Public Image Limited "Hard Times"

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Dead dreams Dead dreams flying flags Flapping into the breeze Wave your coloured rags

Hard times Were they never any better Maybe never ever

The slogan will take you like lemmings to the cliff You'll feel better than ever And into the abyss Ha! Ha! Ha!

Hard times Were they never any better

Every crack every crevice will be sanitised There'll be no more war There'll be no more choice

And those not behind you Should go live elsewhere Spies everywhere You put the poison in the air

Hard times Were they never any better

The words cry for help But the music says no Every sentence a siege of national pride

Hard times Were they never any better, maybe

And I I won't answer the call I don't like khaki I won't wear your uniform There'll be no more war There'll be no more choice There'll be no more war There'll be no more choice

Hard times Were they ever any better

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