
The Lion and the Unicorn
were fighting for the Crown.
The Lion beat the Unicorn
all around the Town.
Some gave them White Bread
and some gave them Brown,
And some gave them Plum-cake
and chased them Out of Town.

The Lion and the Unicorn
were fighting for the Crown
The Lion beat the Unicorn
all around the Town.
The Unicorn said "Fuck this,
it isn't you I hate"
So they put their heads together
and turned against the State.

The Queen said "Oh, dearie me,
we can't be having this."
As the Revolutionary Couple
were just about to kiss.
"These are Pillars of the Empire
this upstart pair,
They mustn't drown their enmity
it simply isn't fair."

Most alarming for Authority
was news of help the People gave,
Talk of bread and plum-cake gifts
to the Lady and her Knave.
The sympathetic, caring, sharing
mothers of the Working Class
Saw no sin in taking in
the Lion and his Lass.

The Cabinet hatched a counter-plot
The Queen said "Clever boys!"
They took the country off to war
to cover up the noise,
Of the gates of the Tower closing
as the Portcullis was slammed down,
And Tyburn Tree wheeled out again
by Order of the Crown.

And with the foggy, distant islands
flying the Union Jack
The fickle, feckless British Public ,
glad to have its young lads back,
Got caught up in the jubilation
courtesy of ITV
And forgot the tortured People's Friends,
in the shout of 'Victory!'

So the Unicorn was Martyred
and the Lion lost his claws
Two more reluctant heroes
for the Radical Cause.
At the Public Execution
there were rumblings from the Crowd
But Queenie never heard them,
'Cos the truncheons had them cowed.

The Lion's Roar was silenced
with a memo to the Press
And all that appeared in the next day's News
was Queenie's nice new dress
The Creature's Coup was over
before it had begun;
The forceful State had crushed a Show
it knew would run and run.

Broken-hearted, clawless,
the Lion lost his way.
He sold himself as a Symbol
to any that would pay.
Multi-national companies
fought over Copy-right
And the proudest beast that ever lived
had squandered all his might.

But the Unicorn is remembered
and little kids are told
Of the wild but gentle Dreamer
with a sturdy Heart of Gold.
What the Adults fail to mention
is the Coup that might have been
If the murdered Horse of Myth had had her Rights
Who'd now be Queen.....?

1st November 1991