

There's nothing new  
In this sad story  
The slaughter of innocence  
Without glory  
At the foot of your hill  
Without warning  
The centre of operations  
They attack in the morning

Now you can lie  
Like a lame before them  
You can dance in the dawn  
You can even ignore them  
But with your skin on file  
There's no escape  
P.C. Keen's got the snap shots  
And he knows your face

And the press will declare  
That you're all mad and insane  
And you'll be accused  
Of not playing the game

You'll stand in the court  
And declare your bravery  
For fighting all this  
That brings us all slavery  
But they won't even see you  
hey won't even hear you  
Because you are the truth  
So nothing can save you

And the southern intelligence unit will say:  
'Thanks to you P.C. Keen  
You've saved the day'