

The Last Day of Elections

Oh, say, were you there by the Nile that Arab Spring,

When they threw out a military dictatorship?

Or, in Prague by Dubcek's side, or at the Velvet Revolution of 89?

Did you see the little guy then with his funny white cap?

That little guy was certainly there.

Were you there in the coffee club with the Jacobins

When they decided to throw out the Sun King's throne?

He was there as well.

Where were you when the English levellers

Challenged the God-given right of Charles the First?

That little guy was one of them who stood up against the king –

You can see him in some paintings of those times.

You can see him among the leather-coated Bolsheviks

When on a hundred grams of bread a day

They saved their country that October day in 1917.

That little guy walked down from Yenan to Peking, and from Hanoi to Saigon,

He stepped off the Granma that New Year's Day of 59

To save Cuba from the Yanks, and he was with the Yanks

When they threw the tea chests into Boston Harbour.

He has worked for your cause ever since that distant day

When Spartacus with his handful opposed the might of Rome,

And the Rani of Jhansi drew her sword against the power of England.

He was all that Mahatma Gandhi ever had, or Nelson Mandela.

Thanks to him we need no longer fear the corrupt bunglers

In the dustbin of history, though they don't know it yet.

Do you know who he is?

Look in the mirror, sister, he is YOU!