

Banned from the Roxy.

Crass

Banned from the Roxy... O.K.
I never much liked playing there anyway.
They said they only wanted well behaved boys,
Do they think guitars and microphones are just fucking toys?
Fuck 'em, I chosen to make my stand,
Against what I feel is wrong with this land.
They just sit there on their overfed arses,
Feeding off the sweat of less fortunate classes.
They keep their fucking power cause their finger's on the button,
They've got control and won't let it be forgotten.
The truth of their reality is at the wrong end of a gun,
The proof of that is Belfast and that's no fucking fun.
Seeing the squaddy lying in the front yard,
Seeing the machine guns resting on the fence.
Finding the entrance to your own front door is barred
And they've got the fucking nerve to call it defence.
Seems their defence is just the threat of strength,
Protection for the privileged at any length.
The government protecting their profits from the poor,
The rich and the fortunate chaining up the door.
Afraid that the people may ask for a little more
Than the shit they get. The shit they get.
The shit they get. The shit they get.
The shit they get. The shit they get.
Defence? shit, it's nothing less than war
And no one but the government knows what the fuck it's for.

Oh yes they say it's defence, they say it's decency,
Mai Lai, Hiroshima, know what I mean?
The same fucking lies with depressing frequency,
They say "We had to do it to keep our lives clean"
Well whose life? Whose fucking life?
Who the fuck are they talking to?
Whose life? Whose fucking life?
I tell you one thing, it ain't me and you.
And their system, christ, they're everywhere,
School, army, church, corporation deal.
A fucked up reality based on fear,
A fucking conspiracy to stop you feeling real.
Well ain't got me, I'd say they're fucking wrong,
I ain't quite ready with my gun, but I've got my song...
Banned from the Roxy, well O.K.
I never much liked playing there anyway.
Guns.