

We Are This England – The Now Nows

Cromwell the Puritan led the English Taliban
For 11 years in England music and dance was banned
Till the people rose up singing 'Give us back our useless king
So we can all get back to some serious drinking'
Oh, how we party on the bank holidays
All the festivals are muddy so we only go there when the garden centres close
And we spend our money on the stupid gnomes
and other funky things we like to buy to fill our lives and tiny terraced homes
In the suburbs! In the villages! Where the BNP and chintz brigaders hunt and roam
In the gritty inner cities live the feral teens the middle-classes fear and loathe

We are the BBC - We are the National Trust (and Front)
We read the Daily Mail down at the local Mosque

To be or not to be a hoody on a sink estate that royalty could visit
Is the kinda cradle-to-the-grave mistake that only fate can make
And parliament debate while every parent hates the fact
That Chinese take-aways taste so great
And so the kids are getting fatter, and the drugs they take are stronger
And they're sending texts while having sex yet all their grades are better
And So maybe every over-50 should apologise to every Under-20 for the state they've
left the country in
especially as they love to say how in their day (and oh lord they go and on and on ...)
About how it all used to all be oh so great ...
a golden age? Oh Lord!
Then why'd you go and cock it up?
Mess it up, muck it up?
Dare I even say you even fucked it up mate?

We got the the Domesday Book, we got the Magna Carta
But we prefer the adventures of Harry Potter

We are this England, We are this Dream
We are this England, This Living Machine
We are this England, We are this dream
We are this England, We are this Dream Machine

See the Tabloids in a line
Every headline is a lie
And every editor is a whore
Trying to start a racial war
Though their sons won't be in the army
Safely tucked up with their Nanny
And Oh Lord we'll never see

Their precious daughters on page three
(those boobies ain't for the likes of you and me)

To change the world we'd form a queue - for we are practical
We can't embrace the fundamental - far too cynical
We like our revolutions to be Industrial
And anyway we spend our time discussing whether it will rain or shine
And disapprove of anything remotely intellectual
The government has gone and henpecked you all
And we like it ... and we love it
and we take it ... no need to fake it

If you're wealthy You'll be healthy
It's a postcode lottery (apparently)
Oh Lord don't make me happy
I'm an Englishman, make me be a celebrity!

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We are this England, We are this dream
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We are this living, dreaming, crossword-filling, bean-eating,
self-deprecating, real-ale drinking, living machine ...