

Slag Aid

Chumbawamba

This is the last one
Organize, occupy, kick the bastards out
Don't wear the gold lam
In keeping with the fashion for charity, not change
Here's our contribution--we've called it Slag Aid
For every pop star that we slag off today
Twenty-five million pounds will be given away
Paul McCartney - come on down
With crocodile tears to irrigate this ground
Make of Somalia a fertile paradise
Where everyone sings Beatles songs, buys shares in EMI
A and M
Axl Rose, this is your life
Thank the Lord that you were born white
And thank MTV for this wonderful opportunity
To peddle your hypocrisy
David Bowie, the price is right
With a suitful of compassion and a gobful of shite
Still the voices of those who doubt
Coca-Cola for the peasants
And Michael Jackson, game for a laugh
Dancing us down the garden path
To Beverly Hills nine oh one oh, you know, you know
Fill the world with silver media
Ladies and Gentlemen, our special guest tonight
He's come all the way, put your hands together for Mr. John Lydon
AKA Johnny Rotten
He's got a new book out, no McLaren, no Matlock, no Dignity
Well we got a surprise for him tonight
'Cause we're gonna do the business, and we take no prisoners
'Cause we got the hammer and we got the nails
We got the hammer and we got the nails
We got the hammer and we got the nails
And the two pieces of wood
Put 'em together, folks, and what have we got?
Tonight, live in Leeds, in city square, we've got the two pieces of wood sit
ting up
You see him hanging there, he's upside down, nice little twist
Because we're gonna nail Mr. Lighton right up to that cross and leave him ha
nging there
Till the vultures come down and pick his eyes off his can, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
Ladies and gentlemen, you've been so good
Thank you, on next week's show, the man upstairs
And have we got a bone to pick with him!
Adieu
Thank you very much
Thanks a lot
Cheers
Ta