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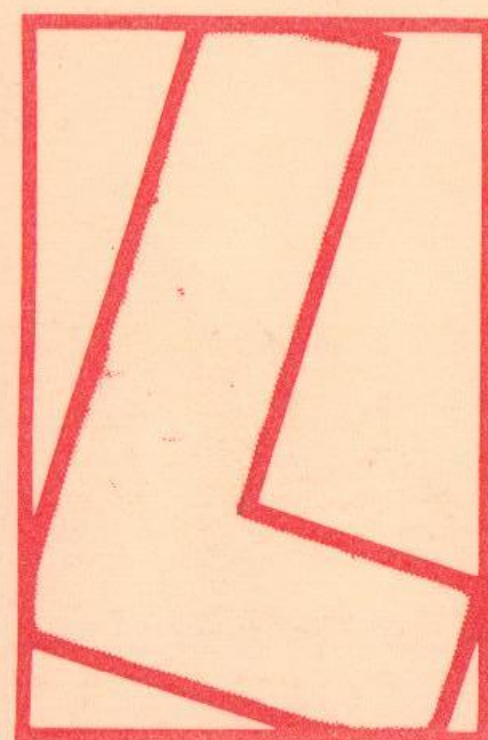
# SCOTTISH LABOUR STUDENTS

THE ONLY LABOUR PARTY  
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1,500 SCOTTISH MEMBERS  
AND STILL GROWING!

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★ ★

## MORE RED SONGS

★ ★

**RED REVIEW**



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This song book is the fifth collection of songs from the Red Review. It brings together their most requested songs, some firm favourites and some brand new material.

"More Red Songs" is published by Scottish Labour Students, 53 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh (031 - 225 8034)

The Red Review can be contacted at 031 -556 4684.



# RED FLAG

The people's flag is deepest red  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their heart's blood dyed its every fold

## CHORUS

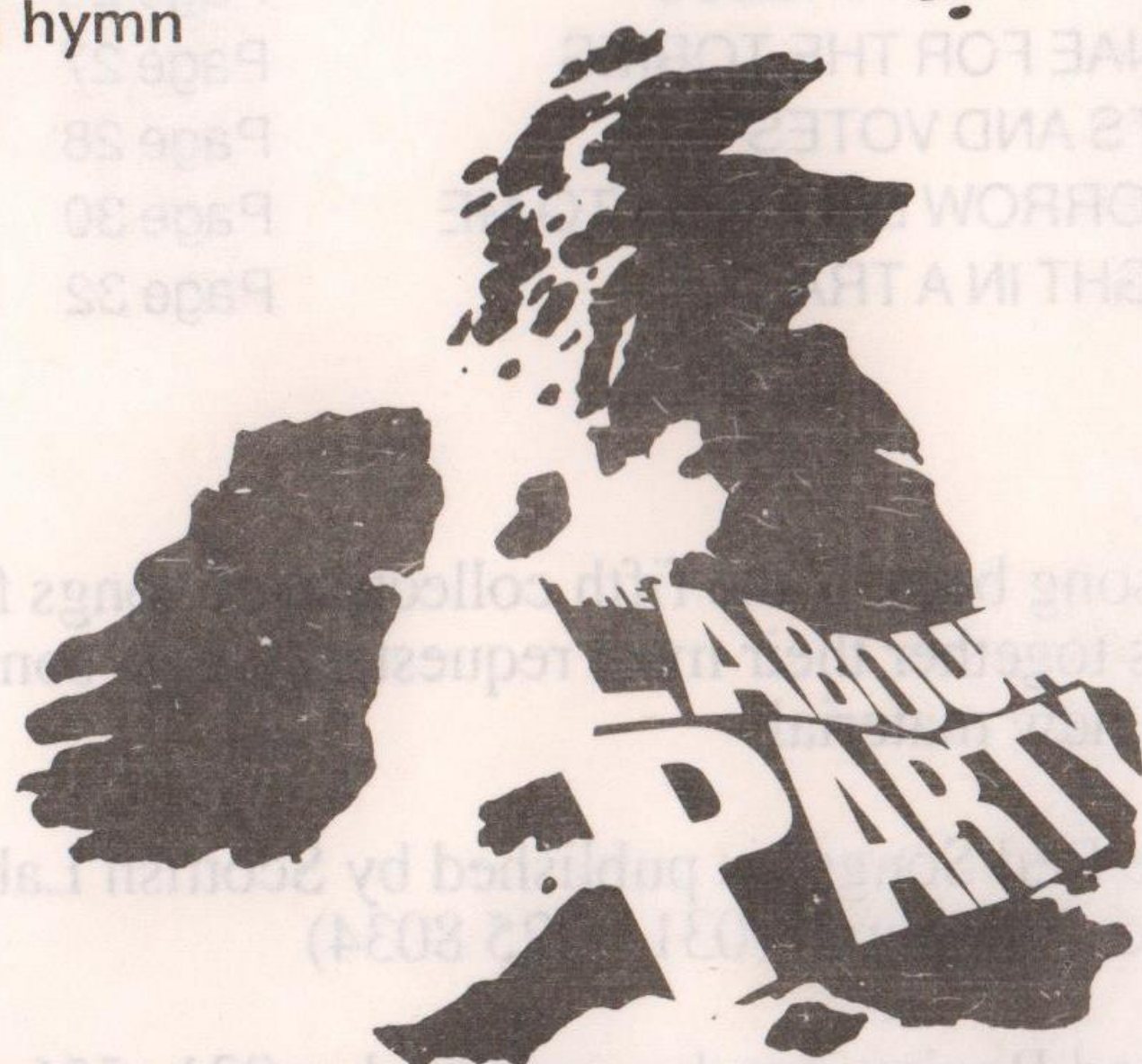
Then raise the scarlet standard high  
Beneath its shade we'll live or die  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer  
We'll keep the red flag flying here

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night  
It witnessed many a deed and vow  
We must not change its colour now

## CHORUS

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onwards till we fall  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim  
This song shall be our parting hymn

## CHORUS



# INTERNATIONALE

Arise ye starvings from your slumbers  
Arise ye criminals of want  
For reason in revolt now thunders  
And at last ends the age of cant  
So away with all your superstitions  
Servile masses arise, arise  
We'll change forthwith the old conditions  
Spurn the dust to win the prize

## CHORUS

Then comrades come rally and the last fight let us face  
The Internationale unites the human race  
Then comrades come rally  
And the last fight let us face  
The Internationale unites the human race

No saviour from on high delivers  
No trust have we in Prince or Peer  
Our own right hand the chains will sever  
Chains of hatred of greed and fear  
Ere the thieves will out their booty  
And to all give a happier lot  
Each at their forge must do their duty  
Strike the iron while it's hot.

## CHORUS





# BANDIERA ROSSA

The people's flag is deepest red  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead

Avanti popolo a la rescossa  
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa,  
Avanti popolo a la rescossa  
Bandiera rossa la trionfera

## CHORUS

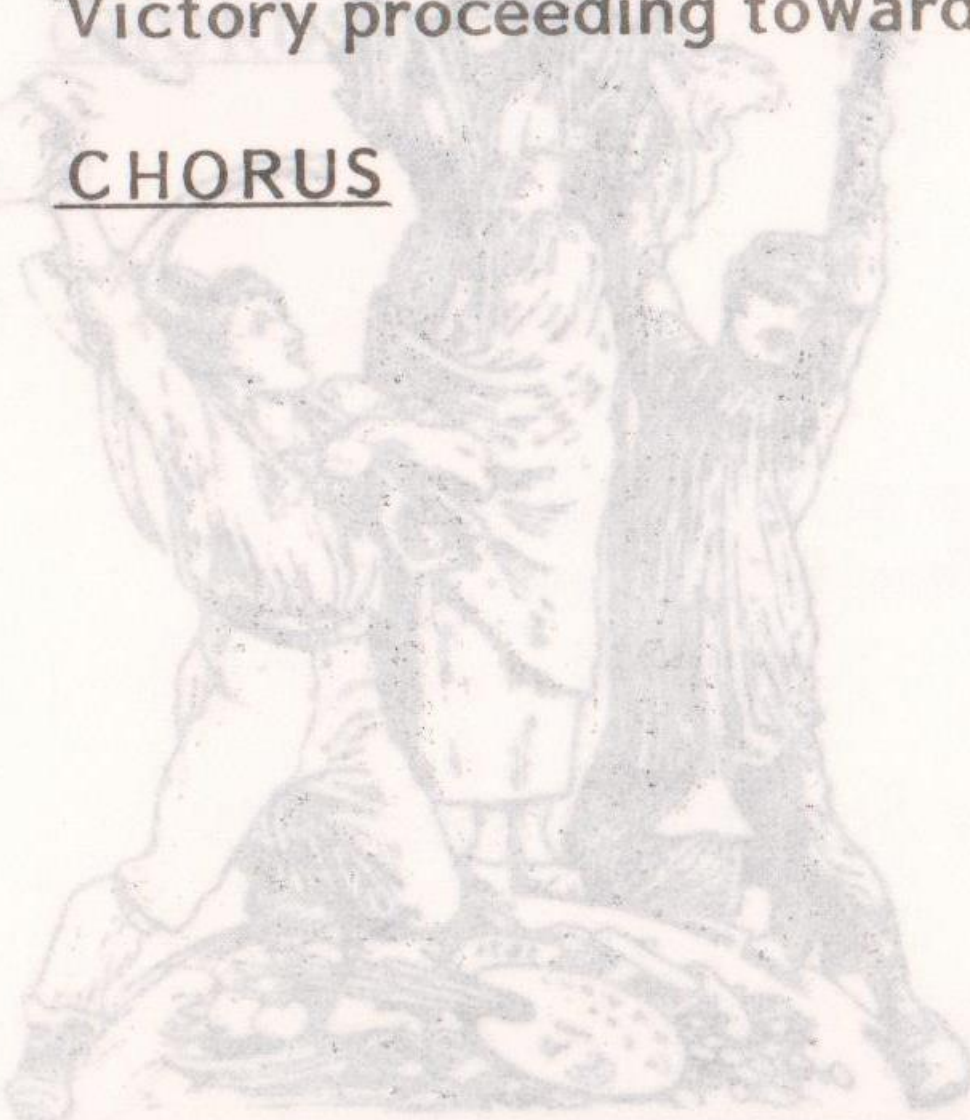
Bandiera rossa la trionfera  
Bandiera rossa la trionfera  
Bandiera rossa la trionfera  
Eviva la Socialista la bella liberta

The people's on the march, the road they're treading  
It leads to freedom, it leads to freedom  
The people's on the march, the road they're treading  
It leads to freedom and liberty

## CHORUS

From farm and factory, from school and college  
With force of suffering and source of knowledge  
Our leaders leading, our banners waving  
Victory proceeding towards liberty

## CHORUS



# JARAMA VALLEY

On Tenth of June I cleared the Party office

## CHORUS

There's a valley in Spain called Jarama  
It's a place that we all know so well  
It was there that we fought for our freedom  
Where so many of our brave comrades fell

Now we're proud of the British Battalion  
And the stand for Madrid that they made  
Where we fought with the forces of progress  
As part of the 15th Brigade

Along with the Lincoln Battalion  
In the fight for the freedom of Spain  
Where we swore in the fields of Jarama  
That the Fascists would never remain

Now we're leaving this valley of sorrow  
It's sad memories we ne'er will forget  
But before we continue our reunion  
Let us stand to our glorious dead

## CHORUS

On Tenth of June I cleared the Party office  
Found some old Labour Weeklies in a Drawer  
Toward a new dawn I saw the light  
That Wilson's nostrils now I see  
And supported U.S. A. I bet  
Though many former comrades  
For old times sake I'll say  
If you're a comrade

On Tenth of June it's a day  
But some things are so  
That Wilson's nostrils now I see  
And supported U.S. A. I bet  
Though many former comrades  
For old times sake I'll say  
If you're a comrade





# BREAD AND ROSES

As we come marching, marching in the beauty of the day  
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts grey  
Are touch'd with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses  
For the people hear us singing, "Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses."

As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men  
For they are women's children and we mother them again  
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes  
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread and give us roses too.

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead  
Go crying through our singing their ancient cry for bread  
Smart art and love and beauty their drudgung spirits knew  
Yes, it is bread we fight for - but we fight for roses too!

As we come marching, marching, we bring the greater day  
The rising of the women means the rising of the race  
No more the drudge and idler - ten that toil where one reposes  
But a sharing of life's glories; Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!



# THOSE WERE THE DAYS

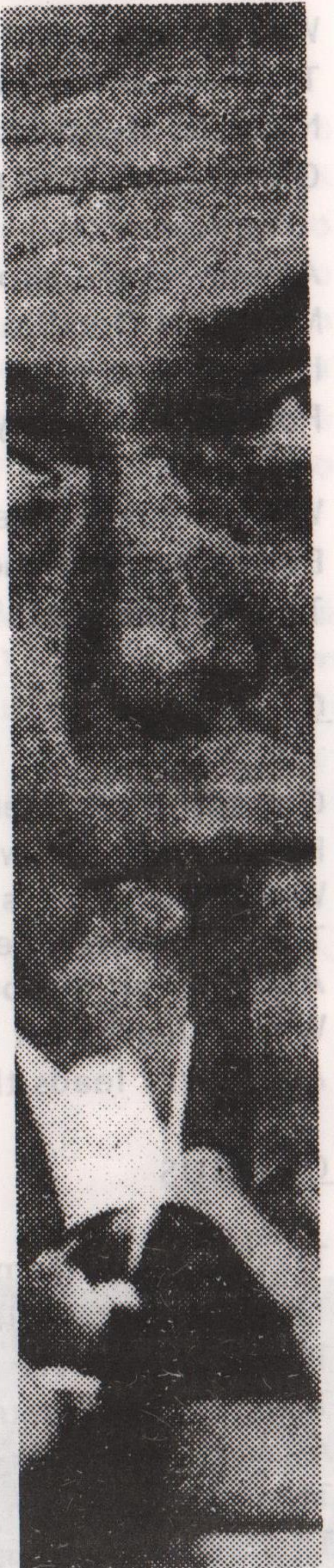
On Tenth of June I cleared the Party office  
Found some old Labour Weeklies in a Drawer  
Yesterday we'd had a lost deposit  
We'd won the seat in 1964  
Do you still remember Harold Wilson  
And the 50+ majorities he enjoyed  
The days of Richard Marsh and Tony Crosland  
When Tony Benn was still a fresh-faced boy

## CHORUS

Those were the days my friend  
We thought they'd never end  
We'd rule the country in the Labour way  
We'd do the things we'd choose  
We'd fight and never lose  
'Cause we had power  
Oh yes those were the days

Bobby Moore collects another trophy  
Jimmy Saville plays another song  
Barbara castle clashes with the Unions  
Jim Callaghan says Barbara's got it wrong  
The white hot heat would conquer all our problems  
Lord George Brown reveals his National Plan  
Hillman Imps and high rise Council houses  
Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

On Tenth of June it's easy to remember  
But some things are so hard to understand  
That Wilson stood and watched them kill Zimbabwe  
And supported U.S. troops in Vietnam  
Though many former leaders have departed  
For other Parties and the House of Lords  
If you're seeking easy poulist solutions  
Just remember 1964





# MIGHTY LABOUR PARTY

We're the mighty Labour Party  
The high and mighty Labour Party  
Neil and Denis, Roy and Larry  
Our leaders lead us on

At our local Labour meetings  
Members flood in through the door  
It's great to hear the minutes  
Points of order by the score

When correspondence it is finished  
Every member shouts for more  
The agenda leads them on

## CHORUS

Our National Agent's David Hughes  
He's full of left wing thoughts  
Walworth Road is so efficient  
The computer does the lot  
Andy Bevan is Youth Officer  
Who's clearly not a Trot  
And Larry leads them on

## CHORUS

The T&G are Democrats  
Their members all vote twice  
The Unions never wheel and deal  
They just give sound advice  
And all the Party members  
Think the ETU are nice  
The Unions lead us on

## CHORUS

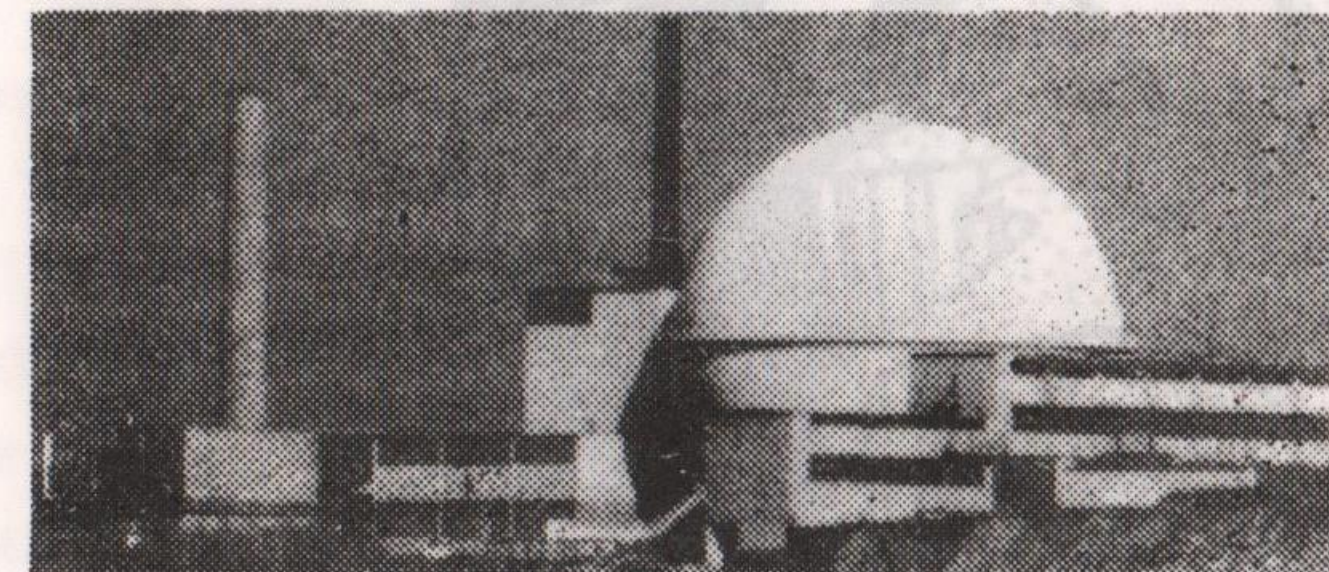
Dennis Skinner is so quiet  
You can never get a quote  
Tam doesn't argy-bargy  
He would never rock the boat  
John Golding is so honest  
He is never known to plot  
They lead each other on

## CHORUS

Neil Kinnock's the best leader  
That the world has ever known  
And Denis Healey's so polite  
And never overthrown  
Gerald Kaufman's even more left wing  
Than Doctor David Owen  
They lead the Party on

## CHORUS

Glory, Glory Gerald Kaufman  
Glory, Glory Gerald Kaufman  
Glory, Glory Gerald Kaufman  
Oh Gerald leads us on  
Yes Gerald leads us on





# FORMER COMRADE PARTY

## Tune: The Carnival is Over

We're the mighty Labour Party  
The high and mighty Labour Party  
Fare thee well my former Comrade  
Let us say our last goodbyes  
You've asked too many awkward questions  
You've defected to the right  
You've reviewed the Party programme  
We should stay in the EEC  
You're as bad as David Owen  
Go and join the SDP

You're a friend of Michael Meacher  
And you're in the LCC  
And I'd love to reselect you  
If only you were an M.P.  
And you've been used by David Blunkett  
In a sectarian attack  
And you voted for Neil Kinnock  
You are just a Party hack

Let's stay strong and let's stay solid  
Let's not flinch back from the fight  
And we'll win the next election  
Well here's hoping we just might

### CHORUS

### CHORUS

### CHORUS

Fare thee well my former comrade  
You won't see the struggle through  
You've met too many Labour voters  
To form an objective point of view  
And you read the Daily Mirror  
And you watch the BBC  
But at least you're fucking honest  
- more than you can say for me

So let's stay firm and let's stay solid  
But let's think before we shout  
'Cause the carnival is over  
We've got to get the Tories out



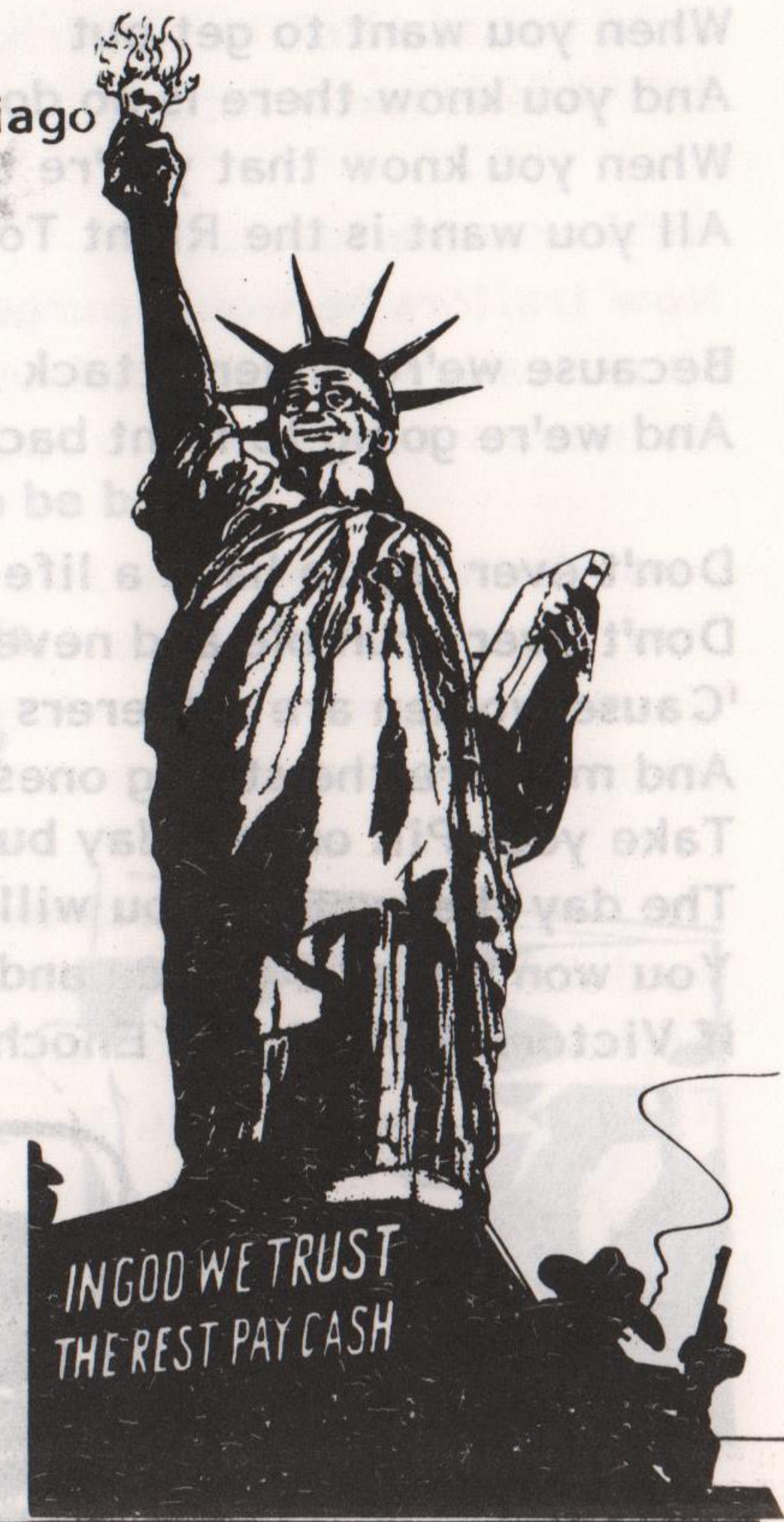


# SANTIAGO

You tell me nothing  
About the world  
Despite your foreign expeditions  
You tell me nothing  
About yourself  
'Cept your predictable positions  
And when I hear your speech  
You're as savage as a sheep  
I still don't believe a single word you're saying  
You'll sell them tanks and dynamite  
And then you bleat for human rights  
But it's still rough and fucking tough in Santiago

Last Sunday morning  
They killed a man  
While he was praying at Communion  
And in the papers  
They hadn't banned  
They said he led a left wing union  
I guess something must be wrong  
When you're killed for singing songs  
Or painting on a wall "Viva Allende"  
If they just think you might be red  
They'll put a bullet through your head  
Yes it's rough and fucking tough in Santiago  
Why do I have to sit and listen to your point of view?  
Is it me or you that you are deceiving?  
Sir Geoffrey you must think that I've been living on the moon  
To believe that you'd do anything but support  
the Junta with a pack of lies

It might take seconds  
It might take years  
But Pinochet we will get even  
Despite your terror  
Despite the tears  
Now even ITT are leaving  
For all your tanks and armoured cars  
It's really you behind the bars  
Your only friends are Geoffrey Howe and Ronald Reagan  
And when real people have a say  
We're gonna make you people pay  
It will be rough and fucking tough in Santiago





# THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE

They told you to be careful to be clean and be wise  
They never told you how and they won't tell you why  
The man of your dreams will sweep you off your feet  
You'll marry and have kids and your life will be complete

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh

Under attack

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh

And we're going to fight back

When the going gets rough

And you feel you've had enough

When you want to get out

And you know there is no doubt

When you know that you're through

All you want is the Right To Choose

Because we're under attack

And we're going to fight back together

Don't ever try to have a life of your own

Don't ever grumble and never ever moan

'Cause women are sufferers we're the people who care

And men are the strong ones but they're never ever there

Take your Pill once a day but never forget

The day that you do you will live to regret

You won't have a choice and you won't have a say

If Victoria Gillick and Enoch Powell have their way



# MARXIST ANALYSIS

When Sunny Jim and Michael Foot  
Tried to sort the crisis out  
They didnae know whit the problem wis  
'Cause they hadnae got a marxist analysis.

## Chorus

It's a marxist analysis, marxist analysis,  
Marxist analysis is what you want.  
A marxist analysis, marxist analysis,  
Just like we have in the Militant.

In Poland, Solidarity are gettin' it tough  
'Cause their programme isnae bold enough.  
The only way to beat Jaruzwlski is  
To get yourself a marxist analysis.

In the 20's the General Strike was lost  
'Cause the workers allowed themselves to be bossed  
A wortkers' revolution it was missed  
'Cause they didnae have a marxist analysis.

Why did King Canute fail to stop the sea?  
Or King Alfred get burnt cakes for tea?  
I'll tell you the answer to this quiz -  
They didnae have a marxist analysis.

When Napoleon lost at Waterloo,  
Or Scotland lost 3-1 to Peru,  
What was missing clearly wiz  
They hadnae got a marxist analysis.





# OLD MAN'S SONG

At the turning of the Century  
When I was just a boy  
And Lenin wrote his master plan  
He was the workers' choice.

Before I learned to read and write  
I learned the line up well  
And at the tender age of four  
I joined Glasgow YCL.

In '26 it was revealed  
That Stalin was the Man  
He'd written Lenin's speeches  
and indeed the master plan.

He'd won the revolution  
Now traitors he would purge  
Show trails were the business  
He was never the one to fudge.

I wandered through the 30's  
Just like the Party Line  
We stood opposed to fascists  
Until nineteen thirty-nine.

The the workers' war was over  
We'd a non-aggression pact  
We couldnae be revisionists  
We just revised the facts.

So it wasnae Adolf Hitler  
That was the workers foe  
The greatest danger to our class  
Was now in Mexico.

Oh peace it was our slogan  
Although we'd fought in Spain  
When they invaded Russia  
They were fascists once again.

And then the war was over  
And the nuclear age had come  
The workers had decided  
They'd like to get the bomb.

Now Khrushchev was the workers' choice  
No Stalinist was he  
He established this quite clearly  
Then invaded Hungary.

Me son he's read Das Kapital  
And marched against the Yanks  
Me daughter's in the Party  
She got married to a tank.

Of all the Russian leaders  
She thinks Stalin was the best  
She's going to use his methods  
to transform the E.I.S.

Me son he writes me once a month  
A cheery little note  
Wi' references to Gramsci  
And some other Eytie folk.

I brought me son up decent  
Sure I taught him left from right  
But now he's quoting Hobsbaum  
The reformist little shite.

I'm living on a pension now  
It disnae go too far  
I sometimes even can't afford  
Tae buy me Morning Star.

Whe I think o' Eurocommunists  
It makes me want to cry  
I find it hard to keep the Line  
But by Christ you've got to try.





# I FOUGHT THE LAW

Breaking rocks in the hard sun  
I fought the law and the law won  
I fought the law and the law won  
I needed money cause I had none  
I fought the law and the law won  
I fought the law and the law won.

There's a real financial crisis in Liverpool  
The bosses must be made to pay  
But our Zurich bankers have the bosses fooled!  
I fought the law and the law won  
I fought the law and the law won

Fighting witchunts and expulsions  
I fought the law and the law won  
I fought the law and the law won  
With lawyers and high court injunctions  
I fought the law and the law won  
I fought the law and the law won

If only Eric Heffer was a barrister  
We wouldn't even have to pay  
But we've millions in the bank so then that don't matter  
I fought the law and the law won  
I fought the law and the law won

John Golding is a right wing shit  
He used the law and the law won  
He used the law and the law won  
But at least he isn't a hypocrite  
I fought the law and the law won  
I fought the law and the law won

# ALL KINDS OF EVERYTHING

Tune: All Kinds of Everything

The Tories used the courts to stop the GLC  
Giving money to the ILEA  
Next week the Trots they used the very same QC  
Both used the law and the law won  
I fought the law and the law won.





# IMG BLUES

Breaking rocks in the hard sun

Hi there my name's Nigel,  
Do you want to buy my paper?,  
I want to be a delegate,  
My mother voted Labour,  
I joined the Labour Party 'bout a year ago,  
The line was all to join so I guess I had to go,  
I want to go conference and put my point of view,  
And there ain't no cure for I.M.G. blues

We talk in Cockney acent's,  
And we read the 'Daily Mirror',  
And everyone we talk to is a sister or a brother,  
I went to University, I've ripped up my degree,  
I'm a manual worker now, I've turned to industry,  
I used to work in Cowley, you'll have seen me on the news,  
And there ain't no cure for the I.M.G. blues

Now some people say  
That we're still a seperate Party,  
So we're gonna change our name,  
To the Salvation Army,  
We're int Nicaragua, we're int C.N.D.,  
We're in to almost anything, we were in the L.C.C.,  
Those left-wing Labour activists they  
still don't have a clue,  
And there ain't no cure for the I.M.G. blues.



"They say that he has joined Socialist Action."

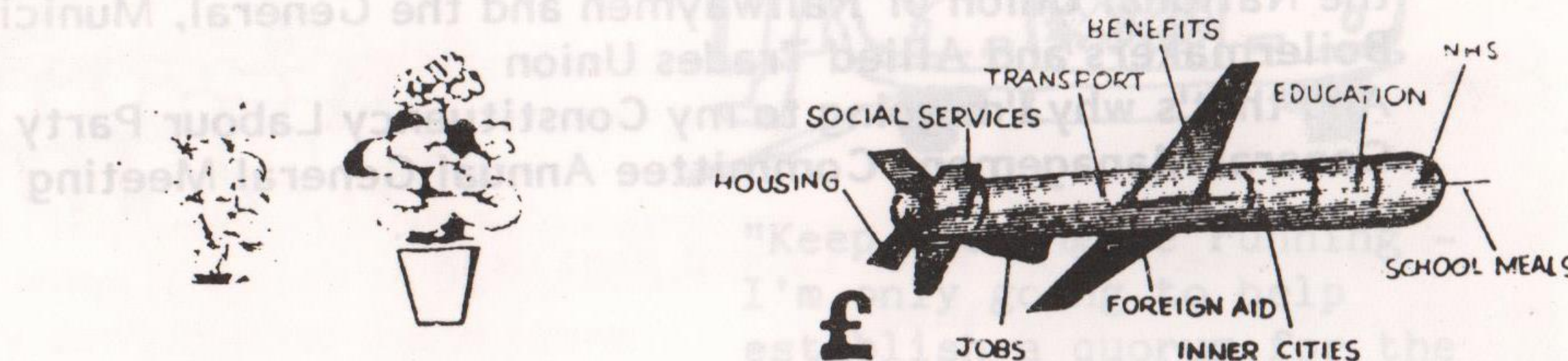
# ALL KINDS OF EVERYTHING

**Tune: All Kinds of Everything**

Raindrops and daffodils, hillsides and trees  
Plant pots on windowsills, cupcakes and teas  
Cycleways, bridleways, democracy  
All kinds of everything are our policies

Houses with garages, happiness and health  
Children and marriages, property and wealth  
Grammar schools, drama schools, high salaries  
All kinds of everything are our policies

NATO, the EEC, unemployment queques  
Cuts and redundancies. Trident and Cruise  
Neutron bombs, Vietnams, we'll have them too  
All kinds of everything intended for you.





# AGM GMC

I know lots of folk who say they don't care about politics  
Now keep this just 'tween you and me  
I think they're kind of thick  
'Cause when I tell them about meetings  
They all just blankly stare  
No matter how important it is to me  
They just don't seem to care

## CHORUS

I told them I was going to...

The AGM of the GMC of my local CLP  
I'm standing for the PEO, FRO or VC  
I'm backed by the T&G, the NUR and the G&M  
And that's why I'm going to my CLP GMC AGM

I told them I was going to...

The Annual General Meeting of the General Management  
Committee of my local Constituency Labour Party  
I'm standing for the Political Education Officer, Fund Raising  
Officer or Vice Chairperson  
I'm backed by the Transport and General Workers Union,  
the National Union of Railwaymen and the General, Municipal,  
Boilermakers and Allied Trades Union  
And that's why I'm going to my Constituency Labour Party  
General Management Committee Annual General Meeting

Now I've told my friends all that I know about the LCC  
I've shown them all the mailings I get from the CLPD  
I've tried to get them to discuss slates for the NEC  
So I can't understand why they won't join my CLP

## CHORUS

I've often tried to tell my wife what meetings mean to me  
There's no place I would rather be than my local GMC  
But now she's going to her own meetings and leavin' the weans  
wi' me  
Or else she says she's gonna get a D.I.V.O.R.C.E.



"Keep the engine running -  
I'm only going to help  
establish a quorum for the  
start of an annual general  
meeting."



# BEEF AND BUTTER MOUNTAINS

Tune: Big Rock Candy Mountain

Oh the EEC sees that Britain's in a squeeze  
But we've got oily fountains  
We've got fishing too  
So for me and you  
It's the beef and butter mountains

## CHORUS

In the Beef and butter mountains  
It never seems to stop  
When the little streams of bureaucracy  
Come a trickling from the top  
Why we joined it I don't know at all  
Its supporters were just blind  
They've a lake of stew and a wine lake too  
And whatever they tell you it will not be true  
In the beef and butter mountains

Now the prices are so high, just to get the farmers by  
Peter Walker's in their pocket  
So the farmers do quite well  
But the rest can go to hell  
If we try to change they block it

## CHORUS

Party policy took a spin when Labour kept us in  
Jobs is what they brandished  
But when they went to Brussels  
And they claimed they'd flexed their muscles  
Twas their principles they'd banished



# LABOUR FRIEND OF ISRAEL

I'm a Labour Friend of Israel  
I support a Democratic State  
I've been my holidays to Tel Aviv  
And I can tell you it's a real nice place

I've seen the Sea of Gallilee  
And I've heard the their Eurovision sound  
And I've seen Arab East Jerusalem  
Which Golda Meir had raised to the ground

And I've been up to New Nazareth  
Which no-one likes to talk about  
Where if your face is white  
You can live there all your life  
If your an Arab you get driven out.

As a left-wing British radical  
I hate the bias of the press  
But when it comes to Mid-East politics  
My objectivity's put to the test  
Israeli fighters in the Lebanon  
Killing civilians down below  
And when they hit back  
It's a terrorist attack  
By the butchers in the PLO

I support the Democratic Front  
In their struggle in El Salvador  
And I share Nelson Mandela's hope  
And I'll stand up for all he's fighting for  
But when it comes to Palestinians  
They don't matter much to me  
They just don't exist  
Well I mean they never did  
And you're a fascist if you disagree





# POLITICS IS PAINLESS

Tune: Suicide is Painless

They say that Labour's looking good  
And unity provides the mood  
But we have heard it all before  
We heard it back in '64  
In '83 disaster came  
'Twas Callaghan who was to blame  
We'll never win in '88  
With Hattersley as Deputy

## CHORUS

But we will all be blameless  
'Cos we've opposed the changes  
And we can turn and say "We told you so!"

Though problems have to be resolved  
We just don't want to get involved  
The fear of compromise we sense  
We're better sitting on the fence  
Neil Kinnock's clearly on the Right  
And so against him we will fight  
He'll never get to Number 10  
'Cos he didn't vote for Tony Benn

A change of policy's proposed  
We automatically oppose  
We never want to change a thing  
Too scared in case we're called right-wing  
But if the leadership succeeds  
Our place again will be to lead  
Our principles will clearly show  
'Cos we'll still say "We told you so!"

Yes, Politics is painless  
As long as you are aimless  
And only want to say

... AS REVOLUTIONARY BIRDS  
WE MUST NEVER LOSE COGNISANCE  
OF OUR OBJECTIVE POSITION VIS-À-VIS  
THE CORRECT AND INEVITABLE ASPIRING  
HISTORICAL MOMENTUM OF  
THE OPPRESSED CLASS!



# WISNAE FOR THE TORIES

Tune: If it Wisnae for the Weavers

If it wisnae for the Tories, where would we be?  
We would have our hospitals and infirmaries  
We would have our schools as well and even nurseries  
If it wisnae for the cuts of the Tories

Now the Tories they are tragic, the Tories thaey are Hell  
'Cos they keep out the immigrants and keep us in as well  
So if you get a short, sharp shock you can always tell  
That somebody's voted in the Tories

## CHORUS

They've got Sir Keith Joseph and Sir Ian Gilmour too  
Three-quarters of the House of Lords are Tories through and through  
The only thing they havnae got is folk like me and you  
'Cos they don't want ony riff-raff in the Tories

## CHORUS

The plans for newer hospitals they're leaving on the shelf  
And they don't seem a' that worried 'boot the dangers tae our health  
Ye can aye get private treatment when you've got their kind of wealth  
There's no many folk wi' rickets in the Tories

## CHORUS

They'll buy the Trident missile and start a nuclear war  
Get rid of unemployment at a price they can afford  
Then they'll hide down in their bunkers where they'll rule for evermore  
'Cos there'll be naebody left alive except the Tories





# SEATS AND VOTES

I voted for Neil Kinnock back in 1983  
I swallowed the dream ticket and I backed Roy Hattersley  
I'd no time for Michael Meacher and his intellectual thoughts  
They might just let the Tories in  
And costs us seats and lots and lots of votes

I realised some policies might have to be left out  
That stopping people buying houses wasn't what we were about  
Those left-wing cliches never really meant that much to me  
And Tony Benn is about as useful as his walkout at last Tuesday's NEC  
But I've got to say in all honesty  
I'm just beginning to doubt  
If we're really serious  
About doing anything but putting the Tories out

I'm not opposed to leaders with an independent mind  
But I object reading new policies in last week's New York Times  
Exchange Controls will have to go, investments will be safe  
And Labour's legislation will keep Unions very firmly in their place

If you're black and living in Birmingham then you'd best not disagree  
With the white man's right wing caucus run by Mr Hattersley  
And if you ask too many questions you'll be labled as a Trot  
And if you raise it at the Conference then it might cost us  
seats and cost us votes

But I've got to say in all honesty  
I'm just beginning to doubt  
If we're really serious  
About doing anything but putting the Tories out

I don't want to be coming back here in 1995  
With low-paid workers waiting for their statutory rise  
With unemployment static and recession on the way  
And Roy Hattersley in Zurich where the IMF are sure to win the day

I don't want to sound cynical but I've read too many times  
How right-wing Labour Chancellors have ruined people's lives  
They're too scared of multi-nationals to ever rock the boat  
Even when it's popular and might just win us seats and win us votes





# TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME

Tune: Tomorrow Belongs to Me

Oh land of great mountains and rivers and trees  
Oh land where the spirit flies free  
The great Margaret Thatcher she will defend  
Our land of democracy

You'll have education and medical care  
So long as you pay up the fee  
And if you can't stand on your own two feet  
Don't ask us for charity

We'll let local Councils do just what they want  
So long as with us they agree  
If the voters vote wrongly we set that straight  
In the name of democracy

From closed shops and picket-lines, stewards and strikes  
The motherland must be kept free  
Destroy Trades Unions in Cheltenham  
They threaten democracy

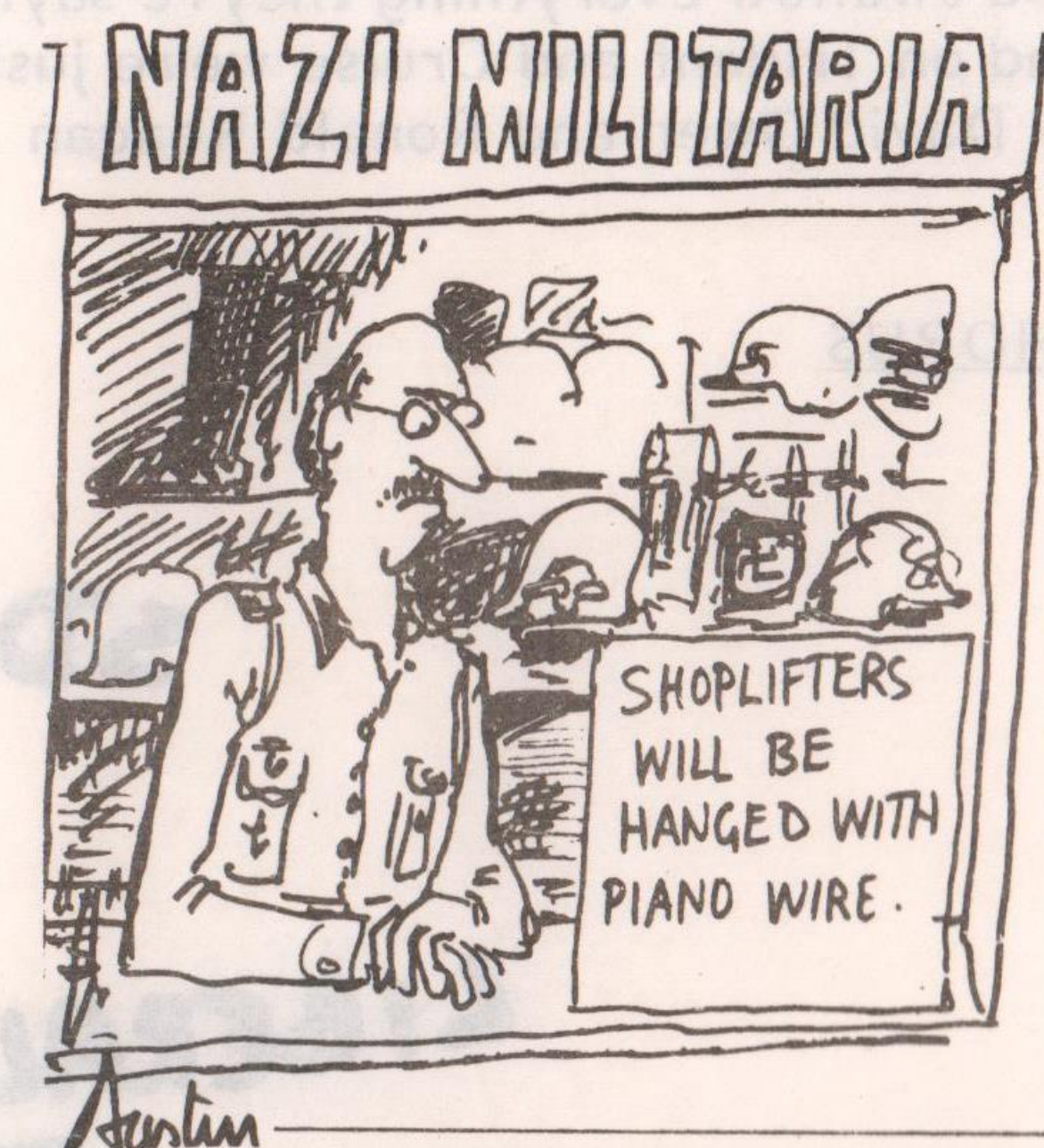
To make coal competitive, pits must be shut  
We'll butcher the coal industry  
The miners have no reason to protest  
They'll get their redundancy

So here's to South Africa, Hong Kong, Oman  
We trade with those places so free  
The great Margaret battling for Denis and Mark  
In those lands of democracy

Now some say that Nazis have entered our ranks  
The blame lies with the BBC  
A true British fascist could pose no threat  
To our Tory democracy

So come Kenny Everett tell us a joke  
And Moscow we will bomb with glee  
The great Margaret Thatcher will shout "Rejoice!"  
"Tomorrow belongs to me  
Tomorrow belongs, tomorrow belongs  
Tomorrow belongs to me

Tomorrow belongs, tomorrow belongs  
Tomorrow belongs to me





# CAUGHT IN A TRAP

We're caught in a trap, we can't walk out  
Because we need you too much David  
We've placed our reliance, upon your Alliance  
We're in the News, you think we've made it

## CHORUS

We can't go on together with suspicious minds  
But if we try to question you say you'll resign  
Though some Liberals may weep when you carve up their seats  
You've got the money you just can't ignore them  
And when Cyril Smith says there's a rift  
You set him up and then you carve him

## CHORUS

You're close friends with Roy, Shirley's your pride and joy  
You swallow everything they're sayin'  
And on Trident and Cruise we're just being used  
By David Owen and Ronald Reagan

## CHORUS

