

Protest Song

Monty Python

Eric: Well, now ladies and gentlemen it's talent-spotting time.
Please put your hands together for a very big warm welcome please to Raymond Scum!

Neil: Uh...(tunes guitar)...uh...(tunes guitar)...uh, this next song is a protest song...(tunes guitar)...uh...(tunes some more)...uh, ladies and gentlemen, I've suffered from my music. Now it's your turn...

(Terrible harmonica playing)

All the prophets of doom
Can always find room
In a world full of worry and fear
Tips, cigarettes,
And chemistry sets
And Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer
So I'm goin' back
To my little ol' shack
And drink me a bottle of wine
That was mis en bouteille
Before my birthday
And have me a fuckin' good time!
Rain on a tin roof sounds like a drum
We're marchin' for freedom today ... hey!
Turn on your headlights and sound your horn
If people get in the way

(Terrible harmonica playing)

Let me turn you on
To the Cromium Swan
On the the nose of a long limousine
Even hide for the day
It is somethin' to say
But what the hell does it mean?
I may be accused
Of bein' confused
But I'm average weight for my height
My phil-o-so-phy
Like color TV
Is all there in black and white

RAI -- Rain on a tin roof sounds like a drum
We're marchin' for freedom today ... hey!
Turn on your headlights and sound your horn(honk honk)
If people get in the way
(Long harmonica note to end of song.)