Lisp Service

Robert Wyatt

Trouble isn't my middle name,
Left in peace would make my day.
You started the fire not me,
Camouflaged in mystery.

Plundering, murdering,
Raiding coast to coast
Good old days of gore,
And now you tell me
I should learn to deal with you all
Bow to you and praise the Lords for
Everything, everything
You won for us.
After all that was before,
There weren't no amnesty
International,
Nobody to check you.
Don't give me that
'polis'
That 'rule of law'.

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