

## 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.