

## Mr. Heseltine Meets His Public

Chumbawamba

Mr. Heseltine you drove into our town  
The northern rain always drizzling down  
Shoppers at the window stopped to look  
As you signed another copy of your book  
'Cause you have all the power  
And you have all the wealth  
And we've got nothing but ourselves  
We've got nothing but ourselves  
We've got nothing but ourselves  
So we'll do away with leaders, bosses and police  
Reclaim our actions, rediscover our voices  
Salvage our integrity, reassert our dignity  
Power in the heart of the community  
Mr. Heseltine listen to me  
We don't want power  
And we don't want money  
We're fighting for the right to decide  
How the power and the wealth  
Be equally divided  
Old people in Seacroft need money for bills  
Single mums with kids want decent meals  
And we all want new coats  
When all's said and done  
They're all worn out  
From being walked upon  
There comes a time when we organize  
When we take control of our daily lives  
When we don't obey orders from authority  
When we disbelieve the myths of democracy

Democracy Street, Britain's longest running soap, with the added illusion of audience participation. Our act tonight, on the left, capitalism that's right, on the right, capitalism is it, in the middle, probably the best capitalism in the world. Remember it's your choice, your five seconds worth of action that counts. I mean that most sincerely voters. Sit tight, keep quiet, 'till the next time. The next time being one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five days away. Well if freedom is the choice between greed and practically the same impression (?), then I'll take the one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five days. Never mind the ballots, here's the rest of your life.

Mr. Heseltine drove away  
Two more appointments in the north today  
Helpless and powerless  
We join the queue for the metro bus  
And Mr. Heseltine I've made up my mind  
I'll never give support to you and your kind