SONG TITLE : The Men Who Paint Weeds

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We are the men who paint weeds

The politicians in a free democracy

We are the spokesmen for power

We call it truth but it’s just hypocrisy

We have to tow the party line

To keep control is our one priority

To carry out our policies

We have to compromise our loyalties

Cover up the indecision

Cover up the deep division

Cover up the disruption

Cover up the corruption

Cover up the insincerity

Cover up the plain dishonesty

Cover up the lost direction

Cover up the disaffection

Cover up

We are the weavers of dreams

We only say what you want to hear

It doesn’t matter what it means

Just as long as we sound sincere

We are elected officers

To represent the people’s conscience

But once you’re in the power game

You realise it’s just pure nonsense

Cover up the trade-off policy

Cover up the inefficiency

Cover up the faction fighting

Cover up the back biting

Cover up the ego fantasy

Cover up missed opportunities

Cover up the empty promises

Cover up with a bed of roses

Cover up