

Chumbawamba "Laughing"

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Just when you figured it out someone lets you down
Who'll make all the wrong decisions when the judge is
up for trial?
No-one has the cure for all our daily hurts
Least of all this rock and roll
And I never-ever said what you said I said
What price poverty sheik?
What price scissors and stone?
All queueing up for the knacker's yard
Crack you face, laugh out loud
For a few brief words and a few short lines I was taken
to the coliseum, fed to the lions. And lions aren't the
type you can really love enough, but you can turn 'em
into rugs! Ow mate, can you spare some change? Too
much. Are you down on your fashion, or down on your
luck? Sometimes questions never get dropped. Oi Mick,
are you dancing? I never stopped!
L A U G H I N G laughing...
(Repeat)

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