

WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?

Who do they think they are...

These men in suits who posture and proclaim
Who speak of justice while they kill and maim
And have the gall to say they do it in my name
Who do they think they are?

Who do they think they are...

These men in wig and gown who read the laws
Interpret instrument and code and clause
So as to justify the politicians wars
Who do they think they are?

Who do they think they are...

These men with their technology of dread
That grinds the world to dust beneath its tread
They only count their own... among the toll of dead
Who do they think they are?

*Lost in their fantasy
So far removed from my reality
I long, I long to call them back
To sweet humanity.*

Words: Cynthia Cockburn
Tune: Ros Brown
Arrangement: Morag Carmichael
RAISED VOICES
London Political Street Choir
2003