

# A Piss in the Ocean

## Conflict

Punk played it's own important role in the fight against oppression  
Aired awareness, new opinions, destroyed formerly accepted obsessions  
Right out the window went stale traditions, false morals blinded hope  
Respect for authority joined them; we made them a standing joke  
We said, "fuck off" smarmy popstar shits portraying images of a perfect world  
Smearing a happy, clean face on reality, "it's the Queens Jubilee..." go to hell  
Refusing to be puppets with the promise of a future, there is no future  
So never mind the bollocks, because anarchy in the UK suits us  
The public screamed in outcry, demanded immediate termination  
The "scum of the earth" has raised its voice "How could they do this to our nation?"  
The media tried to destroy us, stop the 'poor mans' rock invasion  
The exposure only helped us reveal their hopeless situation

Gaining in momentum and numbers, we needed spokesmen  
And that came from four people from the real world, just like the rest of us

We now had a voice, an alternative, our message getting louder  
Nothing now could stop us rising up to meet their fast advancing challenge  
But when the challenge came, they crumbled, as the four proved easy prey  
For the states clever weapon money proved too tempting once again  
Big bastard business cheque books opened up and then swallowed  
Those leeches sucked hard slyly, and we couldn't believe the scenes that followed

Punk shops - "roll up! Buy your rebellion here!"  
Badges, posters, bondage, books, colouring for your hair  
Like sheep they flocked to buy punk rock, a part of the new threat!  
The country laughed and screamed "punk flop"; it now seemed punk was dead!

They toured the lands to Disneyland  
And ripped the state apart  
Destroyed the music status quo  
And created a new start  
Their jet set pads, the sunny land  
The songs of train robberies  
It's just all more money in the bank  
So come on boys and girls and sing  
We stood and could only watch  
As they took everything we stood for  
And made a mockery of it  
The four feeding finance straight back  
Into the system they supposedly despised  
What was once the black flag of anarchy  
Was now the colours of the Union Jack

The movement, punk rock, who cares? We are just another band; they were just another band  
Direct action is what achieves change, not miming to words,  
how much longer must we sing the same old song?  
Crawling from the mess that they'd left standing as our future  
We realised we needed 'no one' to mouth off our message for us  
Told big business to take a running jump, went back underground where we started

The tribe then split, as some stayed behind to mourn