

Faithless, Bring My Family Back

I'm on lonely street age nearly three
Recently Mama's crying all the time
is it because of me or my younger sister,
even Dad was weeping when he kissed her.
Face all puffy like a blister,
crying like he missed her.
Since we moved away from the house,
where we used to play.
They say I'll understand on day but I doubt it,
Mama never say nothing about it.
How'd it get to be so crowded.
I found it a strain, everywhere I look I see pain.
And I can't escape the feeling,
maybe I'm to blame. So I strain to listen,
Praying for a decision, wishing they where kissing.
This feels like extradition or exile,
Mama finds it hard to smile
So I make pretend cups of coffee in her favorite style.
She says child I'm working so there's nothing you lack.
But she know I want my Dad I want my family back.

I'm on Lonely Street, age forty three.
Couldn't gauge when to quit so my wife quit me.
Took offense, took the kids,
I wish that was the end.
But before she took her leave
she took care of my best friend.
Working all the hours.
God send was not the tactic
You see, because after ten years
I'm left with jack dish. Wanted to make the cash
quick so I had to work real late.
Bad sex, my woman's vex, even if I stay awake.
And if I'm honest, I had a little cake at the office.
I was eating. We'd do our cheating over coffees,
making tea for the bosses.
Making free with me,
and I agree I got sleazy too easily.
But I'm forty three,
this doesn't usually happen to me.
Now I'm lonely,
I wonder what my son's doing today.
Suddenly I'm blinking like the screen
on my computer display.
And I'm drinking.
Concerned about what's down the track
if I don't get my family back.

I want my family back

I'm on Lonely Street, number fifty three.
Boarded up property,
I'll probably get pulled down.
Litter all around inside there's
no sound and no light.
But yo it gets busy at night, People creeping.
Derelicts sneaking to fix. Speaking.
On the way my timbers creaking,
Roof leaking. And bricks coming loose,
knee high in refuse.
But even though I'm a slum,
I'm still of some use.
There was a time when my walls where decorated.
And under my roof children where educated.

But now paint's faded, windows are all smashed,
a crash in the economy robbed me of my family.
And no strategy, combats negative equity,
so that's it. Like violence it's drastic.
I'm freaking, and seeking to be
more than just a house for crack.
Somebody bring my family back.