

Chumbawamba "The Wasteland"

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Said the party to the ad-man
We'll conjure up a gimmick
The way to lead an ass
Is with a carrot and a stick

Dig down for minorities
Promise them concessions
Ride in on their backs
And then teach them all a lesson

Unemployment means depression
You're just victims of the recession
We can count on their support
If we can channel their emotions

Populate the wasteland
Between leisure and the grave
Work and pray and place your vote
And some day you'll be saved

All these myths come tailor-made
To suit the company director
Myths that praise the dignity
Of cheap, disposable labor

Two different routes
To an industrial heaven
Work for boss and parliament
And all will be forgiven

It's the fear of being sacked
That lets the boss step up the pace
Because the minute you step out of line
There's someone took your place

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Said the MP to the media
Can't we juggle this around

Sprinkle sugar on the dog shit
And we'll keep the figures down

Never let the left hand
See what's in the right
No-one's any wiser
And the problem's out of sight

Take your democratic choice
Take a scheme or starve
Job clubs, restart, YTS, CPs, EAS
Company profits doubled
Wages chopped in half

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Offer your life to the one true church
In the name of the conservative party
The labor party and the liberal alliance

The promised land where banks outnumber churches
And your cars shall be martyrs to the cause
Capitalism in crisis
But on the third day it shall rise again
But on the third day it shall rise

