

King Solomon's Song and Mine

Momus

Solomon took a census, and we were just passing through
But his press gang arrested us and led us to the quarry two by two

And now, King Solomon, I'm working for a song in your mine
Solomon wants a palace and a temple for his god Yahweh
But you and me sweet Alison we get sweet FA

And now, King Solomon, I'm working for a song in your mine
You trade our daylight for Turkish Delight
You trade our fear for euphoria

But we trade the real for your underground rail
And your foreman's rules

O my love, let's start a trade union for fools
The Queen of Sheba visited, she brought spices and guitars
There never were spices or guitars like that
At least never for the likes of us

Solomon took some frankincense, the Queen took some cocaine
Then the lighting changed and they sang strange words
And the band already knew the chords
And now, King Solomon, I'm working for your song and mine

You trade our daylight for Turkish Delight
You trade our fear for euphoria

But we trade the real for your underground rail
And your foreman's rules

O my love, let's start a trade union for fools
One thing's sure and nothing's surer
The rich get richer and the poor get

Now we're living happily, Alison and I
We can't stop singing Solomon's song, we were singing it on the night

We conceived our healthy children, who thanks to the union line
Are at school with the sons of the foreman
With a future down the mine

And soon, King Solomon, they'll be working for your song and mine

You trade our daylight for Turkish Delight
You trade our fear for euphoria

But we trade our lives for the song you taught us to sing
How does it go? 'The trade union and God save the King!'