

Neil Innes**"Slaves of Freedom"**

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Stamp your feet and clap your hands Slaves of
Freedom from IBoR

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

Somewhere there's a promised land

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

Where we can do what we like

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

Where no one gets off their bike

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

Freedom is the handle on the bucket of your soul
The image of illusion in the goldfish of your bowl
The shampoo of perfection in the bathroom of your
dreams

Freedom is the universe and everything it seems
Oh yeah!

We all live until we die

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

There's no sense in wondering why

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

So pick up your heavy load

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

And keep on truckin' down the road

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

The management accepts no responsibility
For any articles of clothing or accessory
Such as handbags or umbrellas
Or books on self defense
Or things left unattended in the Ladies' or the Gents'
Oh yeah!

We are in a funny mood

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

Let's do something really rude

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

We can't all be Wyatt Earp

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

So let's stick out our tongues and slpppphh-urp

(WE ARE THE SLAVES OF FREEDOM)

Freedom is the handle on the bucket of your soul
The backbone of ambition in the goldfish of your bowl
The pedestal of purpose in the bathroom of your
dreams
Freedom is the universe and everything it seems
Oh yeah!

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