

Granny is starting to look pretty costly
At anywhere up to f500 a year
So even though she is capable, happy and lovely
Its out of the house cos it won't be so dear
And into the poll-tax-free state-run environment
Waiting for death in a small cosy room
We can visit her then and she'll make lots of friends
They'll be queuing for places so we'd better book soon
Charlie is eighteen there's no point in waiting
Forget all that learning and get a job fast
And a flat of your own cos the money's all blown
The family unit's a thing of the past
Well then my darling you'd better start working
Cos husbands are meant to pay tax for their wives
You could be an inspector or a poll tax collector
The only job open are the ones we despise
And the baby is due, maybe we should consider
Abortion, adoption or changing our name
Cos for each extra head there's a mouth to be fed
And the poll tax eats more than we've managed to save
By the year 1999 all these old friends of mine
Will be in prison or gone far away
For the tax's evasion, unable to pay them
Or just for the wanting of somewhere to stay
Of somewhere to stay
Of somewhere to stay
With Thatcher replacing the tiles on our roof
With demands for more money than we've ever got
We'll look back and wish we'd known more and resisted
The poll tax
Student loans
More cuts in benefits
All got together
All got together
All got together and said fuck the lot of it!
Fuck the lot of it!