

Hidden Jukebox

The Beautiful South

Hey church I was thinking
The Third World seems to be sinking
Can't you all get over there
And we'll have them all over here

And you can learn to catch your own food
And you can learn to build your own hut
And we'll make up the usual excuse
To keep them in the pubs till they're shut

Hey skin, I just thought
The doctrine Hitler has taught
Is still kicking off in the States
Can't you go and join with your mates

Join up with the clueless clan
Dress up in a bag and a skirt
End up looking like a jerk
Meanwhile we'll have gone mad

And the hidden jukebox plays us a song
For each and everyone
For black, white, straight and the gay
Celebrate you being away

Hey Turk I was thinking
OK so I may have been drinking
You can come drink over here
And we'll fuck them off over there

Whisky for the Greek and the Turk
Gin for the Arab and the Jew
A double arsenic for Mister Le Pen
Cause it's him who soils Europe and not you

And the hidden jukebox plays us a song
Everyone should sing along
With a message that'll ring and ring
These are the words that we sing