

Chumbawamba "Don't Try This At Home"

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It's a long walk to the gallows
It's a small step to swing free
The crying in the tower
For my conspirators and me
Gunpowder and modem
And a dream of liberty

And then they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home"
Oh yes, they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home"

If you walk on the beach with King Canute
You'll be walking back alone
Tonight, he'll dine on oysters
While we fall like green acorns
We'll be putting down our roots
Right in the center of the storm

Oh, but they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home"
Oh yes, they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home"

The cry of gulls
The hum of streets
The buzz of phones
The march of feet

We'll meet tonight
To draw up plans
Exclamations
Ampersands

Somewhere across the water
They're storming palace gates
Scared of the moth-flame metaphor
We fall asleep and wait
Singing for a future
But the chorus comes too late

Because they'll tell you

"Don't try this at home"
Oh yes, they'll tell you
"Don't try this at home"

Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't, don't

So we're coming to the last dance
I've got another request
With your best foot forward
We'll lay this ghost to rest

So we're coming to the last dance
I've got another request
With your best foot forward
We'll lay this ghost to rest

So we're coming to the last dance
I've got another request

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