They're telling you to do it, Grow up and tow the line, They tell you if you do it, Everything will turn out fine. Oh yes, oh yes, what a wonderful life, God, queen, country, colour telly, car and wife. Oh yes, oh yes, what a wonderful life, God, queen, country, colour telly, car and wife. It's great if you can do it, it doesn't take a lot, Just means you must destroy what sensitivity you've got. Well, that's an easy bargain for the things you're going to get, You can treat the wife like shit, own a car, a telly set. Slip off in the evenings for a little on the sly, And if the wife complains, fuck her first, then black her eye. There's lots of worthwhile jobs for the lad who wants to know, Lorry driving's fun, you're always on the go. One hand on the wheel, the other up some cunt, Or jerking off to Penthouse with with motorway up front. The police force offers chances for a bright intelligent lad, To interfere with anyone cos they're there just to be had. It offers quite a range for aggression and for spite, To take out your frustrations in a justifiable light. It's a mans' life in the army, good pay and lots of fun, You can stab them with your bayonet, fuck them with your gun. Look smart in your uniform, that always pulls the skirt, Then when you've fucked them good and proper, tell them they're just dirt.

Cos man is spelt big M.A.N. it's the letters of the law. Man is spelt big M.A.N. that's who the law is for.

You see there's lots of chances in this land of hope and glory, Try and make your own rules, that's a different story. If you're a man, you'd better act like one, Develope your muscles, use your prick like a gun. Fuck anything that moves, but never pay the price, Steal, fuck, slaughter, that's their advice. Are you man enough? Ask the posters on the walls, Have you got what it takes? Guts and balls? Keep your myth of manhood, it's been going on too long, A history of slaughter is the proof that it is wrong.

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Big man, big M.A.N. Big man, big M.A.N.
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