

Em D G C D G
 It s like shouting in a matchbox, filled with plasterboard and hope,
 C D G C D G
 Like a picture of Prince William in the arms of John the Pope.

Em **D G** **C** **D** **G**
 There s a world of good intentions, and pity in their eyes,
 =A0 **C** **D G** **C** **D G**
 The sedated homes of England, are theirs to vandalize.

D **G**
 So you knock the kids about a bit, because they ve got your name,
D **G**
 And you knock the kids about a bit, until they feel the same.
Em **D**
 And they feel like knocking down the little palaces.

Instrumental: **Em D G** (3 1 4)
 C D G (3 1 4)
 C D G (3 1 4)
 D G D (4 2 2)
 Em D G (3 1 4)
 C D G (3 1 4)
 C D G (3 1 4)
 D G D Em (2 1 1 strum)

Em **D** **G** **C** **D** **G**
 You re the twinkle in your daddy s eye, a name you spray and scribble,
C **D** **G** **C** **D** **G**
 You made the girls all turn their heads, and in turn they made you miserable.
Em **D G** **C** **D** **G**
 To be the heir apparent, to the kingdom of the invisible.
D **G**
 So you knock the kids about a bit, because they ve got your name,
D **G**
 And you knock the kids about a bit, until they feel the same.
Em **D**
 And they feel like knocking down
C **G**
 yeah they feel like knocking down,
Em **D**
 Oh they feel like knocking down the little palaces.

Repeat instrumental twice