

What More!?

Jamie Webster

When the fat cats held a meeting on the issues that we face
No one brought a notebook and the pens were all misplaced
The leader pulled a sick note out of his underwear drawer
Told the officers to go tell the world to go and carry on as before
Doesn't leave you re-assured

What more?

Well the order soon was cancelled as they said there's no way to tell
How the herd would immunise and now we're near halfway to hell
Close up your windows lock down your doors
And if you're feeling ill you best camp out on your bathroom floor
And this is not to be ignored

What more? (Play your fucking guitar, Danny lad!)

The leader had a sidekick
The sidekick broke the rules
Went and played the headlines
Played the masses out as fools
Still the bossman stood beside him
And with less talk of the spike
Opened up and sent us out on planes and trains and bikes
Go to Wales, take a hike!

Get business booming
We can even eat out for less
To head back where we all started
At the dawn of all this mess
Case numbers rising isn't it a shame?
Now you go ahead and find the nerve to say the young ones are to blame
And they're the easiest to frame

What more to this game?

When all of this is over
Who knows where we'll be?
The machine ain't been working for as long as I can see
Round up your loved ones
Join em at the hip
No telling what's behind of the lies of this rotten leadership
Unless we push and make them slip

What more can they grip!?!?

Throw the tossers in the skip!