

Terrorvision, Urban Space Crime

Ode to the guy read about in the news
Born by mistake he was born to lose
Never had much luck
With the pounds and the pence
Blamed everybody else
He said he never had a chance
Ship on the waves hole in my side
One foot in the grave and it's just my size

21st century crime in the city
And you're looking guilty as hell
Although you didn't do it
You know you can't prove it
Now maybe it's time to excel
I'm alright jack got my hand on my stack

And defences to make you think twice
All the gold in my walls are in hideaway halls
To cancel the chance of reprise

You're king and your queens
And their widow machine
Are taking the share of your sons
Then a note through the post
And the smell of a ghost
And apologise to everyone
Their courageous attempt is all money well spent
But their gravestones they don't grow on trees
Second hand ones come cheap
Door to door while you sleep
But with no money back guarantees