

## **The Lk "Soviet.se"**

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I didn't care much for our preacher  
The way he moved his christian tongue  
He never joined in when we smacked the pony  
But when Richard and I ran away for a while  
He caught us smoking, became our hallucination

I never opened his book of passion  
I knew it would come right back at me  
And when he told me about those savages  
That point the finger at you for bringing them the flu  
I came to think of  
The people of our free little nation  
They will care for me the good people of this  
organisation  
And as they say it's all up to my participation

But as richard decides  
I put his book aside  
I quench myself for his sake  
As always it's a mistake  
If it was up to me I'd join the party

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