

## You Can (Mass Trespass, 1932)

Chumbawamba

For all those feet in ancient times  
For stepping out of line  
Dragging time and tide  
Against the keepers of the past  
The flags of class and caste  
Limp upon the mast

All your week you were someone's slave  
Today you're a free man  
If they tell you you can't  
Then you can  
You can, you can, you can  
You can, you can

Walking high upon the hills  
Rough-shod against well-heeled  
A butterfly breaks upon the wheel  
A compass and a cap  
A sing-song and a scrap  
A dotted line across the map

All your week you were someone's slave  
Today you're a free man  
If they tell you you can't  
Then you can  
You can, you can, you can  
You can, you can

Every five-barred gate my home  
A place to call my own  
Stone to boundary stone  
For every footprint on the land  
The banners and the banned  
Who swayed the best-laid plans

All your week you were someone's slave  
Today you're a free man  
If they tell you you can't  
Then you can  
You can, you can, you can