

S-O-R-R-Y

The Proclaimers

Your prose is elegant
As you demonstrate contempt, it's true
And the targets you attack
Mostly deserve a whack from you

Yes, you're entertaining
You fill up the page
Fill it up with your rage

But now there's a doubt
Over the wisdom you hand out in spades
Please tell us which you think
Is the country we should next help invade

What a bloody carnage
You cheered us into
And the others like you

You never wore a uniform
?Less it was a uniform
Of a school or youth organization

But from watching others do
What they would never do
Holds a sad fascination

And now I'm reminded by feelings so strong
Of Bernie Taupin's lyric to Sir Elton's song
Can you say the hardest word?

'Cause you demand apologies
From public figures on their knees
As you invite them to say, "So long"

So let's hear your rendition
Of words of contrition
For getting it so wrong

Would you like to say something?
Would you like to say sorry? Sorry
Sorry, that's S-O-R-R-Y