

# Chumbawamba

## "Sewing Up Crap"

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I don't know  
I don't know

Chain, chain, chain, chain  
Chain, chain, chain, chain

A cut-price empire, clean-cut lines  
A perfect body and a dirty mind  
The rules of this game  
Say we all look the same

Chain, chain, chain  
Chain, chain, chain

We'll put a spin on it  
We'll take a pencil to it  
We'll make a virtue out of  
Keeping oh so quiet about it

I don't know, and I don't want to know  
I don't know, and I don't want to know  
I don't know, and I don't want to know  
I don't know, and I don't want to know

Chain, chain, chain  
Chain, chain, chain

Talk about child's play, count the birthdays  
A stitch in time says, "Just look the other way"  
The rules of this game  
Say you don't know her name

Chain, chain, chain  
Chain, chain, chain

We'll span a hundred years for it  
We'll make a killing out of it  
And we'll corner the market  
By keeping oh so quiet about it

Working for the gap  
(Chain)

Sewing up crap  
(Chain)  
Working for the gap  
(Chain)  
Sewing up crap

Working for the gap  
(Chain)  
Sewing up crap  
(Chain)  
Working for the gap  
(Chain)  
Sewing up crap

Working for the gap  
(Chain)  
Sewing up crap  
(Chain)  
Working for the gap  
(Chain)  
Sewing up crap

Working for the gap  
(Chain)  
Sewing up crap  
(Chain)  
Working for the gap  
(Chain)  
Sewing up crap

One up the chimney goes  
Two hawks a tray of matches  
Three braves the weaving floor  
All pray for the life of four

Five down the pit descends  
Six plows in fields and meadows  
Seven spins the hand loom round  
Eight lies in th' burial ground

One up the chimney goes  
Two hawks a tray of matches  
Three braves the weaving floor  
All pray for the life of four

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