The Anarchists Pogo Party "Paint The City Red"

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What's the price

Freedom enslaved by debt another mismanaged economy

Take pensions from the poor your wallet so fucking fat Repay or you reclaim all our savings turned to ice

Pay your bills loose your job repossessed on the street In a box can't sign on no more work cannot eat Must get out make ends meet special brew can't take this

Social housing goes up empty buildings owned by banks Your profits coming down Our lives this great depression

What's the rush

Paint all your faces red and hide behind your city We never asked for this so pay us back our money I wouldn't shake your hand but now you bathe in glory

What's the point What's the truth What's the wait

Another corrupt deal Behind closed doors and under your stones Another wasted budget this financial bail-out fucks us Another pet project Take your greed and swallow your lies

What's the fine

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