

# They Lie

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D D Bm7 G Em7 A A7 D  
They lie... We know they lie... They know we know they lie...

9 A D D7 G Em7 A A7 D  
We know they know we know they lie. But still they lie... But still they lie

17 A D G Em7 A D  
He told us that his queen had banged her singer and her brother. He

22 Bm7 Em7 A7 D Bm7  
said she wished her king-ly hus-band dead. With-out a son, she clear-ly was a bad

28 G Em7 D E E7 A A7  
and use-less mo-ther. He told us lies and then chopped off her head! They

*They lie. We know they lie. They know we know they lie.*

*We know they know we know they lie. But still they lie. But still they lie.*

He told us that his queen had banged her singer and her brother. He said she wished her kingly husband dead. Without a son, she clearly was a bad and useless mother. So, he told us lies and then chopped off her head.

They told us Jews were parasites, they told us they were spies. They told it to us time and time again. No one believed that anyone could tell a lie that size. So we believed the words of evil men.

He told us he knew not a thing about the Watergate. Of bugs and stolen letters – not a jot. They tried hard to indict him, but they left it far too late. He resigned and he escaped the bloody lot.

She told us the Belgrano was just not for turning back. And then she simply blew it off the map. He told us there were guns that could hit London from Iraq, 'cos he bought a pup of presidential crap.

When asked a tricky question, inside a fridge he hid. He thought that Donald Trump was quite a toff. He said the NHS would get £350 million quid. If we'd just tell the French to bugger off.

They told us Johnny Foreigner was stealing all our jobs. They told us Britain should be great again. Whie we all stayed at home and kept our masks upon our gobs. They all got pissed at number ten.

He said the opposition would support a paedophile. Said Starmer had the Saville monster freed. Didn't think that even he could sink to tell a lie so vile. But then ...

He always wins the prize for best in breed ...

*I have an uncomfortable feeling that this song will just grow and grow. Until they stop lying, that is. Thanks to Alexander Solzhenitsyn - he may not have made this chorus up, but he's reported to have said it. I'm dedicating this one to my old pal Nigel Brown - another old leftie retired(ish) from academia. Nigel's also another huge fan of Boris ... NOT!*