

Chumbawamba "Flesh & Blood & Feelings"

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Margaret thatcher lives in ronald reagan's underpants
She's been there for eight years cooking up her plan
To make the uk like big brother usa
Where selfmade men run everything and this is what
they say
"once upon a time, we had an idea
Mr big thought it was a damn good idea
Together we made the idea strong
And before too long they could do no wrong
As the idea grew, the number of poeple who dug our
idea grew too
We had a graphic designed who know just what to do
He made it plain and simple, red, white, and blue"
Red is the blood of the butchered indians
White is anglo-american apartheid
Blue is the "gee, I'll die for my country" mentality
That made it all possible
Our history, made from other people's misery
Our history, built on other people's poverty
A present, the world into which we were born
I say, I say, I say, what's the biggest thing in the world
today?
It's the myth that men are big, that includes us lads
The myth that we've got a rocket down our pants
When I was ten years old I was bought and sold
On films, tv, books, and comics pushing myths about
mr. big
Rock it!
"to be someone in this world you gotta have a big, big
penis. not much else matters, just as long as you got a
wapping great wanger. the bigger it is, the bigger you
are, and you gotta use it!"
Mr big's the bigger it is the more power it packs
Mr. big's shiny prick nuclear dick
How do we measure up to it?
At the age of twelve I thought to myself,
"it's gonna grow"
For the next seven years I kept a check of things down
below
It didn't grow
Now look at me on the front of this record
Admittedly it's not erect

But even allowing for exaggeration there's no
comparison with
This microphone, sylvester stallone
Electric guitars, sports cars
Errol flynn, jimmy hill's chin
Stars and stripes and rubber pipes
F-111 bombers and the contras
Post office tower penis power
Muscles and sweat cigarettes
Ronald reagan's smile cruise missiles
Fourteen, fifteen, going on sixteen
No growth down below if you know what I mean
I kept it very quiet, I felt a lot embarrassed
I didn't like going in public toilets
At school I skipped showers
The state separatism of an all-boys school
I couldn't relate to girls, there were different rules
I just wanted to kiss girls, put my hand up their dress
They did right not to like it, 'cause women are not
fuckin' objects
Like with anything else which we keep to ourselves
We end up taking it out on somebody else
It becomes a big thing without being big at all
I felt very inadequate, confused, and small
We hide our feelings, our flesh and our blood
Start putting out mr. tough
To be larger than life, more than just flesh and blood
Like the dickheads at school, at gigs and in pubs
We pretend it doesn't hurt as we beat each other up
In our confusion we want to be more than flesh and
blood
Like the good guys on tv, we pretend to have no
feelings
It's easier to avoid the emotional scenes
So when it comes to our lives we do not see who we're
hurting
Like the good guys on tv we don't know our own
feelings
All I needed was demystification
And it's as simple as this
We're flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
I say, I say, I say, what's the biggest idea in the world
today?
Us losing sight of feeling reality, instead, putting our

faith in democracy
Churchill died in 1965, but God and country survived
As a lad I was full of it, it took me twenty years to see
through it
The state freedom which keeps us in our place
Which keeps us blind to how governments operate
And gives us war to cover our insignificance
And gives thatcher what she wanted
A vote of thanks, victory for britain, oppression with a
smile
Everybody's happy, the union jack's on the jack again
over port stanley
Young growing lads are watching every move
To see how they measure up
Growing up confused, like I did
'cause their minds are being messed up
The pretending becomes the reality as we turn out the
lights
Turn on the power and fuck the consequences
The reality of rape and violence
From the bedrooms to the backstreets
And the mass-manufactured murder
From the boardrooms to the battlefields
The reality of their freedom
Behind the smiles, the lies, the celebrations
The price of trying to forget ourselves
Trying to hide but still being racked with pain
Such is the life they would have us lead
To kill or be killed for their idea
Where's the freedom, I ask, in being told what to do?
And living in constant fear?
If we're ever gonna change this thing
We've got to try and find a way from within
Within our heads, amidst our own confusion there must
be something
Something real, a feeling which is not for sale
Which they can't drown
A love for each other, and a will to resist the people
who will try to keep us down
Like northern ireland, nicaragua, grenada, libya
The free world penis power intervention is so similar
Where flesh and blood and feeling people
Fighting for their lives, trying to resist
Are tortured and killed by democracies and labelled
terrorists
Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less

Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
Peoplekind just trying to find some sense in all of this
mess
Something real, a feeling which will never be for sale
A love for each other, a will to resist those who will
build our prison walls
Flesh and blood and feelings, nothing more and
nothing less
(repeat and fade)

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