

Chumbawamba

"Sometimes Plunder"

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Two little ducks sank with a knock knock knock
She got twenty on tick and smoked the bloody lot
The fridge was bare, the dog was bones
Weavin' and a-bobbin' when the tallyman calls
Mary, Mary, she went up the wall
And she kissed bye bye to the holiest Joe
Played the wild rover and climbed on board
Says, 'It's all that the lady of the manor can afford'
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
Meet Miss Morrissey, fingers light
She lifted up his hat and he wept all night
She's the woman with the granny bag dressed to the
nines
The pleasure and the privilege mine all mine
Candid camera on every bloody wall
All the cameras under heaven couldn't catch 'em all
Fill those pockets and lift that grail
Lead me into temptation, girls
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
Everything I do, I do it for you. Everything I do is driven
by you. Driven by you? You don't have a clue. I make
your songs better and you always try to sue! Money,
money, money--it's gone to your head. I sample too
much and you say 'the music's dead'. Dead? Huh!
You're the one that's dead--lots of money spent on
someone with a hollow head. New Kids, Minogue, all
those sort of rogues, making lots of money for those
scheming little toads. Then you come to us and say we
made the music worse--look at the Beatles and Stones-
-who made their music first?
All the threes and all the queen bees singing 'does the
driver wanna wee wee?'
Wicked ladies, malicious intent
Your honor, I was only trying to pick it up for lent.
Does the driver wanna wee wee?
Does the driver wanna wee wee?
Does the driver wanna wee wee?
'Cause we want to wee wee too!
Why waste change, why change the habit
If the girl's got to have it then the girl's got to have it

Easiest pickings, wall to wall, in England's piped
ceramic malls
By the dickens and the devil's daughter
Bingo full house everyone's a winner
The lady works in mysterious ways
All because the lady loves Christmas every day
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
You sometimes plunder, and you sometimes plunder
(Repeat)
You can make a living sometimes plundering
(Repeat)
Too late
(Repeat)
Some people wanna fill the world with silly love songs

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