

# Crass, Sheepfarming In The Falklands

Sheep farming in the Falklands, re-arming in the f\*\*klands  
F\*\*king sheep in the homelands, her majesty's forces are coming  
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F\*\*k off to the Falklands for your sea-faring fun  
Big man's jerk off dreamland, looking down the barrel of a gun  
Friggin' in the riggin' another imperialist farce  
Another page of British history to wipe the national arse  
The royals donated Prince Andrew as a show of their support  
Was it just luck the only ship that wasn't struck was the one on which he fought?  
Three cheers for good old Andy, let's take a pic for his mum  
And stick it up the royal, stick it up the royal, stick it up the royal album

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Onward Thatcher's soldiers, it's your job to fight...  
"And, you know, I don't really give a toss if the cause is wrong or right,  
My political neck means more to me than the lives of a thousand men,  
If I felt it might be of use to me I'd do it all over again.  
The Falklands was really a coverup job to obscure the mistakes I've made,  
And you know I think gamble I took could certainly be said to have paid.  
With unemployment at an all-time high and the country falling apart  
I, Winston Thatcher, reign supreme in this great nations' heart."

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While the men who fought her battles are still expected to suffer  
Thatcher proves in parliament that she's just a f\*\*king nutter  
The iron lady's proved her metal, has struck with her fist of steel  
Has proved that a heart that is made out of lead is a heart that doesn't feel

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Now Thatcher says... "Oh raunchy Ron, we've fought our war  
Now it's your turn to prove yourself in El Salvador  
I've employed Micheal Heseltine to deal with P.R.  
He's an absolute prick, but a media star  
He'll advocate the wisdom of our cruise missile plan  
Then at last I'll have a penis just like every other man  
They can call it penis envy, but they'll pay the price for it...  
But the peasants are hungry Mags, "Let them eat shit"

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Who the f\*\*k cares, we're all having fun?  
Mums and dads happy as their kids play with guns  
The media loved it, when all's said and done...  
"Britain's bulldog's off the leash" said the Sun  
As the Argies and Brits got crippled or died  
The bulldog turned around and crapped in our eyes.  
Brit wit, hypocrite, don't you yet realise  
You're not playing with toys, you're playing with lives...  
You piss straight up in your self-righteous rage  
Wilfs, goms and gimps in the nuclear age  
Four minute warning, what a shock,  
Well balls to you rocket cock  
You're old and you're ill and you're soon going to die

You've got nothing to lose if you fill up the skies  
You'd take us all with you, yeah, it's tough at the top  
You slop bucket, shit filled, puss ridden, death pimp snot..YAH F\*\*K