King Blues, The
"Hold on Tight"

They say it ain't safe to go out anymore
So the police station has bolted up the door
The floor's full of torn up betting stubs
They put televisions in my favourite pubs
Our homes get bulldozed, no one watches
They want soap operas, not soap boxes
This town has left me high and dry
But i'll be here 'till the day I die.

They tell me i'm just pissed off
Yeah maybe i'm just pissed off
But i'd rather be pissed off
Than be pissed on

As the world burns down outside
And they battle on the front line
My darling hold on tight
My darling hold on tight

We beg for another show we can watch 'till we're sick
Just like a donkey chasing a carrot on a stick
Watching our lives filmed in a soft focus
With abrakadabra and hocus pocus
One billion channels and there's still nothing on
The television will not be revolutionised
The announcer says 'and now for something
completely indifferent'

They tell me i'm just pissed off
Yeah maybe i'm just pissed off
But i'd rather be pissed off
Than be pissed on

As the world burns down outside
And they battle on the front line
My darling hold on tight
My darling hold on tight

'Cause I demand my rock n roll, with blood sweat and
tears
I demand my reggae, to cause bleeding in my ears

I demand my punk rock, to start a revolution
I demand my hardcore to sound like an execution
I demand sound systems on the streets, playing the
loudest tracks
I demand no rent, no bills, no council tax
I demand love, that isn't measured,
by the relationships of the characters on Friends
or the words to some dire RnB song about what a good
man
what a mighty, mighty good man is

So as the world burns down outside
And they battle on the front line
My darling hold on tight
My darling hold on tight