

Adversity

Chumbawamba

Thirty years of the same old shit
Of music, money, hit after hit
Smiles, lies, sales, walls
That's thirty years of rock and roll
They changed it's name once or twice
Get rebellious with a company deal
Business thrives where honesty fails
Contracts? Con tricks!
Sing revolution, wait 'til it starts
One eye on the bank account, one on the charts
Government-sponsored rebellion--buy it!
A bit more product to keep us quiet!
Shhh
Product sells, people die
Same revolution, wrapped in lies
In these sexist, drugged-up, rock and roles
The biggest prizes to the biggest fools
Ask the puppet-masters who pull the strings
'Who makes the money when the puppets sing?'
Ask the corporations

'Where does the money go?'
Ask the empty-bellied children
'Tell me what are we singing for?'
Until we pull down the walls
It'll stay the same
Until we find something new
Make it change
I know there must be more
So what are we singing for?
These puppets, underneath the skin, have the same problems as you and me--they want to be loved, don't know where to begin. Just a wall's width away, but impossible to get close. Offstage, with nothing to hide behind, the puppets are running away. And meanwhile, we're running away from ourselves... and meanwhile, we're running away from ourselves... and meanwhile, we're running away from ourselves...
If our music makes you happy or content
It has failed
If our music entertains, but doesn't inspire
It has failed
The music's not a threat
Action the music inspires can be a threat!
I know there must be more...