

On the Day the Nazi Died

Chumbawamba

We're told that after the war
The Nazis vanished without a trace
But battalions of fascists
Still dream of a master race

The history books they tell
Of their defeat in '45
But they all came out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

They say the prisoner at Spandau
Was a symbol of defeat
Whilst Hess remained imprisoned
And the fascists; they were beat

So the promise of an Aryan world
Would never materialize
So why did they all come out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

The world is riddled with maggots
The maggots are getting fat
They're making a tasty meal of all
The bosses and bureaucrats

They're taking over the boardrooms
And they're fat and full of pride
And they all came out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

So if you meet with these historians
I'll tell you what to say
Tell them that the Nazis
Never really went away

They're out there burning houses down
And peddling racist lies

And we'll never rest again...
Until every Nazi dies...