Sign your name before we teach you how to read

This is the land, the Land of Do What You're Told
The Land of the Free: if you don't leave the fold
Smile a little wider as you're waiting to be sold
This is the land, the Land of Do What You're Told

I'm a celebrity - let me in here
One last jump from the end of the pier
We breached the wall, but I was too tired to run
My Get Up And Go got up and now it's gone

Look at the small print: it's what we agreed -
Sign your name before we teach you how to read

This is the land, the Land of Do What You're Told
With a little lip service to breaking the mould
Smile a little wider as you're waiting to be sold
This is the land, the Land of Do What You're Told
(We're going on strike for twelve per cent
We're not downhearted yet
They're filming it all for a reality show
So twelve per cent we'll get)