

Aye

Sam Fender

They don't act up for the camera
They just sit back and command them
And collect and deflect and abandon
They even wrote all the Ten Commandments
They watched Jesus get nailed to the cross
In real time and in their heads
They watched Boudica fall to the Romans
They watched Lennon as they shot him dead
They watched Jackie pick up Kennedy's head
They watched kids go to Epstein's bed
They watched Hollywood whitewash remake movies
Of napalm falling like water on rock
They watched the atom bomb reduce two cities to dust
And paint the whole narrative as totally just
They fly drones above our heads
That paint the ground black and red
Children's eyes clasped in dread
They all knew where it led
Trade ties steeped in guile
They knew the fall was coming all the while
And they double down on misery
The age old blatant mystery
Subterfuge in synergy

Poor hate the poor
Hate the poor
Hate the poor
Hate the poor

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It's a blame game
It's a fame trap
It's the martyrdom of the spoken
It's the last breath of the awoken
And the woke kids are just dickheads
And the dickheads are all ages
And everybody's pointing at somebody's sweetheart
I'm a scumbag
Making my peace with the internal drag
Making my thesis on the faceless man
He's got the whole world in his fucking hands

I don't have time for the very few
They never had time for me and you
I don't have time for the very few
They never had time for me and you
I don't have time for the very few
They never had time for me and you
I don't have time for the very few
They never had time for me and you
I don't have time for the very few
They never had time for me and you

I'm not a fucking patriot anymore
I'm not a fucking singer anymore
I'm not a fucking liberal anymore
I'm not a fucking anything or anyone
I'm not a fucking anything or
I'm not a fucking anything
I'm not a fucking
I'm not a
I'm not
Aye