

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