

Hard Times

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Dead dreams
Dead dreams flying flags
Flapping into the breeze
Wave your coloured rags

Hard times
Were they never any better
Maybe never ever

The slogan will take you like lemmings to the cliff
You'll feel better than ever
And into the abyss
Ha! Ha! Ha ha!

Hard times
Were they never any better

Every crack every crevice will be sanitised
There'll be no more war
There'll be no more choice

And those not behind you
Should go live elsewhere
Spies everywhere
You put the poison in the air

Hard times
Were they never any better
Maybe never ever

The words cry for help
But the music says no
Every sentence a siege of national pride

Hard times
Were they never any better, maybe

And I
I won't answer the call
I don't like khaki
I won't wear your uniform

There'll be no more war
There'll be no more choice
There'll be no more war
There'll be no more choice
Hard times
Were they ever any better