

Happy Birthday Revolution

The Levellers

Car horns and rumba music
Through the city's broken heart
Is this the devil's
Own back yard

It was forty years ago
That the gangster he fell
To a rag, bag of men
The world remembers well

Happy Birthday Revolution
Happy Birthday Revolution
I'm standing here
Watching the world fall apart
Watching the world fall apart

Our leader he was young
Gallant and divine
It was the age
Of blood and romance

They shot him in Bolivia
No tear did we cry
For how many men
Can choose the way that they die

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Watching the world fall apart
Watching the world fall apart

We paint him on buildings
With sadness in his eyes
If we suffer hungry days
Then we call it sacrifice

Some say his dream is full of holes
We have dignity and pride
We have independence
Or is it just a Yankee lie

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Watching the world fall apart
Watching the world fall apart

Just watching the world fall apart