

Chumbawamba

"Rich Popstars Make Good Socialists"

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Missionaries up from the South
Have come to put words in our ignorant mouths
Big company muscles flex
And we're all pulled along by the seat of our kecks
Popstars to lead us to the promised land
Same rich bastards in command
All responsibility out of our hands
Just work for their party and cheer for their bands
Red banners angry lawyers keep checking on their
bobs and tanners
Same old dances and five year plans
Will never bridge the gap between stars and fans
What's unsaid is left unsaid as the bosses
Lure the popstars into their beds
Allowed to indulge in their political bread
There's too many people who agree to be led
The pied piper came today
Autograph autograph to lead us away
Out of the town behind the piper
Over the cliff and into the river

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