

A Land Fit for Zeros

The Proclaimers

Hold hands with the person to your right
Hold hands and try to look sincere-o
Tell them, though you don't know their name
That you still can feel their pain
Yeah, you still can feel their pain

We'll sing Jerusalem, now boys
As we build a land fit for zeros
It's all that I can do to stop
Fake tears from welling up
Fake tears from welling up

If you thought this was your country
You can just forget it, you're too old
You're too poor, you're too posh
You'll never get in here wearing that my dear

Don't smoke, don't smack, don't eat red meat
This is a tolerant land fit for zeros
And if you're lost just hear my call
Mediocrity is all, mediocrity is all

If you thought this was your country
You can just forget it, you're too old
You're too poor, you're too posh
You'll never get in here wearing that my dear

The past is all forgotten now
This is a young, modern land fit for zeros
And if we fight, it's only when we're guaranteed to win
And should you, just stray, just hear my call
Mediocrity is all, mediocrity is all