

# 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!'