

## Crass

### "SHEEP FARMING IN The FALKLANDS"

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Sheep farming in the Falklands, re-arming in the  
fucklands  
Fucking sheep in the homelands, her majesty's forces  
are coming  
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Fuck off to the Falklands for your sea-faring fun  
Big man's jerk off dreamland, looking down the barrel  
of a gun  
Friggin' in the riggin' another imperialist farce  
Another page of British history to wipe the national arse  
The royals donated Prince Andrew as a show of their  
support  
Was it just luck the only ship that wasn't struck was the  
one on which he fought?  
Three cheers for good old Andy, let's take a pic for his  
mum  
And stick it up the royal, stick it up the royal, stick it up  
the royal album

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Onward Thatcher's soldiers, it's your job to fight..  
"And, you know, I don't really give a toss if the cause is  
wrong or right,  
My political neck means more to me than the lives of a  
thousand men,  
If I felt it might be of use to me I'd do it all over again.  
The Falklands was really a coverup job to obscured the  
mistakes I've made,  
And you know I think gamble I took could certainly be

said to have paid.

With unemployment at an all-time high and the country  
falling apart

I, Winston Thatcher, reign supreme in this great  
nations' heart."

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While the men who fought her battles are still expected  
to suffer

Thatcher proves in parliament that she's just a fucking  
nutter

The iron lady's proved her metal, has struck with her  
fist of steel

Has proved that a heart that is made out of lead is a  
heart that doesn't feel

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Now Thatcher says... "Oh raunchy Ron, we've fought  
our war

Now it's your turn to prove yourself in El Salvador  
I've employed Micheal Heseltine to deal with P.R.

He's an absolute prick, but a media star

He'll advocate the wisdom of our cruise missile plan

Then at last I'll have a penis just like every other man

They can call it penis envy, but they'll pay the price for  
it...

But the peasants are hungry Mags, "Let them eat shit"

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Who the fuck cares, we're all having fun?

Mums and dads happy as their kids play with guns

The media loved it, when all's said and done...

"Britain's bulldog's off the leash" said the Sun

As the Argies and Brits got crippled or died

The bulldog turned around and crapped in our eyes.

Brit wit, hypocrite, don't you yet realise

You're not playing with toys, you're playing with lives...

You piss straight up in your self-righteous rage

Wilfs, goms and gimps in the nuclear age

Four minute warning, what a shock,  
Well balls to you rocket cock  
You're old and you're ill and you're soon going to die  
You've got nothing to lose if you fill up the skies  
You'd take us all with you, yeah, it's tough at the top  
You slop bucket, shit filled, puss ridden, death pimp  
snot.YAH FUCK

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