

Robin Hood

The Mekons

So different from the dungeons gloom, the forest's shady bower
there's many a shade that love might share, where a man can kis
s another

her warm breath is turning moist, where she is already
green leaves and sunshine, Sextatic in her head

(instrumental)

Like beautiful maggots inside rotten apples
spitting out the juices of Kings and big-arsed Barons
fat on the Crusades, slaughtered by Assassins
Afraid to walk the glades of the land they own

Chorus

Rise like lions, shake your chains, babe
Ye are many, they are few
Take from the rich and give to the poor

Images of spitfires strafing Greek resistance fighters
Winston Churchill gunning down the South Wales striking miners
In green we fought the Black n'tans and beat them back to Ulste
r
an 18 year old Argentine, lungs filled with cold water

(intro instrumental)

Buried Republican Visions, Symbolic and Explicit
a history of resistance denied by bishops, lawyers and spies
Grantham hugely petty, riding on her crocodile
'cross teeming London bridge, paved with blood and gold

Chorus

Out in hunting country we sabotage their leisure
Many a Grotto meant for rest holds a pirate for a guest
soft the scene so formed for joy
Oh curse the tyrants that destroy

Chorus