

McCarthy

"The Procession Of Popular Capitalism"

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Up and down the Strand
I strolled around penniless
But there were pockets to pick
Beneath the hot august sun
When suddenly the sound of singing and laughter
arose in the distance
And it drew me towards it
And as I drew closer I could hear the song they sang,

"This is your country too!
Join our procession
That's marching onwards to war"

I could see them
I saw how rich they all were
At the the head of the gang were
top civil servants and captains of industry
With well-manicured hands and greasy smiles enticing
the populous

"Come buy our shares!
Who will buy our shares?"

For this is your country too!"
A great procession was marching onwards to war

A man on the dole stood cursing them all
He told everyone not to be taken in
But at the orders of one of the marchers policemen
came and beat him to the floor

Along Whitehall these dubious characters stared
Picking up more and more people
MP's, careerists and god's oppressed senators

With the sweetest of smiles they held out piggy banks
to little children
But as they took them the stomping stamping feet
trampled them underneath

"This is your country too!"

A great procession was marching onwards to war

"Come along buy your council home"
They said to a half-dead mother of ten
"With (?) on our side we've reason to smile"
They said to a tramp in a pool of alcohol

On and on their maniac laughs
And their marching beat scaring the night

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