

P.C. One Nine Eight Four

Crisis

You can see P. C. One nine eight four.
You fought in a war for pc one nine eight four,
To give him the freedom to tread on your balls
And he's got sanctioned violence
To keep you silent
And he's programmed to function,
With a three foot bloody truncheon.
Without hesitation,
He'll get you at a demonstration,
And if you dare to look,
Then you're going to get the book.
He's on the street P. C. On nine eight four
And it's the blacks he's looking for.
They 'ain't heard of race relations,
Down at the police station.

P. C. One nine eight four

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