

Step Back

The Rabble

Hold up - hang on sneak a glance in your pocket
You drank it all up - or so say's that docket
But it's all gone and now you've got none
You spin the blackjack kid and then your night's done
A sky high cost that left you no dosh
That sank you awash in the land of the lost
But to the hands of a few - that you never knew
They stole your livelihood right where ya stood

So stop and take a step back
And put your gun back on the rack
Come on and line the facts up
Hold your back up
We all can crack up
Free from the lock-up

Beat up smack down for just a few cents more
When you realise that Robin Hood hit the poor
And now you're sore at quarter past four
But now they're comin' back they're lining up for a little more
And I'm not saying no - 'cause this is not straight-edge
But I can't see the green on your side of the hedge
There's Tip Top - Coca-Cola but not a sign of peace
And when we can't sort it out we leave it to police

[Chorus]

I'LL BE DONE WITH YOUR VIOLENCE