

## Crass "General Bacardi"

Visit "[General Bacardi](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I've seen it all before, revolution at my back door  
Well, whose to say it won't happen all again  
'Cos the General's sip Bacardi  
While the privates feel the pain

They talk from the screen and TV tube  
They talk revolution like it's processed food  
They talk of anarchy from music hall stages  
Look for change in color supplement pages

They think that by talking from some distant tower  
That something might change in the structure of power  
They dream, they dream, never walk on the street  
They dream, they dream, never stand on their feet

I've seen it all before, revolution at my back door  
Well whose to say it won't happen all again  
'Cause the General's sip Bacardi  
While the privates feel the pain

Alternative values were a fucking con  
They never really meant it when they said, "Get it on"  
They really meant, mine, that's mine, can't you see?  
They stamped on our heads so that they could be free

They formed little groups, like rich man's ghettos  
Tending their goats and organic tomatoes  
While the world was being fucked by fascist regimes  
They talked of windmills and psychedelic dreams

I've seen it all before, revolution at my back door  
Well whose to say it won't happen all again  
'Cause the General's sip Bacardi  
While the privates feel the pain

Visit [Crass](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.