

## Jon Kenzie

### Five more years

Far right over there  
Those suits with the neat cropped hair  
Honourless gentlemen  
That aint sentimental  
Hold us in a regime of old  
While their thirsty eyes watch the pennies flow  
Any source of our lands pride  
They pull it apart and sell it far and wide

We better hunker down  
Five years and there will be nothing around  
We better hunker down  
Five years and there will be nothing around

Listen people what you done  
You've gone and voted for the wrong one  
There barely was a right way  
But now your rights have gone away  
Sell out or get out  
Sell out or get out

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