

Marat/Sade

Judy Collins

4 years after the revolution
and the old kings execution
4 years after remember how
those courtiers took their final bow

String up every aristocrat
Out with the priests and let them live on their fat

Four years after we started fighting
Marat keeps up with his writing
Four years after the bastille fell
He still recalls the old battle yell

Down with all of the ruling class
Throw all the generals out on their ass

Why do they have the gold
Why do they have the power why why why why
Why do they have the friends at the top

Why do they have the jobs at the top

We've got nothing, always had nothing
Nothing but holes and millions of them
Living in holes
Dying in holes
Holes in our bellies and
Holes in our clothes

Marat we're poor
And the poor stay poor
Marat don't make us wait any more
We want our rights and we don't care how
We want our revolution
Now

Four years he fought and he fought unafraid
Sniffing down traitors by traitors betrayed
Marat in the courtroom
Marat underground
Sometimes the otter and sometimes the hound

Fighting all the gentry and fighting every priest
The business man the bourgeois the military beast
Marat always ready to stifle every scheme
Of the sons of the ass licking dying regime

We've got new generals our leaders are new
They sit and they argue and all that they do
is sell their own colleagues
And ride upon their backs
Or jail them
Or break them
Or give them all the ax
Screaming in language that no one understands
Of the rights that we grabbed with our own bleeding hands
When we wiped out the bosses

And stormed threw the wall of the prison they told us
would outlast us all

Marat we're poor
And the poor stay poor
Marat don't make us wait any more.
We want our rights and we don't care how
We want our revolution
Now

Poor old Marat they hunt you down
The bloodhounds are sniffing all over the town
Just yesterday your printing press was smashed
Now their asking your home address

Poor old Marat in you we trust
You work till your eyes turn as red a rust
But while you write they're on your track
The boots mount the staircase
The doors thrown back

Poor old Marat in you we trust
You work till your eyes turn as red a rust
Poor old Marat we trust in you

Marat we're poor
And the poor stay poor
Marat don't make us wait any more
We want our rights and we don't care how
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Now