

Anticapitalist Roadshow CD Lyrics

Disc 1

1. **Be Reasonable (3.30)** (*R. Johnson*)

We'll rehouse the homeless in Buckingham Palace,
Start at the bottom, work down to the top,
Stop the city, rebuild the forest,
Cancel the rent, nick all the cops,
Be reasonable, and demand the impossible now.

We'll turn all the motorways into canals,
Close all the Aldermastons down,
All differences equalled, systems for people,
Not the other way around,
Be reasonable...

We'll spring all the animals, vote for the clowns
In the Circus Bourgeoisie,
Where the rich sing the blues till their trousers fall down
Then they give you the price of a nice cup of tea,
Be reasonable...

Grow gardens and hospitals on every street,
Sunflowers, playgrounds and schools
Where you do what you like cos you like what you do
And we'll stop the war once and for all,
Be reasonable....

No master, no landlord, no flag, no guru,
No Gauleiter, no commissar,
Just justice and poetry and jam on it too,
and when they ask: who's in charge here?
We all say: we are.
Be reasonable...

2. **Maggie Thatcher's Dream (3.25)** (*G. Petrie*)

I could forgive you if you thought
You've been sold short
I'm a bad investment of the RBS sort
Working round the clock
To try and raise my stock
Do you regret getting in my boat
When we're trying to stay afloat
And I have the buoyancy of a Northern Rock?
When I looked at the big picture I saw the rich getting richer

When I tried to play the long game I was on the losing team.
Can I be so middle class and still end up on my ass?
Is this my economic nightmare or just Maggie Thatcher's dream?
And there's not enough money in the bank
Not enough petrol in the tank
When this month's overdraft fees are gonna bring me to my knees
I've got the city boys' bonuses to thank
Another charge to the list
Another direct debit missed
When the latest petrol prices fuel my private credit crisis
Oh, I know this ain't no way to exist.
When I looked at the big picture I saw the rich getting richer
When I tried to play the long game I was on the losing team.
Does my whole life just amount to what's in my bank account?
Is this my credit rating nightmare or just a capitalist's dream?
When greed and ambition went and formed a Coalition
No such thing as Big Society, and no one on my team.
When there's no one left to vote for, are we all in the same boat
Or is that just a crazy optimist singing socialism's dream?
And I know you'd live with me my darling in a cardboard box
But I'd rather build you a castle with doors and locks
Something to own, something to call our home
Foundations made of stone
And I almost had it, you know.
But when I looked at the big picture I saw the rich getting richer
When I tried to play the long game I was on the losing team.
Can I be so middle class and still end up on my ass?
Is this my economic nightmare or just Maggie Thatcher's dream?

3. BENEFITS (4.25) (L. Rosselson)

Come all you skivers, welfare cheats
Wake up and hear the news that it's
Not going to be a life-style choice
To sit at home and live on benefits.

Consider now the case of one
Who's never worked - let's call him Jim.
Age 30, still lives with his mum
Some think him slow, some call him dim.
Now Jim has an allotment
He inherited it from his dad.
He spends his daylight hours there
Some call him weird, some think him sad.

Yes Jim's a skiver, welfare cheat
He doesn't understand that it's....

I often pass the allotments with their
Neat and tidy rows and rows
Of onions, carrots, peas and beans.
Jim's patch of earth is not like those.
I've seen him digging, planting there
In winter winds and April showers
But Jim's an awkward bugger cos
On his allotment he grows flowers.

Yes Jim's a skiver, welfare cheat

He loves his pretty coloured flowers
The other gardeners aren't best pleased.
You can't eat flowers, Jim, they say.
Don't think he know he's being teased.
They think he's let the side down. Was it
One of them who snitched on him?
Cos one fine day two men in suits
Turned up and wanted words with Jim.

They warned him, skivers, welfare cheats
Are going to have to learn that it's.....

They told him they would call him in
To take a new computer test.
To see if he was fit for work
He needed to be reassessed.
Jim said, I work. They said, you don't.
He handed them the spade he used
As if to say, you try it then.
They were distinctly unamused.

They made it clear that welfare cheats
Were going to have to learn that it's...

They tried their best to make him see
That welfare cheating was a crime.
Work's what they pay you for, they said,
Not what you do in your spare time.
Soon after that Jim disappeared.
His patch in which he took such pride
Was left uncared for all year long.
His flowers withered soon and died.

We heard that he had failed the test

And so he learned at last that it's...

Sent for a night job office cleaning
Poverty pay, unsocial hours.
He couldn't seem to grasp his duties
Spent his work time drawing flowers.
They reassessed him once again
Not fit for work this time around
So now he's back where he's most happy
Planting flowers on his home ground.

I see him smiling to himself
And wonder, is he quite so dim?
Or is he really faking it?
And if he is, good luck to Jim.

4. **Can We Afford the Doctor? (3.38)** (*S. Kerr*)

Can we afford the doctor
The dentist, the midwife, the nurse?
It doesn't seem fair that medical care
Should depend on the state of your purse.
I know it's a hard pill to swallow
And what should we take for a cure?
And if only the rich can afford to be sick
How cheap are the lives of the poor?

An apple a day keeps the doctor away
You've heard the old saying, no doubt
And I'm sure it is true, but between me and you
There ain't many apples about
Though they grow on a tree, money doesn't you see
And you've got to have money to buy
It's the same with your health, it depends on your wealth
And if you are poor you must cry....

Well we had a long wait but the new Welfare State
Brought the NHS and peace of mind
New glasses, new teeth, and – what a relief
No medical fees we'd to find
But you have to watch out
There are MPs about
Who would sell it as quick as a flash
To their pals, old school chums
Who just sit on their bums
And do nothing but rake in the cash

And....

In these troubled days the govt. says
We've got to make cuts to survive.
But should the pounds and the pence
Be spent on defence or keep the Health Service alive?
It's time to take stock, not turn back the clock
To those terrible bad good old days
It's OUR NHS nothing more nothing less
And never again must we say....

5. Encouragement (2.29) (W. Biermann)

Don't you rely on toughness in these hard hard times.
The toughness will possess you, the sternness will oppress you
And cause your strength to die. Don't let your strength die.
Don't let them make you bitter in these bitter times
That's what they always hope for that long before the struggle
We would give up the fight. Let's not give up the fight.
Don't let the fear invade you in these fearful times
For it will build around you a wall that blocks your way
And their power will survive.
Don't let their power survive.
Don't you rely on silence, we must not waste our time.
So little to rely on, rely on us we rely on you
We give each other life. We give each other life.
We won't get lost in silence in these numbing times
With hope the trees may flourish,
Then we'll stand strong and honest
And these will be our times. And these will be our times.

6. U In Union (2.02) (Si Kahn)

Blessed are the weak
Blessed are the poor
Blessed those who love their neighbour
Blessed are the children
Blessed are the meek
Blessed are the ones who labour.

Chorus: Lift up your eyes
 Lift up your voice
 Come to the grand reunion
 Give us your hand
 Join in our band
 You are the U in Union.

Tattered and tossed
Scattered and lost
All of these years divided
Each one is special
Each plays a part
When we are all united.

Chorus

All from our birth
Promised the earth
Let us unite and share it
Seeking for justice
Here in this world
We shall one day inherit.

Chorus....

7. Doggone, Occupation Is On (2.31) (*H. Jenkins/D. Lippman/ Peggy Seeger*)

I reckon those bankers shoulda never been bailed
They should be sitting tonight in jail
No use waiting for the bye and bye
Let's get together and occupy.
Doggone, occupation is on.

The top one percent are feelin' fine
We're here to represent the other 99
We may be sitting down but we're standing tall
After the Arab Spring comes the European fall
Doggone, occupation is on.

I asked about Wall Street, what's all the fuss?
They said, We occupy Wall Street 'cause it occupies us
Corporations on top that's how the world is run
Now times are a-changing and the future's begun
Doggone, occupation is on.

You know, I need a job to pay my debts
Money talks so loud it shuts up all the rest
Downsize, merge all across the nation
Lost my job but found an occupation
Doggone, occupation is on.

We're gonna sit here, we're not gonna shirk
You can tell we're workers 'cause we're out of work
We want justice and we want it now

To hell with the Footsie and down with the Dow (Jones)
Doggone, occupation is on.

We can't wait for Kingdom Come
We're asking: "What would Jesus have done?"
He'd evict the moneylenders - he'd occupy
Like us he'd say the beginning is nigh.

All over the world you can hear the call
Housing, jobs and justice, human rights for all
Spain, Greece, Egypt and the USA
Everywhere you go, you'll hear 'em say
Doggone, occupation is on.

8. The Criminal (3.10) (J. Woodland)

Yesterday she was a Bank Manager's daughter
Protesting at St Paul's
At least until they caught her.
A bailiff grabbed her by the arm,
She didn't want to contradict
She said, Young man take off your hand
He said, Right that's it, you're nicked. And she said
Oh Gor Blimey it's a fair cop Guv,
Got me bang to rights.
I've been fitted up like a kipper
Bound over to keep the peace tonight
I'll have mother tattooed on me arm
And have my hair cut short
Now I am a criminal though minimal I fit the bill
A criminal and I've been caught.

Yesterday she thought the protesters were scruffy
But now on second thoughts she doesn't feel so stuffy
Section this and section that
The criminal justice, public order act
She may be guilty as charged
But her world has been enlarged
She's a criminal and that's a fact. And she says
Oh Gor Blimey it's a fair cop Guv.
Got me bang to rights
I'm up in front of the beak tomorrow
Stone me don't I look a sight
Send me off to a rotting hulk
Without a second thought
Now I am a gangster, a thankless prankster

A criminal I've been caught. She says

Yesterday I was as innocent as a tree is
That's all changed because where I want to be is
On the steps in the open air
And now they accuse me
Of disrupting, intimidating and obstructing
A lawful activity
Now she says
Oh Gor Blimey it's a fair cop Guv
Got me bang to rights
I'm in the frame. They know my little game
I'm stitched up good and tight
Send me down for a stretch or two or three or four or more
Today I am a terrorist. I'll tell you this they slap your wrist.
A criminal and I've been caught

And so she came to be involved in conversation
About democracy in a wealth divided nation.
Staring at the Stock Exchange
She felt the penny drop.
'They took our taxes now in fact
It's them who should be stopped' ... And she says
Oh Gor Blimey it's a fair cop
We've got them bang to rights!!!!
I'll break the law as I did before for what I think is right
I've been bound over to keep the peace and I suppose I ought
I'm a hooligan. I'd do it all again. I'm one of them I am
A criminal and I've been caught.

Now I am a gangster, a thankless prankster
A criminal I've been caught
Today I am a terrorist. I'll tell you this they slap your wrist.
A criminal and I've been caught
A pinko and an anarchist, a rampant anti capitalist
Criminal and I've been caught!...Take me away...

9. The Band Played On (4.02) (R. Johnson)

We said our goodbyes at Southampton
Sailing away at fullsteam
Sailing away for a new world
With all of our hopes and our dreams
A citadel crossing the ocean
The largest the world's ever seen
Sailing away for the future

The progress of steel and machines
and the band played on and Oh how we danced

The poor kept locked down in the steerage
The deck above them second class
And the top deck the finest of luxury
Bone china, white linen, cut glass.
Below us the dark rolling ocean
Above us the dark falling night
And the crew keep the great engines turning
And our world is this factory of light

None of us foresaw the iceberg, None of us foresaw the Somme
The night and the fog and the gulags, The flash of the hydrogen bomb

The band played on....
Nobody counted the lifeboats
The company cutting their costs
And the hopes and the dreams of a century
Were suddenly scattered and lost
And behold the twin towers of Manhattan
The tallest the world's ever seen
And the poor kept locked down by computers
The progress of oil and machines
The band played on....

10. Song of the Olive Tree (5.46) (L. Rosselson)

My father's father's father planted here
In this now broken earth an olive tree
And as a child I sang to it my secrets
And as I grew I felt it part of me.
Its branches gave me shelter from the sun
Its grey green leaves shaded my young dreams
The fruit it bore was like a gift of hope
Of all the olive trees I loved this one.

The settlers came, they beat us black and blue
They said, "Next time we shoot you. Understand?"
But still we dared to come we had no choice
We came at night like thieves to our own land.
Like ghosts we came, men, women, young and old
To pick the crop as we have always done
For centuries we harvested in peace
The oil we pressed was sweet, precious as gold.

Now look. This is a cemetery for trees.
Their great machines crushed hope into despair
They ripped the heart from every living tree
Except for one, my tree they chose to spare.
They dug it up, they smuggled it away
This ancient tree, they saw it as a prize
For some Israeli rich enough to pay
Five thousand dollars' worth, that's what they say.

Do you believe in ghosts? Last night I dreamed
My father's father's father came to me
He took my hand and held it in his own
And said, Take heart, here is my olive tree.
And when I woke it was a kind of birth
And in my hand I found an olive stone
And in the field where once my tree had been
A thousand shapes arose out of the earth.

I saw their faces, women, children, men
And each hand held a perfect olive stone
And each heart held a vision of to come
When all our olive trees will rise again.

11. Looters (4.02) (L. Rosselson)

Criminality pure and simple
Decent people all agree
Looting shops and burning buildings
Didn't you watch it on TV?
Cameras, sports bags, clothes, computers
Mobile phones and branded shoes
Flat screen TVs, playstations
Cigarettes and bottles of booze.
You smash up the shops and you get free stuff
It's all about the money nowadays...innit.

The lower classes on the rampage
Moral panic in the press
Beat them, birch them, hang them, shoot them
Looters deserve nothing less....
But why the anger? Why the outrage?
Why the demonising hate?
Aren't they just following in the footsteps
Of those who made this country great?....

Francis Drake now there's a looter

Plundering the Spanish main
Burning towns and looting treasures
Pride of England scourge of Spain
Was rewarded with a knighthood
Looters deserve nothing less
Made himself a tidy fortune
And lots of dosh for good Queen Bess....

Clive and the East India Company
Fattened on the spoils of war
Taxed the peasants into famine
Found India rich and left it poor.
If the natives dared rebel
Their imperial masters made them pay
Tied them to the cannon's muzzle
Blew them flesh and bones away....

The British Empire built on looting
Grab the land and make the laws
Then everything the land produces -
Coffee, diamonds, gold - is yours.
So we got sugar, cotton, spices
Rubber, tin, tobacco, tea
They got cricket and the Bible
And our royal family....

Take a look at our museums
Plundered treasures on display
That gold crown looted from Magdala
Admire it at the V & A.
The Rosetta Stone, the Elgin Marbles
Neil Macgregor's Benin plaque
A history of the world in loot -
Isn't it time we gave them back?....

Looting - a great British pastime
The upper classes loot by stealth
Bankers, tycoons, city gamblers
Siphon off the nation's wealth.
Centuries of high-class looting
Payback time is overdue
Hyde Park, Kensington and Knightsbridge -
Watch out! Next time it could be you....

12. I Didn't Raise My Son to be a Soldier (2.51) (Anon.)

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier
I raised him up to be my pride and joy.
Why should he put a musket to his shoulder
To kill another mother's darling boy?
Why should he fight in someone else's quarrels?
It's time to throw the sword and gun away
There would be no war today
If the nations all would say
No I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier
To go fighting in some far-off foreign land
He may get killed before he's any older
For a cause that he will never understand.
Why should he fight another rich man's battle
While they stay at home and while their time away?
Let those with most to lose
Fight each other if they choose
For I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier
Fighting in a trench from night till morn
If God required to prove that boys are bolder
They'd have uniforms and guns when they were born.
Why should we have wars about religion
When the Bible tells us all , Thou shalt not kill?
But the rich they have one law
There's another for the poor
And I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier
I raised him up to be a gentle man
To find a sweet young girl and love and hold her
Bring me some grandchildren when they can.
Why can't we decide that the Empire
Is just as large as it requires to be?
And I'd rather lose it all
Than to see my laddie fall
For I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

13. Guns and Bombs (3.58) (J. Russell)

The economy's in ruins
And it's all down to the doin's
Of the previous Labour government you'll agree
You can't sit on the fence
Well, it's only common sense
And we're all in this together, don't you see?

So let's celebrate our strengths
We'll go to any lengths
To work hard and make the economy fly
With finance and with banks
But mostly, guns and tanks
And we'll sell them all to anyone who'll buy.

We'll sell them guns and bombs and bombs and guns
And all the infrastructure
For delivery to the enemies of their state
With tanks and jetfighters
To get the blooming blighters
Just sign our contract now, no need to wait.
Aung San Suu Kyi
How nice it is to see
That the military have recognised your status
It's no small thing
To be taken under our wing
And we know that as an ally you must rate us
But a quiet word in your ear
Our economy's flat I fear
And there are things you need, that we have in great store
The trade where we excel
I am very proud to tell
Is in weaponry and theatre of war.

We'll sell you guns and bombs and bombs and guns
And all the infrastructure
For delivery to whoever poses threat
With tanks and jetfighters
To get the blooming blighters
We have everything you need, we sell the set.

Mr. Ahmedinejad
The relationship we've had
Is becoming rather tetchy, sad to say
But despite the nuclear issue
We'd just like to continue
To sell arms to you in the same old way
We're a trusted supplier
For many eastern buyers
Egypt, Jordan, Kuwait and Bahrain
Saudi and the U.A.E.
Are valued customers, you'll see
But with Bahrain, perhaps, we need to think again.

We sell them guns and bombs and bombs and guns
And all the infrastructure
For delivery to their enemy of choice
With tanks and jetfighters
To get the blooming blighters
Who suddenly decide they have a voice.

It's never been hard to sell
Our arms to Israel
Who need tools to hold their borders - and expand
In spite of UN resolutions
There is no real solution
Except for them to buy our stuff and take more land
Prime Minister Netanyahu
Is surrounded by a few
Of our customers - but not his friends
Egypt and Jordan
And the Lebanon
And we'll sell, of course, to anyone who spends.

We sell them guns and bombs and bombs and guns
And all the infrastructure
For delivery to enemies far and near
With tanks and jetfighters
To get the blooming blighters
If it's weaponry you need, we have the gear.

If a situation's tricky,
There's no use being picky
Business is business, after all
We cater to demand
With a very even hand
No matter who you are, give us a call.

We'll sell you guns and bombs and bombs and guns
And all the infrastructure
For delivery to whoever poses threat
With tanks and jetfighters
To get the blooming blighters
We have everything you need, we sell the set.

We'll sell you guns and bombs and bombs and guns
And all the infrastructure
For delivery to the enemies of your state
With tanks and jetfighters
To get the blooming blighters

Just sign our contract now, no need to wait.

14. Protest Singer Blues (4.06) (*G. Petrie*)

Several years ago I slept through an alarm
And I've been playing catch-up since
And every now and then the sight of my reflection
Makes me stop and wince.
How many deaths will it take 'til we know
Too many people have died?
Well I regret, we haven't got there yet
And time, it isn't on our side

And I should hang up my guitar
If I've got nothing new to say
It's all been done before
And better, I am sure
And I'll be standing by the bar
Wondering what to play
To try and change the world
Where better songs have failed
And here I am again
Hoping for a win
Standing in the rain
Soaking to the skin
Looking for a change
Though I've been listening
There's no answer blowin' in the wind.

Several years ago I think I missed a train
And I'm still catching up the time
It doesn't matter how quickly I'm going
I never reached the end of the line.
How many times can a man turn his head
And pretend he just doesn't see?
'Cause I'm ashamed, the times they have a-changed
And a better world was not to be.

15. Bread and Roses (3.56) (*M. Whelan*)

If we don't have our dreams
What do we live for?
If we don't have our dreams
What did James Connolly die for?

Chorus:

Look up the sky is burning
With blood that workers shed

We'll carry on the battle
For roses and bread.
Bread and roses
Roses and bread
We'll carry on the battle
For roses and bread.

He was born to organise
That's what James Larkin* lived for
For being a union man
That's what Joe Hill was killed for.

Chorus...

With dreams in solid steel
That's what Mandela lived for.
For dreaming of what might be
That's what Allende died for.

Chorus...

Let's dream that dream of dreams
Of life without sorrow.
And maybe our dreams
Will build a new tomorrow.

** I sing: 'Jack Jones' in place of James Larkin, in order to link the song to Britain. I don't think it detracts from Martin's song in any way – Martin references Republic of Ireland, S. Africa, Argentina and the USA - to which I've added Britain.*

Disc 2

1. **The Vision (4.08)** (I. Saville)
"The world has changed," they said, "all your ideals
Mean nothing now, they won't buy any meals.
Hard cash is what we live by, and our mission
Is beat the others, win the competition.
Our system rules this planet, always will"
They blustered and they bullied me until
I quite forgot - why was I a Socialist? ...

... Then in the distance I saw a mist
And the mist turned into a cloud.
And as I stood and watched, each drop
Of vapour turned into a face. The crowd
Moved around me in laughter and song

With eyes that were bright and voices strong
Each face separate and distinct.
Though all in common purpose linked.
But who were these people? Somehow I knew
That if only I guessed, my guess would be true.
And so I decided that one band of figures
From centuries past were Winstanley's Diggers
Proclaiming all folk were of equal worth
To share in the treasures of the Earth.
Some Luddites were holding a great hammer high
They'd been slandered by history, but I could see why
They'd set about smashing their masters' machines
Which were not tools of progress, but used as a means
To steal from these people their labour and skill
And ensure they were bent to their masters' will.
Some faces I knew - Paul Robeson was giving
Full voice to a tune that said Joe Hill was living.
Joe smiled, and agreed that in each mine and mill
Where the workers were fighting his spirit lived still.
Mary Seacole was resting from easing the pain
Of those men sent to die so their rulers might gain.
She's forgotten by history - her skin wasn't pale
Though she healed just as surely as Nurse Nightingale.
Harriet Tubman rejoiced with the slaves that she'd freed
From those 'civilised' gentlemen driven by greed.
From Central America, no more invisible
Those who vanished from lands where dissent's not permissible.
Karen Silkwood, who died fighting nuclear might.
Blair Peach - killed by police for supporting the right
To protest against fascism. Others who'd died
Fighting fascist battalions in Spain's countryside.
There was Sacco, Vanzetti. There were Suffragettes too.
There were miners and matchgirls, and some people who
Had been friends of mine. They died with much still to give
But they'd all used their lives to find new ways to live.
Gazing in awe on this great panorama
I wondered what part it could play in my drama.
Then, as I wondered, they all spoke in chorus:
"There's something," they said "that we'd quite like done for us
"We are dead, and our life's work is not yet fulfilled
For we all tried, in some different manner, to build
A world that is decent and honest and fair
Where we all get what's needed, and what's left we share
But the world is not like that - that's clear and that's plain
And we're not blaming you, but don't make it in vain
That we lived lives of struggle - continue the fight

While you live, you can change things - we know that that's right."
And I looked, and I saw that in each of their eyes
Stood a part of a new world, and to my surprise
I could now see what they saw, and so understood
We become fully human by working for good.
We may fail, but it's better to know that we've been
A part of humanity - not a machine.
My strength was redoubled, my hope was renewed
As I shared in the vision of these comrades who'd
Bequeathed us their talent, their wisdom, their love
And the knowledge that our deeds can make the world move.

2. **Rosa's Lovely Daughters (4.14)** (*R. Johnson*)

Who's that walking miles for water?
Who's that sweat-shoppin' all the day long?
From the hot south, to the cold north
Who are these proud and strong?

We are Rosa's lovely daughters, we are no man's blushing bride
We are Rosa's lovely daughters and we will not be denied.

From the workbench in the back room
To the benchmarks on the bed
From the mad mothers to the peace campers
Who are these seeing red?

Chorus

See the fathers handshake their bargains
While their good wives stand round and they weep
But we're singing as we're dancing
We are no man's to give or to keep.

Chorus

Wearing trousers or short skirts (as we please!)
We'll walk at night together in the centre of town
We are free spirits taking the night back
We are wildfire across dry ground.

Chorus

(alt. last verse written by Janet Russell with Robb's permission)

3. **My Personal Revenge (2.16)** (*L. Godoy. Translation J. Calderon*)

My personal revenge will be the rights
Of our children in the schools and in the garden
My personal revenge will be to give you

This song that has flourished without panic.
My personal revenge will be to show you
The kindness in the eyes of my people
Who have always fought relentlessly in battle
And been generous and firm in victory.
My personal revenge will be to tell you "Good day"
On a street without beggars or homeless
And instead of jailing you, I suggest
You shake away the sadness there that binds you.
And when you, who have applied your hands in torture,
Are unable to look up at what's around you,
My personal revenge will be to give you
These hands that once you so mistreated
But have failed to take away their tenderness.
It was the people who
Hated you the most
When rage became the language of their song,
And underneath the skin of this town today
The people's hearts rise up with pride.
And it was the people who hated you the most
When rage became the language of their song
And underneath the skin of this town today -
Red and black, the people's hearts rise up with pride.

3. **Miracles (4.49)** (*J. Woodland*)

If you sit back for a while, rest and smile and close your eyes,
When you wake up everything will be alright.
You just take a little rest, get it all off your chest and close your eyes
And when you wake up everything will be alright,
But they don't fool me...
I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe it's true.
One light, one fight, one little dance... That's all you do.
I don't believe in fairytales, and I don't believe in lies.
We don't need to fly but still we try and that's all we do...
That's all we do...

I am ready to believe that the dead will rise and the blind will see
And the sun will shine from underneath the sea.
I could easily accept that a man could walk across the sky,
But when they ask me to believe the rich would let the poor go free...
I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe it's true.
One light, one fight, one little dance... That's all you do.
I don't believe in fairytales, and I don't believe in lies.
We don't need to fly but still we try and that's all we do...
That's all we do...

I've seen your dreams nailed up to a tree and left up there to die
But I'm ready to believe that one day they will rise.
I can feel it in my bones if you roll away the stone you can step into the light
And the meek will inherit everything here, but not by being meek I fear...
I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe it's true.
One light, one fight, one little dance... That's all you do.
I don't believe in fairytales, and I don't believe in lies.
We don't need to fly but still we try and that's all we do...
That's all we do...

Everybody knows that the yellow brick road goes up into the sky
And the fairy lives on top of the Christmas tree.
And fish can walk and dogs can talk and pigs can probably fly
But when they ask me just to wait for my rewards at the pearly gates...
I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe it's true.
One light, one fight, one little dance... That's all you do.
I don't believe in fairytales, and I don't believe in lies.
We don't need to fly but still we try and that's all we do...
That's all we do...

5. Farewell to Welfare (4.47) (G. Petrie)

It's never too late
To recapture the benefits of Section 28
And it's never too wild
To change GCSEs grade boundaries, the only victim is the child
And oh, who's gonna be my Martin Luther King,
And I'll say who's gonna be my Harvey Milk?
And on the steps of Parliament they're demonstrating
But what's the use when they're all cut from the same Eton silk
I'll say farewell, farewell to welfare.

And we've got a recession to beat
So let's put more money into the Jubilee, and a millionaire in Downing Street
And we've all got to pay the bills
But when we all work for free I don't see how we ever will
And if I keep my receipts, can I claim back the mistakes
And the lives ruined by this government?
Or in another 18 years of budget cuts and tears
Will the people pay for those, just like we pay your rent?
And say farewell, farewell to welfare.

So give me change, give me equality
Give me a minister for women that don't represent me
Give me a decent honest Nick who's on the level
Until the first glimpse of power, make a deal with the devil
And you tell me that this is democracy

And you tell me that it ain't no old boys' club
And as the thousands march on Westminster,
Look how quickly their demands are snubbed
And you ask me, "Where is the youth vote?"
Well they didn't let me in, so you'll find me in the pub
Raising a toast to the ghost of welfare
And I used to dream of a Britain
Where I'd be proud to bring up kids
These days I'd settle for a Britain
Where I'd be allowed to bring up kids
And Mrs May, if I may
Be so bold as to say
That your archaic view of family
Holds no relevance today
And if you think that honest people
Should be turned away
From IVF and BandBs
Just because they're gay
Then I suggest you stop requesting
That we continue to pay
Our taxes to a party that's
Held us back all the way
I'll take my business, and my produce, and my income tax elsewhere
And say farewell, farewell to welfare
I'll say farewell, farewell to welfare
They'll say to hell, to hell with welfare
And I'll say farewell, farewell to welfare

6. Progress Train (3.55) (*Peggy Seeger*)

The human brain can't stand still
Even when it gets to the top of the hill
Just can't stop and admire the view
Always got to have something new

The human brain's an intelligent fool
Build you a hospital, build you a school
You wake up the very next day
The progress train took it all away

The progress train can demolish your town
Sells us heaven when we're hell-bound
Hell-bound
Fed by apathy, driven by greed
Running at top speed

Going so fast

You won't notice it till it's past
It doesn't give a damn about yesterday
And when you forget what it took away
You'll know the progress train rolled right over you.

Juggernaut hurtling down the road
You're not in control, you're part of the load
Running the lights, won't slow down
Get in its way and it'll run you down.

The progress train is on a one-way track
It'll take you there, won't bring you back
When you start singing "I'm all right, Jack!"
All right Jack, all right Jack
You'll know ..The progress train ran right over you

The girl in the red shoes had to dance
The progress train has to advance
Tables to turn, money to earn,
Bridges to burn, we never learn

Got no destination, it'll go anywhere
Can't stop even when it gets there
Got no beginning, got no end
Doesn't even care what's around the bend

Got to grow, got to change
Build up, tear down, rearrange
Got to be move on, dirty or clean
It's an atom bomb, it's a washing machine

It's a love song it sings
Seducing you with things
That ease your heart and please your mind
The passengers sleep and the driver's blind

FIRE IN HIS PANTS
HE DON'T DANCE
NO ROMANCE
THEY WANT YOU NOW
THEY WANT YOU NOW
AND THEY'LL HAVE YOU
NOW!
THAT'S THE PROGRESS TRAIN
AND IT'S RIGHT OVER YOU

The human race has a fatal knack
Of going full speed down a cul-de-sac
After running so fast and working hard
There's a helluva mess in the back yard

The progress train sings sweet and low
And every time you hear it you know
Something's wrong .. still you tap your feet
The words don't matter .. cause the tune's so sweet
The progress train ... is singing to you.

7. **They All Sang Bread and Roses (2.31)** (*S. Kahn*)

Now don't you think it crazy, this old world and all its ways.
Whoever thought the sixties would be called the good old days?
But like the Weavers sang to us, "Wasn't that a time?"
When we raised our hands and voices on the line.

Chorus: And we all sang Bread and Roses
 Joe Hill and Union Maid
 We linked our arms and told each other
 We were not afraid
Solidarity Forever would go rolling through the hall
We shall overcome together one and all.

The more I study history the more I seem to find
That in every generation there are times just like that time
When folks like you and me who thought they were all alone
Within this honoured movement found a home.

Chorus And they all sang Bread and Roses.....

And though each generation fears that it may be the last
Our presence here is witness to the power of the past
And just as we have drawn our strength from those who now are gone
Younger hands will take our work and carry on.

Chorus: And they'll all sing Bread and Roses
 Joe Hill and Union Maid
 We'll link our arms and tell each other
 We are not afraid
Solidarity Forever will go rolling through the hall
We shall overcome together one and all.

8. Babour Zammar (6.05)
(The Ship Sounded its Horn)

Lyrics: 'Amm El-Mawlidi Zleilah
Music: El-Hédi Guella

The ship sounded its horn
Sailing out to sea...

The ship sounded its horn...
Sailing out to sea...
Turning its back on home, the best place of all

The ship sounded its horn
Ferrying men to their drowning

The ship sounded its horn
Ferrying men to their drowning
On their way to far-off lands, where the pain of exile burns like unquenched
thirst

Turning its back on friends
And companions

Families' faces pale and yellow
In sorrow and grief

The ship sounded its horn so loud

The ship sounded its horn so loud
Sailing back home...
Carrying men beloved of their people...

Hands trembling as they wave goodbye
Hands trembling as they wave goodbye

Their loved ones' tears
Sting and burn their faces
As their sons vanish over the horizon
Their eyelids smarting with pain

The ship sounded its horn

Heading out to sea

The ship sounded its horn
Heading out to sea
Sailing off to foreign lands
Turning its back on bright skies

Uprooting young men from fertile lands

Uprooting young men from fertile lands
To a life so harsh
Just as the rain-soaked valley
Fills up with tree trunks and branches

The ship sounded its horn, driven away from home

The ship sounded its horn, driven away from home
With a bow so sharp
Slicing through the foaming waves
Like a knife through cheese

Spouting coffins into the blue sea
Making ships quake in fear...
As the sea surges backwards and forwards

The ship sailed into the mist

The ship sailed into the mist
Shrouded in fog
Packed to the gunnels with the best of all men

Offered up to foreign lands
Without respite, like mules

The only difference between them and the cattle on board
Is the passport... the passport... the passport

Translated by: Reem Kelani & Chris Somes-Charlton
Tunisian dialect consultant: Dr. Emna Rmili, Sousse University, Tunisia
Literary editor: Dr. Salma Khadra Jayyusi
The Miktab © 2012

9 .St Peter's Fields (5.10) (*J. Woodland*)
St Peter's Fields in Manchester
On a day we need not name
Soldiers waiting in the sunshine

One by one the people came
And the women were dressed in white
Wearing leaves of laurel green
St Peter's Fields in Manchester
1819...

And you would think reform
Was a baby that must be born
And you would think democracy
Would give us hopes of liberty
But do you think that's true
And have you heard the news...

Phoebe Webber has been slaughtered
On the fields of Peterloo
And the red upon the green grass
Sparkles like the morning dew.
May the tears flow down like water
And wash the bloodstains from you.
Phoebe Webber has been slaughtered
On the fields of Peterloo...

Somebody tell me how it happened
I know even less than you.
Their swords were out and sharpened
A hundred thousand pushing through.
We were standing in the front line
Still I can't believe it's true.
I saw her eyes and then she saw mine.
She was dead before she knew...

Phoebe Webber has been slaughtered
On the fields of Peterloo
And the red upon the green grass
Sparkles like the morning dew.
May the tears flow down like water
And wash the bloodstains from you.
Phoebe Webber has been slaughtered
On the fields of Peterloo...

And when you wake up in the morning
Just thank the star that shines on you
That the likes of Phoebe Webber
Always do the things they do.
From the bloody streets of Moscow
To the ghettos of the U.S.A.
From the haunted squares of China

To the graveyards of the Cape
From Tunisia's Bouazizi
To resistance in Bil'in
From Tahrir Square in Egypt
To Manama in Bahrain
She will die again tomorrow
As she died yesterday
She will die until the sorrow
And the chains are swept away.
Now the green leaves of the laurel
Turn a red and deadly hue
Phoebe Webber has been slaughtered
On a street not far from you.

(Added lyrics about Arab spring with help from the company, and with the permission of Jim Woodland. Thanks especially to Reem Kelani and Chris Somes-Charlton).

10. Emily Davison (5.01) (S. Kerr)

I went down to St. Mary's churchyard
In Morpeth one September day
To find the grave of my dead sister
To find the place where Emily lay.
A dark and stony path led where she rested
The sky was grey and the rain came down
I found her monument decayed and broken
And choking weeds grew all around.

Chorus:

Emily Davison, suffragette heroine,
Died at the Derby in 1913
Blood on the banner bright
Purple and green and white
Shed for a woman's right
To Liberty.

I knew no more of her brave story
Than grains of history will allow
But may her life be well-remembered
Although in death, she's forgotten now.
She loved great London city, it inspired her
To fight its poverty and shame
But with each battle fought, she sought a refuge
And to Northumberland she came.....
They called her wild, a lawless lassie
prison she was confined
For tyrants paid no heed to reason
And only deeds would change their minds.

When deep in

They say she learnt this lesson from her Bible
Her courage from St Joan so brave
And she believed no land could have its freedom
While womankind was still the slave.....

A soldier dies for king and country
And so Britannia rules the waves
They sing his praises, call him hero
Lay stones and flowers on his grave.
Was not her sacrifice supreme and selfless?
So we shall keep her memory.
With love restored this grave in Morpeth churchyard,
Is the honour due to Emily.....

11. The Grapes of Wrath (5.01) (J. Woodland)

In the south is a castle high upon a hill
Gazing down upon the world below
In the north is a country laid low.
In the country the hurt and anger grows.
In the castle the milk and honey flows.
But as they sit round their great oak tables
Will they sip their wine and laugh?
Oh no no! They will taste the grapes of wrath.

The north is a garden, a flower in the dirt
And the castle is a burden and a curse.
Squeezing out the vintage till it hurts.
They are the Lords and Ladies of the universe.
But as they sit round their great oak tables
Will they sip their wine and laugh?
Oh no no! They will taste the grapes of wrath.
When the sun is on the castle, it shines like gold
And the greedy in the castle feast their eyes.
They are stealing all the sunlight from the skies.
While the North is waiting for the Moon to rise.

In the shadow of the castle the country groans
Dreaming in the darkness where she lies.
But as thunder rolls across a Northern sky
Behind a northern hill the moon begins to rise
Now as they sit round their great oak tables
Will they sip their wine and laugh?
Oh no no! They will taste the grapes of wrath.

As the moon shines down across the northern land
One day the north will rise up at her command.

Then as they sit round their great oak tables
Will they sip their wine and laugh?
Oh no no! They will taste the grapes of wrath

12. Peacock Street (1.44) (*Aunt Molly Jackson*)

As I was a-walking down Peacock Street
No clothes on my back, no shoes on my feet.
I was cold, I was hungry, it was late in the fall
I knocked down some old big shot, took his money, clothes and all.

Yeah, I took everything that old big shot had
And they called me a robber, they called me bad.
They called me a robber, they called me bad
But misery and starvation done drove me mad.

CHORUS

Tell me how long must I look for a job?
I don't want to have to steal,
I don't want to have to rob.

They put me in jail for a year and a day
For taking all that ol' big shot's money and clothes away.
They turned me loose 'bout a hour ago
To walk these ol' streets again in the rain and snow.
I got no money for room rent, I got nothing to eat
You just can't live by walking the street. (CHORUS)

13. I'm Going Where the Suits Will Shine My Shoes (6.21)

(*L. Rosselson*)

With his bottle of wine and his tatty old sheet
He guarded his patch down on Union Street
With his cardboard sign which said 'Thou shalt not kill'
And the song that he sang - I remember it still

I'm going where the suits will shine my shoes
Going where the fountains foam with booze
Going where the bankers beg for bread
To find a home to rest my head
Take me where the lazy rivers flow
Take me where the lotus flowers grow
Lay me down beside the silver sea
And let the waves wash over me - wash over me.

She was trapped in the checkout bored out of her brain
Checking the barcodes again and again

She suddenly screamed 'This is driving me mad'
Then she sang in a voice she didn't know that she had.....

In the badlands of Helmand a Royal Marine
Sick to the heart at the things he has seen
Knowing this war can never be won
Sings to himself as he lays down his gun.....

This song wasn't sung by celebrity stars
It was sung by the riffraff in back streets and bars
The lonely and lost, those who didn't belong
The jobless and jailed they were singing this song.....

They'll come from out of the dark and from out of despair
Like a surge of the sea into Liberty Square
And the man with the sign that says 'Thou shalt not kill'
Will be leading them all and they'll be singing it still.....

14. Why Not? (4.09) (R. Johnson)

Oh dear oh dear the banks lost all their money
So the government gave them ours to lose as well
Now they say "we're all in this together"
The rent's due and there's nothing left to sell.
We'll all have to work harder and get less
Is there an alternative? I say yes –

Make the rich pay, why not?
Make the rich pay, why not?
We don't have any money cos they've got lots and lots
Make the rich pay, why not?

It's funny how the rich keep getting richer,
It's funny how the money's all been lost,
You wonder where it went to at the checkout
When you find out just how much more things now cost.
When they ask you "how'd you like to pay,
Cash or credit card?" Here's what I say:

Make the rich pay, why not?...

When I'm strolling down the London Road
There's this Oxfam where I sometimes like to go
There's clothes that only cost a quid or two
and it goes to those less fortunate than you.
But when it comes to global poverty

There's only one solution, you'll agree:

Make the rich pay, why not?...

They say

Money is the root of all that evil
and an apple's why we're in the state we're in,
Some people think we're waiting for The Rapture
When Jesus comes for payback on our sins
On judgement day my conscience will be clear,
I'll hear the angels singing loud and clear:

Make the rich pay, why not?

15. To My Countrymen/Proletarian Lullaby (3.30) (*Brecht/Eisler. Translation Alasdair Clayre*)

You who live on in towns that passed away
Now show yourselves some mercy I implore
Do not go marching to some new war
As if the old wars had not had there day
But show yourselves some mercy I implore

You men reach for the spade and not the knife
You'd have a roof right now above your head
If you had taken up the spade instead
And with a roof one has a better life.
You men reach for the spade and not the knife.

You children that you may all remain alive
Your fathers and your mothers you must waken
And if in ruins you would not survive
Tell them you will not take what they have taken
You children that you may all remain alive.

You mothers - since the word is yours to give
To stand for war or not to stand for war
I beg you let your children live
Let birth not death be what they thank you for
I beg you mothers let your children live.

My son whatever you do or you try to do
There's lines of them waiting with truncheons steady
There's only one bit of space on this earth for you
That's the rubbish dump and it's occupied already.

My son you must listen to your mother when she tells you
It's worse than the plague this life you've got in store.
Do you think I brought you into the world so painfully
To have you lie down under it and meekly ask for more?

What you don't have, don't ever abandon
What they don't give you take yourself and keep
I, your mother, haven't born and fed you
To see you crawl one night under a railway arch to sleep.

I don't say you're made of anything special
I can't give you money or kneel by you and pray
But I hope, and I've nothing but you to build on,
You won't let the dole queue slowly gnaw your life away.

When in the night I lie and stare unsleeping
I often reach out for your hand
How can I make you see through their lying?
I know you've been numbered for wars they've already planned.

Your mother my son has never pretended
That you're the special son of someone's special daughter
But neither did she bring you up in so much hardship
To hang on the barbed wire some day crying out for water.

And so, my son, you must stay with your own kind
So power like the dust can spread to every place
And you, my son, and I and all our people
Must stand together to unite the human race
That unequal classes no more
Will divide the human race.