

New Decade

GBH

From the slums to the suburbs there's a rallying cry,
people are kicking authority, blacking its eye.
It's sure time to party when your freedom comes,
flowers poking out of the barrels of guns.

Like a punch-drunk fighter, I see your power fade,
talking your place in this mad, mad, mad parade.

You pulled the pin from the last hand-grenade,
.. .. It's the start of a new decade.

You'll get your liberation from the soldiers and the cops,
the new wall is built and that is where the buck stops.
The underground has risen, select a chosen few.
So throw out the old, bring in the new.

You've over-run the ignorant, the bigots and the fools,
burnin' in the decadence .. the new mob rules.