

Skyclad, Do They Mean Us ?

Do They Mean Us ?

Dance 'round the maypole, rappers and mummers

Stepping in and out of time

Cockneys, Brummies, Tykes and Geordies

Players in this pantomime

From Notting Hil to Tyneside Mela

Marching ghosts of colliery bands

Farmers markets, high-tech sweatshops

Such a 'green and pleasant land'

In an english country garden

'Clearing the land... exurban man'

Puddings made with bread and butter

The lash of the whip and rhyming slang

Speakers corner, Miners Welfare

Images all juxtaposed

With this patchwork panorama

You have to laugh, 'do they mean us ?'

Lager louts and laddish culture

St George's cross upon your pate

John Bull on Beau Brummel's waistcoat

Knuckles tatoored Love and Hate

Schizophrenic, new age, new man

Bite your lip don't make a fuss

The malaise of 'the english patient'

You have to ask, 'do they mean us ?'

'Oop north', where they 'bath in gravy'

Sarees seen on cobbled streets

Down south it's a top coat warmer

'kiss me quick' on Margate beech

English blood runs mild and bitter

Adam's ale or council pop ?

Multi-racial melting pot

Such inherent contradictions

A crisis of identity

Are the smiles all disingenuous ?

Quote english eccentricity

From Lands End up to Kielder Water

All 'make believe' and 'just suppose'

Given the 'whole sink and Puddle'

In the end 'do they mean us ?'