

An updated Gunga Din

By William Corden

You can talk of craft made beer
or your neighbour being queer
and order up your latte
wiv a shot in it
but I can't speak my mind
'bout the weirdos in mankind
you tell me I that I have to
put a sock in it

Now someways back in time
if you didn't toe the line
and were part of the assorted
human flotsam
the finest men in blue
could fix that troubled brew
with a kick right up your jetsam

But that's not done no more
prevented by the scores
of those who think they know
what's best for us
gotta give 'em shoot up clinics
and muzzle all the cynics
and put a general tax
on all the populace

a tax to mend where troubles hit,
if it don't,.... then double it
however much it costs
don't really matter
'cos it's really such a shame
and WE are all to blame
for all those precious lives

that lie in tatters

so go ahead, do what you do
the rules they don't apply to you
just let it loose, say what you like
we'll help you stand, behind the mike

to whine about your lesser status
or what the State should give you gratis
while we still do the nine to five
to keep the heart and soul alive

Wiv their fleecies on their backs
and their North Face anoraks
they set up all their protests and parades
the leeches and the leaders
(who are mostly non-believers)
can't wait to get a role in these charades

They classify the sexes in genders that perplex us
and tell us just what bathrooms we can use
a chromosome that's missing
won't determine where you're pissing
you're what you want to be.. you choose.

if your opinion differs
the punishment gets stiffer
you're a bigot, a racist or a phobe

for to voice the thoughts you think
or to set them down in ink
will vilify your name across
the globe



So it's pretty plain to see
that the bills are paid by you and me
when comes the time we have to pay the piper
'cos non-conformists got no cash, they blow it all on coke
and hash
and we're the ones who have to change the diaper

Is it time to say "enough!"?
to empty out the sloppy trough
of subsidies and grants and special favours
to form a line that can't be broken
and talk the talk that must be spoken
Oh where oh where's our precious saviour?