

Revolution in the Heart

Ed Harcourt

To the Marxists and the police
To the junkies in the streets
To the gangsters in our towns
And the others underground

To the prostitutes and whores
To the self-admiring bores
To the drinkers in a drought
And the writers steeped in doubt

To the bailiffs and their bills
To the child whose thoughts could kill
To the veteran who fights
All his demons late at night

To the bloody and unbowed
Fanatics and their vows
All the taxes we don't want
To the idiot savant

There's a revolution in my heart
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There's a revolution in my heart

To the Indier than thou
To the stadiums of crowds
To the vultures circling near
A new kingdom of fear

To the skinheads and the Sikhs
To the rich and the elite
To the serious dilettante
To the idiot savant

There's a revolution in my heart
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There's a revolution in my heart
There's a revolution in my heart
In my heart

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There's a revolution in my heart
In my heart, in my heart

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