

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