

Expatriate

"Maggie"

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Twenty five quid to live on Seven days a week to
survive Five and twenty pictures of the queen You won't
see the starvation in her eyes Twenty five quid to dish
out And you're already ten in debt So with fifteen
singles left over The landlord gets the rent
MAGGIE, MAGGIE YOU CUNT MAGGIE, MAGGIE YOU
CUNT MAGGIE, MAGGIE YOU CUNT MAGGIE MAGGIE
MAGGIE MAGGIE YOU FUCKING CUNT
Twenty five reasons for trouble Three million mouths to
feed They're destroying your mind and body While
they increase their own needs Twenty five quid of
insult Two meals soon kills your health They want to
see you suffer They want to see you dead *[repeat
verses 1&2]*

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