

Clerkenwell Polka

Madness

I request that the best of our minds
Be impressed to repent of their crimes
For the truth is there all for to see
What can be said in defense of man's tyranny?

To declare too content of the view
That to conform to the norm is what you do
If you live wracked in anger and in shame
The only road you'll find is that hard road, my friend

I concur to defer to the sound
Of discontent when it's meant by the crowd
If in fairness is how you see it end
The only road you'll walk is that hard road, my friend

And the papers they were printing they did sell
In Clerkenwell there were presses turning
And the emigrates they boarded ships and sailed
They could not fail to bring passions burning

Why deny that the lie that is sent
Makes you live work and die for some rent
If you're happy then to leave it up to them
The only road you'll know is that hard road, my friend

We resent the intent of the few
Who do conspire to acquire what's our due
If you don't know your rights and defend
The only road you'll go is that hard road, my friend

If you fall and you crawl towards debt
And the sum it is more than what was lent
If you can't keep your eyes on the change
The only road you'll walk is that bloody road, my friend