

**Revolution**

I grew up in the '60's  
 when change was round every corner  
 nothing ever seemed to stay the same  
 My Dad got his first car  
 and Mum got her first job  
 seemed everyone was playing their own game

The revolution's waiting  
 but the workers are few  
 so why do still sit here  
 when there's so uch left to do

We had to pull together  
 to keep the house from total chaos  
 so sort that out before I count to 10  
 decide whose turn it is  
 to do the washing or the drying up  
 don't make me have to come in there again

My Mum cleared off to find herself a better life  
 and my old Dad and us three stayed at home  
 My little Sis was all of 10  
 but she became the mother hen  
 and tried to keep us going on her own.

My Grandad fought a world war  
 so we could pray to old Macdonalds  
 burgers and fries five times a day  
 and as our minds grew fatter  
 the things that always really mattered  
 got shoved aside as we went out to play

And as I grow older  
 I wonder what we were thinking  
 flushing all our history down the drain  
 We are nothing but children  
 sitting on our Mothers shoulders  
 and its time we stood on our own feet again

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