

## Charles Windsor

### Manic Street Preachers

Charles windsor whos at the door  
At such an hour whos at the door  
In the back of an old green cortina  
Youre on your way to the guillotine

Here the rabble comes  
The kind you hoped were dead  
They've come to chop, to chop off your head

Hundreds of bound big business men  
Hacks from the sun, military men  
So many rich men weep in despair  
On and on into trafalgar square

Here the rabble comes  
The kind you hoped were dead  
They've come to chop, to chop off your head

These once peaceful streets  
The scenes of revenge you had not wished to see  
Revenge is so sweet to those who have never known anything sweet

Here the rabble comes  
The kind you hoped were dead  
They've come to chop, to chop off your head