

All Fall Down

Lindisfarne

Councillors, magistrates, men of renown
Who needs to live in a dirty old town?
Yes, go on, tear it down
Who needs the trees and the flowers to grow?
We can have a motorway with motorway dough
I know, I know, I know, they've got to go
Tear them down, mess them round
Make a mockery of all of the ground
And if you ever have a sleepless night
Just count out your money, it'll be alright
Politicians, planners, go look what you done
Your madness is making a machine of ev'ryone
But one day the machine might turn on
We'll tear you down, mess you round
And bury you deep under the ground
And we'll dance on your graves till the flowers return
And the trees tell us secrets that took ages to learn
We'll tear you down, mess you round
And bury you deep under the ground
And we'll dance on your graves till the flowers return
And the trees tell us secrets that took ages to learn
We'll tear you down!