

Chumbawamba

"Why Are We Still In Ireland?"

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Our settlers calling our kingdom great
Our banners raised on high
Baptized with the tide of history
That won't lie down and die
Words from our own good book to help us get by
The sacrifice of our daily bread
The hallowed be our domain
For ever and ever the powers use their glory
To chain our minds again
Our lads growing into our men
The unicorn stands triumphant
But if we look a little closer it's chained like a slave
The lion was crowned king of this land
That it's only ever seen from behind bars in a cage
This history of the winning side written on every page
It's not as simple as being misled, as us not wanting
to see
That most of us are born losers in the great society
Fed on a diet of how grand things used to be
An empire, two world wars, and Wimbly '66
But a Gordon Banks save couldn't save our ship
We were sinking like a brick
Till we were washed ashore in the South Atlantic
The unicorn stands triumphant
But if we look a little closer it's chained like a slave
The lion was crowned king of this land
That it's only ever seen from behind bars in a cage
This history of the winning side written on every page
And how can we as a people be so blind
To taking so much but to close our minds
To be so afraid of stepping over the line
To bury our heads in the sands of time
To champion those who take our everything
And pretend that none of this is happening
To turn away and stop wondering how things could be
any different
Living in the hope of a promise of a land fit for heroes'
needs
With the reason that if we got sod all
Then at least we're white and free
Hiding behind hand-me-down bigotry
A nation of jurors judging others by the color of a book

That was written for us on our behalf
'Cause we can't be bothered to look
Beyond the headlines written verbatim by government
crooks
And tell me when is a lie not a lie?
When it's told by someone who owns the truth
And when is a joke not a joke?
When the punchline is the Union Jackboot
When is a war not a war?
When those who started it know it can't be won
And when is a country not a country?
When it's partitioned and ruled by British guns
England, oh England, I'll never sing your praise
For all the blood you shed in long-gone days
You still can't put your mind to changing your ways
And while Britain's first and virtually its last
Remaining colony is fighting with its very life
To bring this monster to its knees
We can't see the wood through the trees who the
monster is
And how could we as a people be so blind
To taking so much but to close our minds
To be so afraid of stepping over the line
To bury our heads in the sands of time
To champion those who take our everything
And then pretend that none of this is happening
To turn away and stop wondering how things could be
so different
The unicorn stands triumphant
But if we look a little closer it's chained like a slave
The lion was crowned king of this land
That it's only ever seen from behind bars in a cage
Do we stand against the tide or still pretend we're the
master race?
Do we stand against the tide or still pretend we're the
master race?

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