

## Smith and Taylor

Chumbawamba

Built with lives  
Remembered in plans  
A history of no-ones:  
For the glory of just one man

Should Smith now fall  
Then Taylor takes his place  
We're measuring our progress  
By burying our waste

Pyramids, palaces  
Railways and mills  
Viaducts, offices  
Pipelines and canals

Bells for the architect  
Ringing through the land  
A hundred honest men to wash  
The inkstains from his hands

For the forging of words  
Comes easy as sleep  
Stones for Smith & Taylor  
Their memories to keep

Every maiden voyage  
Leaves a widow on the shore  
And every blessed spire  
Sees the earth get its reward