

# 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?