

# Let the Boots Do the Talking

Oi Polloi

Oi!  
A child is burnt to death  
By nazis on the street  
A man is stabbed and scarred for life  
Yet you say they've a right to put their views

What is this liberal rubbish?  
Are you some kind of mug?  
Don't talk to me of "free speech"  
For murdering fascist thugs

We remember Mosley  
And how Cable Street folk fought him  
When we see the fash  
We let the boots do the talking

Some think they'll be halted  
By spouting a lot of hot air  
Others think you can stop them  
By waving a yellow lollipop in the air

But we remember Mosley  
And how Cable Street folk fought him  
When we see the fash  
We let the boots do the talking

Punks and sabs and travellers  
And hippies and ravers too  
They'd build another Auschwitz  
This time for me and you  
But we ain't gonna take this  
From some bonehead in the "master race"  
He won't be mastering anything  
With a vegan steelie in his face!

We remember Mosley  
And how Cable Street folk fought him  
When we see the fash  
We let the boots do the talking