

The Brain Of Britain

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The brain of Britain sits in the tower of London
Protected by the ravens
The prime-minister and the cabinet queue up to consult it
On urgent matters of state
And it sits suspended in fluid
Attached to ten electrodes
It's a scene straight out of Star Wars or Star Trek

The brain of Britain masterminds the nation
From this curious vantage point
It's an oracle, it's a magic eight-ball
That can give out just three answers
(and here they are)
It's the best kept secret of all
The politicians are pawns to the power
Of a prime piece of meat called
The brain of Britain

The brain of Britain was born into this limbo
It knows no other existence
Its consciousness floats like an island
Communicating only by pulse
The queen swears allegiance to the brain
But the future king wants to kick it
Through the streets of London like a football
And that means trouble

The brain of Britain has no wizard of oz
Pulling the protein strings
Science can't explain the super brain away
And that's the terrifying thing
Cause the brain can't see the world
It can't see the big picture
Just a color-by-numbers before the next election