

Skrewdriver, Mean Streets

It's not easy outside, looking in
Never being part of things, they say that we have sinned
We stand alone, those precious few, they know that we won't hide
We're surrounded by Red mobs, and police who take their side

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(chorus)

We're out on the mean streets, out in the city
We're out on the mean streets, everywhere
We're out on the mean streets, out in the city
We're out on the mean streets, the fighting is there

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What's that smell, what's this hell, it's democracy
Who owns the press, we can guess, the ones with the money
One man, one vote, but still they gloat, the media has control
Three party state, decides our fate, the TV owns your soul

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We're attacked behind our backs, we're doing all we can
If the knife should take our life, at least we never ran
We know the Reds are in the beds, police tucked by their sides
The real scum are the ones who run, and once we believed their lies