

*Chorus:*

*One day, One day, perhaps it will be Sunday*

*One day we will live in peace and a little child will lead them*

*(repeat with kazoos, whistling etc)*

One day, PIPs will be for growing apples trees; assessors will come round to make your tea and hoops will be for hula-ing and not jumping through

One day loan sharks will climb sycamore trees and pay their clients all their money back with interest...

One day huff & puff economies will not tell porkies and the wolf will slink away from our doors

One day, someone will turn out the light in the last Food Bank because everyone will have enough to eat and we will all shout HOORAY!

*Chorus*

One day the only people sleeping rough will be stargazers because everyone will have a place to call home

One day the earth will stop revolving around the rich and will joyfully loop the loop, encircling life for all

One day politicians will listen before they speak and the wisdom of children will be universally prized

One day shops will only be sweaty because the sun's shining a bit too much and all trade will be fair trade

*Chorus*

One day burkhas and turbans, skull caps and tweed caps will be unremarkable unless they are a particularly bright shade of fuschia

One day the hostile environment will be history with shaking fists becoming shaken hands

One day trolls will only be found in fairy tales and people will be kind to each other face to face and online

One day it will only matter that we love and are loved, not who we love

*Chorus*

One day Jeremy Clarkson will proclaim the bicycle preferable to the internal combustion engine and politicians will take the bus (which will be electric)

One day there will be world championships in darning and everyone will know how to make a patch and sew on a button

One day both those who don't have enough and those who have far too much will be liberated by having just what they need

One day shoppers will calculate the cost to the earth as well as the cost to their purse

*Chorus*