

# We've all got Bums!

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When the job was through and the world was new and some were black and some were white, God sat down in his comfy chair, with his beer and his crisps and his old clay pipe. He looked down in amazement at the people down below, Deciding who was most important who was going to run the show. Rab-bie Burns wrote po-e - try and Ein-stein did hard sums If you think these two are bet-ter than you re-member we've all were bums. and The Queen sits on a vel - vet throne and wears a je-welled crown but like you and me, she's got a bum-bee and the queen's bum it points down!

When the job was through and the world was new, and some were black and some were white,  
God sat down in his comfy chair, with his beer and his crisps and his old clay pipe.  
He looked down in amazement at the people down below,  
Deciding who was most important who was going to run the show.

*Rabbie Burns wrote poetry and Einstein did hard sums  
If you think these two are better than you – remember we've all got bums.  
The Queen sits on a velvet throne and wears a jewelled crown  
– but like you and me, she's got a bumbee and the queen's bum it points down!*

When Julius Caesar walked the land, he ruled as far as the eye could see.  
It's always been that the likes of him would trample the likes of you and me.  
Like Adolf Hitler, Genghis Khan, they raise themselves on high.  
They're nothing more than big balloons, let out the air and off they fly.

You can make your fortune doing deals – you can be an Apprentice on TV.  
You'll find that Sugar isn't sweet. He'll insult you with alacrity.  
But when the market gets the wind, remember where you'll fall.  
On the part of your anatomy that's at the bottom of us all ...

Now here's some rump called Donald Trump – a man with neither brain nor heart.  
Perhaps that's just the way it goes when you're stuck with a name that just means fart.  
His hair is like a Shredded Wheat, his mouth's an ugly horn.  
And women, Muslim, gay or black – you'd better wish you'd never been born.

So maybe you've got a great big brain? Maybe you drive a fancy car?  
Maybe your arms are big and strong? Maybe you think you can play guitar?  
Remember that we all arrived in the same peculiar way.  
We'll all go the same way in the end - so stick together while you may.

*Dedicated to my daughter Suzanne (Sooz). She was in the shower with me, some 33 years ago,  
and listed all the bodily accessories that she and her mem had that I didn't nd vice versa. After a looonngg pause, she  
said "Alan ... we've all got bums". I thought that profundity was too good to miss ... hence this song.*

Wazoo, Sooz.