

Die For BP

Oi Polloi

Eighteen years old, screaming in a ditch

Amputated legs in a war fought for the rich

But the bosses shed no tears as you bled and cried

'Cos your butchery battle-
proved the weapons they had sold to the other side

TIME TO STOP THE WAR

B.P. AIN'T WORTH DYING FOR

Orphaned children cry, screaming for their dad

But when he comes home he'll be in a body bag

Another loved one is left legless, condemned to a wheelchair

This is "precision bombing" with your great military hardware

You make a TV game of slaughter and terror air attacks

A video distraption from recession and poll tax

Forget and fight for you? We're the people that you're screwing

No, you'll only see us fight to give your bailiffs a good doing