

## Contaminated Minds

UB40

Some people search for the holy grail  
Run round in circles and chase their own tails  
But you can't really blame them for clutching at straws  
For weeding some truth in our morals and laws

Some people say that revolution will descend  
On this madness end this confusion  
But we've all heard the privileged boast and preach  
And the promised land we want is still out of reach

I once knew a man who wore self-righteousness  
Like a medal on his inflated chest  
He hated all people for breaking his rules  
Looked down with distaste on the cowards and fools

He lived like a king in his castle of stone  
And sneered at the man who worked hard for his home  
He knew all the right words and who to defend  
And would be with conviction the working mans friend

Contaminated minds play judge and jury too  
But contaminated minds are blind to truth  
Contaminated minds speak with loudest voice  
But not everybody has the luxury of choice