

Just Desserts

Chumbawamba

And uh, uh, every (security) (no, let him stay) no (let him stay) well at least it's a fruit pie
(let's pray for him right now, Anita, let's pray, Anita, why don't you pray, that's all right) father, we want to thank you for the opportunity of coming to Des Moines, and father I want to ask that you forgive him (and that we love him) and that we love him, and that we're praying for him to be delivered from his deviant lifestyle, father

See them scramble to the top
Watch them fall from grace
Never trust a man
With egg on his face

Groucho Marxists look so sweet
Slapstick anarchists, nice enough to eat
Peter Kropotkin in the way we talk
Charlie Cairoli in the way we walk

See them scramble to the top
Watch them fall from grace
Never trust a man
With egg on his face

Intellectual tarts with a good left hook
Copycat killers, cover and duck
Polite assassins, you shout, I scream
And the party starts, on a count of one, two, three

See them scramble to the top
Watch them fall from grace
Never trust a man
With egg on his face

We talk without words, and everybody understands
Just desserts, delivered by hand
Nobody move or the CEO
Gets it in the face with cream and dough

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Watch them fall from grace
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With egg on his face

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"What? What's that? Who's there? Fido? Ahhh, it's you Mrs. Arbuthnot"