

Maggie

Exploited

Twenty five quid to live on
Seven days a week to survive
Five and twenty pictures of the queen
You won't see the starvation in her eyes
Twenty five quid to dish out
And you're already ten in debt
So with fifteen singles left over
The landlord gets the rent

Maggie, Maggie you cunt Maggie, Maggie you cunt Maggie
Maggie you cunt Maggie Maggie Maggie Maggie you fucking cunt

Twenty five reasons for trouble
Three million mouths to feed
They're destroying your mind and body
While they increase their own needs
Twenty five quid of insult
Two meals soon kills your health
They want to see you suffer
They want to see you dead