

Protest Song

The Astronauts

I live my own life - do what I want - say what I mean
And you've got your own hope - strange ambition - different dreams
So who are you to say I'm wrong?
And who am I to say I'm right?
Though we live in separate ways, why do we argue, always fight?

A man who disagreed with a regime was termed a rat.
One night, some men came round - "we've read your books, we'd like a chat"
And then they kicked him round the cell
With cigarettes they burnt his face
Said "Remember, we're the law. Do you love your family, your dwelling place?"

And it seems that fools control the world, the nuclear button,
the poison pen.
Most of us are in the dark, but then we're only little men.
But little men have mouths to feed
And little men don't want to kill
So little men are never told unless, of course, the earth stands still.

We have got a chant, ain't got a chorus, ain't even got a name
But it helps us through the night to know we don't share the blame
It's just another protest song ("Oh what a pretty protest song")
With words to try and make you think ("I think I'll go and have a drink")
But come the dawn resume your search for your ultimate power
Your missing link.