

Ye Greedy Bastards All

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Oh come ye gree-dy bas-tards all, oh let your tale be told Of how ye came in - to the land, in far off days of old
To build your cas-tles strong and hide be-hind their walls To take the best, to fea-ther the nests of gree-dy bas-tards all
We worked up-on your stub-born soil, to plough and sow and reap You stole the fo-rests and the field and made them yours to keep
Like cat-tle we were bought and sold, while you grew fat and tall Our pur-pose but to fill the gut of gree-dy bas-tards all
Ye gree-dy bas-tards all, ye gree-dy bas-tards all Time to sing of Cap-tain Swing, Wat Ty-ler and Jack Straw
And when will eve-ry - man be in - vi-ted to the ball And cease his toil and share the spoils with gree-dy bas-tards all

Oh come **ye greedy bastards** all, oh let your tale be told
Of how ye came into the land, in far off days of old
To build your castles strong and hide behind their walls
To take the best, to feather the nests of **greedy bastards all**

We **worked** upon your stubborn soil, to plough and sow and reap
You stole the forests and the field and made them yours to keep
Like cattle we were bought and sold, while you grew fat and tall
Our purpose but to fill the gut of **greedy bastards all**

Chorus:

Ye greedy bastards all, ye greedy bastards all
Time to sing of Captain Swing, Wat Tyler and Jack Straw
And when will everyman be invited to the ball
And cease his toil and share the spoils with greedy bastards all

You took us from the land, and put us on your mighty wheels
Eternity upon the treadmill of your wretched mills
With political economy to sanctify the poor
Who pay the dues and turn the screws for **greedy bastards all**

Chorus



Now revolutions came and went, and hopes are all but passed,
Yet still that hydra grows its head behind its walls of glass,
High up on the balcony, your pride will stand no fall,
Still pissing on the peasants, **ye greedy bastards all**

Chorus

Now dressed up in your finest suits, you stand in serried ranks
Your judges call for prison walls for the man who robs the bank
But the bank that robs the man is protected by your laws
All hail the global mafia of **greedy bastards all**

We all vote for that rainbow's end, with its pot of gold
Yet still the markets call the tune, as dreams are bought and sold
The time has come when all must be invited to the ball
To cease our toil and share the spoils with **greedy bastards all**

Last Chorus

You greedy bastards all, you greedy bastards all
Time to sing of Captain Swing, Wat Tyler and Jack Straw
The time has come when all must be invited to the ball
To cease our toil and share the spoils
with greedy bastards all