

# Chumbawamba

## "How To Get Your Band On Television"

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I'm the Boss of the company  
And I've got hunger working for me  
Listen and you'll begin to understand  
I built my profits on stolen land  
It's the economics of supply and demand  
And I make the demands around here  
Product sells, people die  
Same manipulation wrapped in lies  
Give a little money and play your rock and roll  
The biggest prizes to the biggest fools  
Good evening ladies and gentlemen  
Welcome to the show where you the audience  
participate  
On our show tonight we got lost of surprises in store for  
you at home  
In keeping with the fashion for charity, not change  
Here's out contribution--we've called it Slag Aid  
For every pop star that we slag off today  
A million pounds will be given away  
Paul McCartney - come on down  
With crocodile tears to irrigate this ground  
Make of Ethiopia a fertile paradise  
Where everyone sings Beatles songs and buys shares  
in EMI  
Charity, starvation, and rock and roll  
Let it be, eh Paulie?  
Freddie Mercury, this is your life  
Thank the Lord that you were born white  
And thank apartheid for this wonderful opportunity  
To peddle your hypocrisy in Sun City  
A bit of a hot potato in a moment, eh Fred, in South  
Africa?  
Well I'm sure there's a video in there somewhere  
David Bowie, the price is right  
A suitful of compassion and a gobful of shite  
Still the voices of those who doubt  
Coca-Cola for the peasants to end this drought  
David the world can only take so much  
And with you around, we're in for a really hard time  
Jagger and Richards, game for a laugh  
Dancing us down the garden path  
To a place where money grows on trees

Where cocaine habits are financed by hunger and  
disease  
There's only one mountain in the rock and roll business  
Ladies and Gentlemen, and it's Mick Jagger  
Ask the puppet-masters who pull the strings  
Who makes the money when the puppets sing  
Ask the corporations where does the money go  
Ask the empty-bellied children what are we singing for  
And Cliff Richard, three, two, one  
The God who remains when the religion's gone  
Cliff, we've got a special surprise for you today  
So come up closer, step this way  
Cliff, you're such an example of moral worth  
Such a purist saint come to bless our earth  
That on behalf of our viewers watching on telly  
And on behalf of the millions with empty bellies  
We're donating something special that we're all going  
to like  
Cliff Richard, we're going to nail you up to a cross  
tonight  
Ladies and gentlemen, just imagine it, someone  
comes along, takes everything you own, your space,  
your house, separates you from your family and then  
hits you in the face if you say anything different. Well,  
that's what we've been doing to the third world for the  
past four hundred years. That's you and me. You the  
viewers at home, me in the studio, the pop stars,  
everyone. That's how we make the third world, every  
day, today and every day. If you want any  
correspondence with the program, just send your  
answers, letter bombs only, to BP House, Victoria  
Street, London, SW1  
Thank you and good night  
Feed the world  
Starve the rich  
Goodnight  
I know there must be more  
I know there must be more  
Than giving just a little bit more  
When half of this world is so helplessly poor  
Starved of the real solution  
Charity and tradition  
And the cycle of hungry children  
Will keep on going 'round  
I know there must be more  
Will keep on going 'round  
I know there must be more  
Will keep on going 'round  
I know there must be more  
'Till we burn the house of commons to the ground

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