

Bastard Coppers

The Filaments

Bastard coppers on the street, walking around on the beat.

Pissing us off, laying down the law, we'll show them when they hit the floor.

Jumped up pricks with CS gas, swinging truncheons in their mass.

They are there to bring us down. We'll riot, make them look like clowns!

Bastard coppers.

Stopped in the street for being a punk. They raid your wallet and smoke your skunk.

Bent as a nine bob as can be, I don't like them, they don't like me.

Water cannons, tear gas, bombs. Shutting down the protest songs.

The upper class think they're great. Fuck the pigs, we'll never be mates.

Bastard coppers.

Fuck the pigs!

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