

## **Police, The**

### **"A Sermon"**

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When you reach number ten  
And think the struggle ends  
But it ain't the end  
It's only a trend

You have to unbend  
'Cause it's only a trend  
Don't lose all your friends  
Don't make heroes end

When you reach number eight it ain't no pearly gate  
'Cause it won't satiate your growing appetite  
You can ply your trade and push your crusade  
Emancipate or indoctrinate, but the  
Traps are all laid for and honest crusade  
Your old values will fade as you struggle to make the  
grade  
As you struggle to make the grade  
(As you struggle to make the grade)

(You needn't bother)

When you hit number four you're almost through the  
door  
But there's a whole lot more you just can't ignore  
The telephone's sure, you know the score  
But don't let this uproar dissipate your encore  
It's written in the news how you paid your dues  
But you've no excuse for the people you abuse

When you reach number one you can beat your drum  
You can sack your roadies in Birmingham  
When your record is platinum, you can stick it to the  
bath,  
To the wall like you've always planned  
It's written in the news how you paid your dues  
But you've no excuse for the people you abuse

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