

Cry From The Street

Demon

Leathal weapon, blood shot eyes
Another crackhead trying to make it to paradise
Young white dude fingers his crucifix
Smart dressed pimp snorts his designer fix
Life here's for winners, death is for fools
While tanned Al Pacinos orchestrate every move
Down by the river the homeless retire
To a night of near freezing 'round a half lit campfire

Hey dude, you know this place is on fire
Hey man, there's so much hate and desire
Hey Ma, do you remember my name?
Hey God, we're still bleeding
It's a cry from the street

Sirens wailing, there's a crowd on the strip
Waiting for a jumper to take his last trip
A travelling salesman from his hotel room buys a thrill
A teenage schoolgirl's sugar daddy pays the bill
A nervous driver pulls into the kerb
Shots ring out, screams can be heard
A bloodstained youth runs from the scene
As tyres screech down the backroads
It's all a bad dream

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It's full of scum down here, why don't you disappear?
Get off your ass and get a job you idle git
Two four six eight, shut your mouth and give us break
Two four six eight, who do we appreciate?
United, united