

Contaminated Minds

UB40

Some people search for the holy grail
Run round in circles and chase their own tails
But you can't really blame them for clutching at straws
For weeding some truth in our morals and laws

Some people say that revolution will descend
On this madness end this confusion
But we've all heard the privileged boast and preach
And the promised land we want is still out of reach

I once knew a man who wore self-righteousness
Like a medal on his inflated chest
He hated all people for breaking his rules
Looked down with distaste on the cowards and fools

He lived like a king in his castle of stone
And sneered at the man who worked hard for his home
He knew all the right words and who to defend
And would be with conviction the working mans friend

Contaminated minds play judge and jury too
But contaminated minds are blind to truth
Contaminated minds speak with loudest voice
But not everybody has the luxury of choice