

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'