

## Chumbawamba "All The King's Men"

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And so in the tradition of Manfred the Great  
The people built the glorious vision in his name  
Great Britain they called it, a land for heroes  
A land where no one was starving, a paradise, a  
garden of Eden  
The garden of Eden, levelled to the ground  
And concreted over, re-built from scratch  
With I.C.I. man-made fibres, they made their paradise  
out of plastic  
But our world is cracked and it's showing through  
The plastic backed cello-taped superglue  
The paper money and the patched up lies  
The cover-up jobs, the fact they try to hide  
That all the king's horses and all the king's men  
Will never stick our world together again  
With their plastic, sticky-backed, red-taped lies,  
And all the paper money they exchange for our lives  
Think about it, our world, all the ecological  
catastrophes  
They're happening all at once, at the same time now  
Mankind to the rescue, I ask you why?  
To him tomorrow is just another fucking day fucking up  
the earth  
Filling his fat silver-lined pockets full  
So please listen, dear peoplekind  
See the reason that mankind won't save the earth  
Cos there's no money in it for him, it's not worth his  
while  
It's up to us  
It's up to us  
It's up to us, each and every one of us

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