

## Chumbawamba "Younger Moralists"

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Here in the comfort of a favorite chair  
Or smugly from the tap room at the Whitehorse  
I can prove mathematically  
Just when and when not to take up arms  
When to fight and when to surrender  
(Chorus)  
This way or that way or this way or that way  
Bang on the dustbin lids here come the Brits  
An empire of vampires we're sitting in our armchairs  
Nothing has changed we're just younger moralists  
Easy enough to turn the other cheek  
When you don't get slapped around  
When cupboards and bellies are full fit to burst  
Let the enemy do his worst  
(Repeat chorus)  
Here in written word, in song, in conversation  
Courtrooms sit in anticipation of the reading of the  
rules  
The exiled poet fleeing Nazi Germany, would say,  
'Oh these divine commandments are not much use  
against murder'

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