Aztec Camera "Good Morning Britain"

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Jock's got a vote in parochial Ten long years and he's still got her Paying tax and and doing stir Worry about it later

And the wind blows hot and the wind blows cold But it blows us good so we've been told Music's food 'til the art-biz folds Let them all eat culture

The past is steeped in shame But tomorrow's fair game For a life that's fit for living Good morning Britain

Twenty years and a loaded gun Funerals, fear and the war ain't won Paddy's just a figure of fun It lightens up the danger

Corporal sneers at a Catholic boy And he eyes his gun like a rich man's toy He's killing more than Celtic joy Death is not a stranger

And Taffy's time's gonna come one day It's a loud sweet voice and it won't give way A house is not a holiday Your sons are leaving home, Neil

In the hills and the valleys and far away You can hear the song of democracy The echo of eternity With a rak-a-rak-a feel

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From the Tyne to where to the Thames does flow My English brothers and sisters know

It's not a case of where you go It's race and creed and color

From the police cell to the deep dark grave On the underground's just a stop away Don't be too black, don't be too gay Just get a little duller

But in this green and pleasant land Where I make my home, I make my stand Make it cool just to be a man A uniform's a traitor

Love is international And if you stand or if you fall Just let them know you gave your all Worry about it later

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