

You Can (Mass Trespass, 1932)

Chumbawamba

For all those feet in ancient times
For stepping out of line
Dragging time and tide
Against the keepers of the past
The flags of class and caste
Limp upon the mast

All your week you were someone's slave
Today you're a free man
If they tell you you can't
Then you can
You can, you can, you can
You can, you can

Walking high upon the hills
Rough-shod against well-heeled
A butterfly breaks upon the wheel
A compass and a cap
A sing-song and a scrap
A dotted line across the map

All your week you were someone's slave
Today you're a free man
If they tell you you can't
Then you can
You can, you can, you can
You can, you can

Every five-barred gate my home
A place to call my own
Stone to boundary stone
For every footprint on the land
The banners and the banned
Who swayed the best-laid plans

All your week you were someone's slave
Today you're a free man
If they tell you you can't
Then you can
You can, you can, you can