

Heatongrad

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

Fuck the king, and fuck the queen, with an AK-47
Line them up against the walls, and let them talk to heaven
Give them same dice they gave us and let them roll a seven
Welcome to Heatongrad

When your friendly local tax dodger is lynched for all to see
And the newspaper editors swing from neighbouring tree
When the trains and buses, education, health & safety's free
Welcome to Heatongrad

Remember Tonygrad?
The launching of the lad's mag to the streets of Baghdad
That made you oh-so-sad
The left so far up cleft, like the first meal they'd had
They treated dear old Blighty like some dirt-cheap shag
Now they're paying zero tax at Richard Branson's pad...

Fuck the army, fuck the law, and fuck their uniform
You don't need no medal to know where you were born
You don't need no tattooed arm to know that you're now sworn
Sworn into Heatongrad

Rob the rich to feed the poor, we'll tax their bleedin' blood
Till the brain drain we dreamt about drains down to where it should
The sewer rat, the alley cat, are back in charge of hood
Welcome to Heatongrad

Freedom's just a clever word the mighty like to use
Election, chance to drop your pants and see who actually screws
Liberty don't pay your bills or put your kids in shoes
Welcome to Heatongrad

Where the only person using car is those who cannot walk
Where a wheelchair's an ability, not a chance to stop and gawk
Leave the army now, you fools, and join the Heaton Corps
Sign up to Heatongrad

Ban advertising, patronising, sexualising young
Take ladder of success and grease up every rung
Women, if you need a need a voice, fill each and every lung
Sing along to Heatongrad...