Protest Song- Neil Innes, Tune: Generic Dylan. FromMONTY PYTHON: LIVE AT CITY CENTER (CD 1997) Also from DEAD PARROT'S SOCIETY (1994 but out of print)

Spoken: (Bad guitar Playing) Ladies and gentelmen,
I've suffered for my music, now its your turn.

(Bad harmonica playing)
All the prophets of doom
can always find gloom
in a world full of worry and fear
Tipped cigarettes, Chemistry sets
and Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer
So I'm going back
to my little old shack
and drink me a bottle of wine
that was meesn
before my birthday
and have me a fucking good time

Rain on a tin roof
sounds like a drum
we're marching for freedom today- hey
turn on your headlines
and sound your horn
if people get in the way.
(Bad Harmonica plahing)

Let me turn you on
to the chromium swan
on the nose of a long limosine
you can hide for the day
it has something to say
but– what the hell does i mean
I may be accused
of being confused
but I'm average weight for my height
My philopshy
like color TV
is all there in black and white.

Rain on a tin roof
sounds like a drum
we're marching for freedom today- hey
turn on your headlines
and sound your horn (harmonica plays)
if people get in the way.
(Bad Harmonica playing)