

## **Billy Bragg** **"A Pict Song"**

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Rome never looks where she treads  
Always her heavy hooves fall  
On our stomachs, our hearts or our heads  
And Rome never heeds when we call

Her sentries pass on, that is all  
And we gather behind them in hordes  
And plot to reconquer their wall  
With only our tongues for our swords

For we are the little folk, we  
Too little to love or to hate  
Leave us alone and you'll see  
How we can drag down the state

Mistletoe killing an oak  
Rats gnawing cables in two  
Moths making holes in a cloak  
How they must love what they do

Yes and we little folk too  
We are as busy as they  
Working our works out of view  
Watch and you'll see it some day

For we are the little folk, we  
Too little to love or to hate  
Leave us alone and you'll see  
How we can drag down the state

Yes, it is true, we are not strong  
We know of peoples that are  
Yes and we'll guide them along  
To smash and destroy you in war

We shall be slaves, just the same?  
Yes, we have always been slaves  
But you, you will die of the shame  
And then we shall dance on your graves

For we are the little folk, we  
Too little to love or to hate

Leave us alone and you'll see  
How we can drag down the state

We are the worm in the wood  
We are the rot at the root  
We are the taint in the blood  
We are the thorn in the foot

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