

## Chumbawamba

### "Song on the Times"

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(Chorus)

So arouse you sons of freedom the world seems  
upside down  
They scorn the poor man as a thief in country and in  
town  
There's different parts in Ireland, it's true what I do  
state  
There's hundreds that are starving for they can't get  
food to eat  
And if they go unto the rich to ask them for relief  
They bang their door all in their face as if they were a  
thief

(Repeat chorus)

Alas how altered are the times, rich men despise the  
poor  
And pay them off without remorse quite scornful at  
their door  
And if a man is out of work his Parrish pay his small  
Enough to starve himself, and wife, his children, and  
all

(Repeat chorus)

So to conclude and finish these few verses I have  
made  
I hope to see before it's long men for their labor paid  
Then we'll rejoice with heart and voice and banish all  
our woes  
Before we do old England must pay us what she owes  
(Repeat chorus)

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