

A Swindle

Chaos UK

You can't believe how you make me feel
Hypocrite's fingers runnin on the till
Once upon a time you had something to say
Well, go ahead punk, come make my day
Now your suck in limbo
Like a music press bimbo
With your gold stretch limo
Hold reporters back at bay
So this is anarchy in the UK
This is it, the end of your career
Made enough money, got nothing to fear
Back in '77, you started something new
Well, the system won't get me like it's got you
So the rock'n'roll swindle goes on and on
Another punk outfit going for a song
A dead popstar's what the country needs
Another fucking job while the moneyman feeds
So, the shining lights have led the way
Another big concert for five years pay
I used to think you meant something new
But you don't me like I see you