The State of Things

Reverend and the Makers

While some sore heads will rue last nights endeavors
And make Sunday's vow that they won't get so leathered
Dads shout at lads so they foul number seven
There's no need for fighting they're only eleven
A little introduction to the state of things

What of the woman who stands by her fella
Despite the bruises brought on by the Stella
To cook and to clothe and to clean and to screw
Is not the sum total of all she can do

They claim that the threat's high, oh do me a favor
Control you by fear so you don't know your neighbour
Tube station at midnight, shoot them on sight
Hearts beating faster on jubilee line

The football fans fight 'cause United's at home
It's futile as bald men fighting for a comb
Adam gives Keeley what Donna gave him
Keeley shags Richard then gives it to Jim

I'm making you aware of the state of things
A little introduction to the state of things
I'm aching to sing about the state of things
Bet they don't teach you at school about the state of things

And then there's the woman who's there in the station
Whose White Lightning refuge is inebriation
Some wench on park bench contrasts to your cash
She's not gonna kill ya or give ya a rash

I'm making you aware of the state of things
A little introduction to the state of things
I'm aching to sing about the state of things
Because we're all run by fools that's the state of things

I'm telling you straight about the state of things
1-9-8-4 the state of things
It cuts me wide open the state of things
I am The Reverend and I'll tell you about the state of things

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