

DUBYA'S EMPIRE

I'm sitting in the White House when
A thought occurs to me
It's Julius Caesar comes to mind
In fifty-four BC, cos
I'm told that Roman Johnny
Made it big in history.

Chorus:

*Well, hell you had an empire but
It's time to take a bow
You had your chance to rule the world
It's my turn now!*

The French have got ambitions but
They're riding for a fall.
I'll have a word with Chirac
I don't like the man at all
He's a poxy European
And he thinks he's Charles de Gaulle.

That evil commie empire put
The shit up us for years
Till one fine day and god bless me
It fell about their ears - but
I'll fax that weasel Vladimir
In case he gets ideas.

I'm in the Oval Office
On the line to Tony Blair
It seems the British empire's
In pretty bad repair
He tells me 'George,
I'll be your friend.
Can I have a little share?'

My daddy tells me, junior
An empire's what you need
Just get those nations sorted
And if they won't pay heed
You buy them off with dollars or
You bomb them till they bleed.

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You bomb them till they bleed.

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RAISED VOICES
London Political Street Choir
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