

Chumbawamba "Liberation"

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There's always been a pattern of struggle and defeat
Never that cycle incomplete
Never enough to tip the scales
Too many people rotting in jails
Or bloodied on the battlefields
The history books from every age
Have the same words written on every page
Always starting with 'Revolution'
And ending with 'Capitulation'
Always silenced by the truncheon
Or bought out with concessions
Always repetition...
Repetition... repetition... repetition...
(Repeat)
'I'm the boss of the factory
'I'm in charge of the U.K.C.
'Shopfloor workers run and fetch
'As I sit around and smugly watch
'And the process makes me stinking rich'
We're all links in the factory chain
And the chain grows longer day by day
And whilst we're apart
The process won't stop
Repetition... repetition... repetition...
(Repeat)
But we're kept apart by philosophies
And moral stances and policies
We'll be stuck in our own little ghettos forever
'Til we start to work together
Together... Together... Together... Together in the open
or together in our little heaven?
Fighting for total change, or working for concessions?
Do we take what is ours, or ask that it be given?
Are we stealing it together, or asking for permission?
Even though we disagree we share a common enemy
Our methods may not be the same
But together we can break the chain
Different aims, different means, with common ground
in between
Don't sit back, it's time to act
This life is ours, let's snatch it back
Even though we disagree we share a common enemy

Our methods may not be the same
But together we can break the chain
Different aims, different means, with common ground
in between
Don't sit back, it's time to act
This life is ours, let's snatch it back
The time has come to make a choice
Stop taking orders from His Master's Voice!

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