

Orchard vs Runway

We ain't gonna have no third runway round here
And if we stand together we've got nothing to fear
We're gonna run this Camp on wind, wave and sun
And we might even have a little revolution
But we ain't gonna have no more runways round here...

We all pay for your holiday heaven you know
That 747 is a murder weapon you know
Burning all this kerosene's
Turning London into New Orleans
And your 747 is a murder weapon you know...

And we're gonna shut that detention centre all the way down
We screw their countries and expect them to sit back and drown
Harmondsworth twinned with New Orleans
Let's twin reality with our dreams
And we're gonna tear those detention centres all the way down...

We ain't gonna have no third runway round here
And if we stand together we've got nothing to fear
We're gonna have a song, we're gonna have a dance
And we're gonna help Sipson have a fighting chance
And we ain't gonna have no more runways round here

Pear trees, plum trees, maybe a Cox's apple tree,
Back in the middle of the 19th century
You know it was orchards almost as far as the eye could see
Now concrete has the upper hand – temporarily
And injustice has the upper hand – temporarily
Some seeds have a habit of lying dormant until the time is right
We are the seeds, we are the sky,
We are the concrete, don't ask why
We are the water, we are the sun
coming out!

We ain't gonna have no more runways round here
And if we stand together we've got nothing to fear
We've gotta run the world on wind, wave and sun
And we've got to have a little revolution
If we ain't gonna have any runways anywhere