

# The Chariot

## The Cat Empire

This is a song that came upon me  
One night  
When the news it had been telling me  
About one more war and one more fight  
And 'aeh' I sighed but then  
I thought about my friends  
Then I wrote this declaration  
Just in case the world end

Our guns  
We shot them in the things we said  
Ah we didn't need no bullets  
Cos we rely on some words instead  
Kill someone in argument  
Outwit them with our brains  
And we'd kill ourselves laughing  
At the funny things we'd say

And bombs  
We had them saved for special times  
When the crew would call a shakedown  
We break down a party landmine  
Women that so sexy  
They explode us with their looks  
Ah we blowing up some speakers  
Jumping round till the ground shook

And missiles  
They were the roadtrips that we launched  
T-t-tripping across this island  
Starting missions at the break of dawn  
Yawn and smile say  
'what direction shall we take?'

'Somewhere where it warm and wet'  
This be the route we'd always take and

Our weapons were our instruments  
Made from timber and steel  
We never yielded to conformity  
But stood like kings  
In a chariot that's riding on a  
Record wheel

And our airforce flying  
When the frisbee in the sky  
Have a session while we're smoking  
Now we're feeling extra high  
And we'd sneak into a carpark  
With the skaties on our back  
And we're flying down the levels howling  
'on the attack now on the attack'

And battles  
They happened in these dancehalls  
See we'd rather fight with music  
Choosing one the rhythm war

Battle at these shakedowns  
And we battle at these gigs  
We do battle in our bedrooms  
Made some sweet love to the beat

Then our allies grew  
Wherever we would roam  
See whenever we're together  
Any stranger feel at home  
In a way we are an army  
But this army not destruct  
No instead we're doing simple things  
Good loving find it run amuck

This be a declaration  
Written about my friends  
It's engraved into this song  
So they know I'm not forgetting them  
See maybe if the world contained  
More people like these  
Then the news would not be telling me  
About all that warfare endlessly and

Our weapons were our instruments  
Made from timber and steel  
We never yielded to conformity  
But stood like kings  
In a chariot that's riding on  
A record wheel