Clerkenwell Polka

I request that the best of our minds Be impressed to repent of their crimes For the truth is there all for to see What can be said in defense of man's tyranny?

To declare too content of the view That to conform to the norm is what you do If you live wracked in anger and in shame The only road you'll find is that hard road, my friend

I concur to defer to the sound Of discontent when it's meant by the crowd If in fairness is how you see it end The only road you'll walk is that hard road, my friend

And the papers they were printing they did sell In Clerkenwell there were presses turning And the emigrates they boarded ships and sailed They could not fail to bring passions burning

Why deny that the lie that is sent Makes you live work and die for some rent If you're happy then to leave it up to them The only road you'll know is that hard road, my friend

We resent the intent of the few Who do conspire to acquire what's our due If you don't know your rights and defend The only road you'll go is that hard road, my friend

If you fall and you crawl towards debt And the sum it is more than what was lent If you can't keep your eyes on the change The only road you'll walk is that bloody road, my friend

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Madness