

Latin Quarter, It Makes My Heart Stop Speaking

Another day, another day with the excluded
Under pressure, under-paid, the 'underclass'
In all the words there's only this to be concluded
There is no mystery, there's no unholy ghost
Just those who have the least must always give the most

It makes my heart stop speaking

The chosen course was writing anthems for the people
But no-one whistled, no-one noticed, no-one asked!
And set against the scale, the sentiments are feeble
You can't wear melodies, you cannot eat metaphors
What good are feather-weights for breaking down the doors?

But don't wring your hands and ask for guidance
For guidance from above
Choose not between the love of power
And the power of love

'Three little words' today means always 'I', 'Me', 'Mine'
Higher incomes, high and mighty, highwaymen
For me a route is still much more than just its signs
I learned it, round by round, in fairground boxing booths
There are no easy fights and, yes, no simple truths