

Madness

"Clerkenwell Polka"

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I request that the best of our minds
Be impressed to repent of their crimes
For the truth is there all for to see
What can be said in defence of man's tyranny

To declare to contempt of the view
That to conform to the norm is what you do
If you live wracked in anger and in shame
The only road you find's that hard road my friend

I concur to defer to the sound
Of discontent when it's meant by the crowd
If in fairness is how you see it end
The only road you'll walk's that hard road my friend

And the papers they were printing they did sell
In Clerkenwell there were presses turning
And the emigrees they boarded ships and sailed
They could not fail to bring passions burning
La da da da-da

Why deny that the lie that is sent
Makes you live work and die for some rent
If you're happy then to leave it up to them
The only road you'll know's that hard road my friend

We resent the intent of the few
Who do conspire to acquire what's our due
If you don't know you're rights and defend
The only road you'll goes that hard road my friend

If you fall and you crawl towards debt
And the sum it is more than what was leant
If you can't keep your eyes on the change
The only road you'll walk's that bloody road my friend

Ah yip da didi didi dee
Ah yip da didi didi dee
Ah yip da didi didi dee
Ah yip da didi didi dee

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