

Oi Polloi

"Die For B.P."

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Eighteen years old, screaming in a ditch
Amputated legs in a war fought for the rich
But the bosses shed no tears as you bled and cried
'Cos your butchery battle-proved the weapons they had
sold to the other side

TIME TO STOP THE WAR
B.P. AIN'T WORTH DYING FOR

Orphaned children cry, screaming for their dad
But when he comes home he'll be in a body bag
Another loved one is left legless, condemned to a
wheelchair
This is "precision bombing" with your great military
hardware
You make a TV game of slaughter and terror air
attacks
A video distraction from recession and poll tax
Forget and fight for you? We're the people that you're
screwing
No, you'll only see us fight to give your bailiffs a good
doing

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