

Chorus:

*We're going to hell, we're going to hell
Hell in a hancart a'ringin' a bell
And nobody knows how to turn around*

We're arranging chairs on the promenade deck
Of this ship of fools that's going to feck
Though the iceberg's here we don't believe it yet
'Cos we're sailing fast on our luxury wreck
On the lower decks they're making free
At the captain's table they're taking tea
Soon the band'll play 'Nearer My God to Thee'
And we'll all be floundering in the sea

Chorus

This chimpanzee has never learned
To rebuild the bridges it has burned
Now its fate's the one that it has earned
And to innocence it can't return
'Cos we're driven by eternal greed
For the things we persuade ourselves we need
And fight to the death for our precious creed
While millions starve and the wealthy feed

Chorus

We're hoovering up entire seas
Bringing whole species to their knees
The factory ships grab all they please
Till there's nothing left for them to seize
Instead of turtles, fish and whale
There's islands of plastic the size of Wales
As oceans die and fish stocks fail
Our population goes off the scale

Chorus

We're burning gas and oil and coal
To keep the house warm or to keep it cool
For my right to watch telly I'd sell my soul
And to drive my kids every day to school
To save the planet I do my bit
Recycle my waste at the Council tip
Turn off the telly when the stand-by's lit
But my long-haul flights I won't give up yet

Chorus