

The Chariot

The Cat Empire

This is a song that came upon me
One night
When the news it had been telling me
About one more war and one more fight
And 'aeh' I sighed but then
I thought about my friends
Then I wrote this declaration
Just in case the world end

Our guns
We shot them in the things we said
Ah we didn't need no bullets
Cos we rely on some words instead
Kill someone in argument
Outwit them with our brains
And we'd kill ourselves laughing
At the funny things we'd say

And bombs
We had them saved for special times
When the crew would call a shakedown
We break down a party landmine
Women that so sexy
They explode us with their looks
Ah we blowing up some speakers
Jumping round till the ground shook

And missiles
They were the roadtrips that we launched
T-t-tripping across this island
Starting missions at the break of dawn
Yawn and smile say
'what direction shall we take?'

'Somewhere where it warm and wet'
This be the route we'd always take and

Our weapons were our instruments
Made from timber and steel
We never yielded to conformity
But stood like kings
In a chariot that's riding on a
Record wheel

And our airforce flying
When the frisbee in the sky
Have a session while we're smoking
Now we're feeling extra high
And we'd sneak into a carpark
With the skaties on our back
And we're flying down the levels howling
'on the attack now on the attack'

And battles
They happened in these dancehalls
See we'd rather fight with music
Choosing one the rhythm war

Battle at these shakedowns
And we battle at these gigs
We do battle in our bedrooms
Made some sweet love to the beat

Then our allies grew
Wherever we would roam
See whenever we're together
Any stranger feel at home
In a way we are an army
But this army not destruct
No instead we're doing simple things
Good loving find it run amuck

This be a declaration
Written about my friends
It's engraved into this song
So they know I'm not forgetting them
See maybe if the world contained
More people like these
Then the news would not be telling me
About all that warfare endlessly and

Our weapons were our instruments
Made from timber and steel
We never yielded to conformity
But stood like kings
In a chariot that's riding on
A record wheel