

Hilltop Hoods, Stopping All Stations Restrung

Verse 1 Pressure

Early morn, train station, aching from the arthritis,
This war veteran knows what a hard time is,
He needs his pension, dementia and half blind is,
The reason he rides the train with no car license,
So he boards with an expired ticket has a swipe,
Gets a fine cos the change he got don't add up right,
We're taking about a man who never lived a lavish life,
Caught up in the age of computer chips and satellites,
A lovely lady boards looking tired and half awake,
He smiles, she's reminds him of his wife that past away,
She says something as she walks right past his way,
His old hearing aid don't last quite half the day,
Some young gentlemen alive with their laughter,
Approach the old timer and put a knife to his heart to,
Explain that money or bloods the price of their barter,
To a man whose friends probably died for their fathers.

Chorus

Whatever it takes can justify,
Whatever ends we make, whatever the price,
To the end of a life, it's just an observation,
So take a ride we're stopping all stations.

Verse 2 Pressure

It's been a long night the suns lifting on a cold,
Morning but she's drugged and drunk tripping on her stroll,
On the way home, she's done stripping on a pole,
But she can't pay for her son living on the dole,
Jumps a train puts on her gloves she's wearing black,
Being watched by some old mug she's glaring back,
She's on edge and got the bug from sharing smack,
So she says, "Hey, what the fuck you staring at?"
He smiles, an unsteady hand rubs on his dome,
She takes a seat, a messy band of ruffs board alone,
To the digger with a machete at his lungs and he's prone,
He can barely stand but ready to stand up for his own,
She tries to help him she doesn't choose to flee the car,
And catches a blow with enough bruise to leave a scar,
She starts fainting, the rooms moving and seeing stars,
Aint it amazing how courageous human beings are?

Chorus

Whatever it takes can justify,
Whatever ends we make, whatever the price,
To the end of a life, it's just an observation,
So take a ride we're stopping all stations.

Verse 3 Suffa

He knows nothing but hard work and scraping by,
Looking for a purse or wallet so he can make a buy,
He hasn't been on the nod since this morning,
And he needs to touch the face of god, his skin it's just crawling,
These peeps are sheep, time to fleece the market,
Jumps a train with some friends, sees an easy target,
An old man hard hit by age, faint-hearted,
The kid pulls a knife, like let's get started,
A girl steps he's like eat the carpet,
Laughs with his friend like she's retarded,
The old man stepped and swept the assailant,
Off his feet, his head connected with the railing,
Your weak the old man said as the kid lay recovering,
Blubbering, get to your feet I'll tell you another thing
A real man never lays his hands on a woman,

A real man would know that, no surprise that you wouldn't,
I didn't fight in two wars just so forty years later,
You'd have the freedom to rob me on the train this behaviour,
Doesn't fit with what I gave this country so cut me,
Won't live another day in a world that's so ugly.

So take a ride, cos we're stopping all stations.