Public Image Limited "Armada"

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And I-I won't be stupid State the obvious-pleasant platitudes Bad policies-mega magnitude Magnificent

And I-would not be surprises
If next door's roses died
And I-would not be overcome with grief
When, in the shadow's cast
The trees lose all their leaves

Two cheeks to the wind-three sheets to set sail Bow in the storm-we'll die in the water My armada-three sheets to set sail Bow in the storm-we'll die in the water Armada

And a head of wax-should not walk in the sun Pride goes before the fall-let's make feathers fly Two cheeks to the wind-three sheets to set sail Bow in the storm-we'll die on the water

My armada-led to the slaughter My armada-nothing but murder To conquer and blunder Led to the slaughter Nothing but murder My armada

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