

To Be Free

Strawbs

The gilt-edged invitation came
And I said "What can this mean?
To attend the coronation
As the first guest of the Queen
And sit upon her right hand
Where the Prince is normally seen?"
The maids of honour stared at me
And registered surprise
To see a man of such good taste
Appear before their eyes
Now bring rather humble
I adopted a disguise
As the Minister of State
For Mass Environment Controls
Who condemn the working classes
For inhabiting the holes
That belong to Queen and Country
But do not permit their souls
To be free like me.

The perspex chandelier
Began to melt and slip away
One million candle-powered
It kept the night at bay
While the power station workers
Were busy making hay
The workers in the fields
Were engaged in self-defence
Which involved the use of barbed wire
As a self-containing fence
But as a means of self-protection
It was needlessly immense
I stopped to ask them for a light
They pointed at the sun
Which raised their hopes of harvesting
A better crop than guns
Can ever mass produce
At the expense of anyone
Who is free like me.

The solitary peasant
In his home above the lake
Raised high on wooden stilts
Has made the singular mistake
Of revolutionary conduct
At the celebration wake
His urban counterpart
Engaged in mundane occupation
Enjoys the chance of laughing
At the Queen's humiliation
At the hands of Ministers of State
For Rehabilitation
Now the power station worker
Though his aim is too disjointed
Finds himself around the corner
While his gun is never pointed
He is ever at the ready

He desires to be annointed
And be free like me.