

Chumbawamba

"Man Papers His Crack"

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Hey Manfred, what you doing back there?
Come on, come unclean, man!
You can turn your back when you paper your crack
You can turn both cheeks, you can de-odour the reek
You can wash your hands of it, when you have been
But you don't fool us with your Mister Clean
We got the brown on our hands, a piece of Momma
Nature's land
We got the brown in our glands, care of Momma Nature
land
Hey Manfred, Manfred, listen to me, come on listen to
me man. Inside we're all brown in there somewhere,
we've all got the biz. So quit holding ground, no matter
who you are your brown still smells. Let it out, man,
come on. It's you soul, it's your soil.
As long as there's brown we'll be sticking 'round
You take away the brown, that's when we start going
down
Going down, going down, going down, going down...

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