

## WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?

Who do they think they are...  
These men in suits who posture and proclaim  
Who speak of justice while they kill and maim  
And have the gall to say they do it in my name  
Who do they think they are?

Who do they think they are...  
These men in wig and gown who read the laws  
Interpret instrument and code and clause  
So as to justify the politicians wars  
Who do they think they are?

Who do they think they are...  
These men with their technology of dread  
That grinds the world to dust beneath its tread  
They only count their own... among the toll of dead  
Who do they think they are?

*Lost in their fantasy  
So far removed from my reality  
I long, I long to call them back  
To sweet humanity.*

Words: Cynthia Cockburn  
Tune: Ros Brown  
Arrangement: Morag Carmichael  
RAISED VOICES  
London Political Street Choir  
2003