

# The Business, No Mercy

The glimmer of the past is held so dear  
there's nothing else left for me here  
We were young and withstood the knocks  
we were the kings of the tower block  
Smashing windows, fight all day  
your no good - my mother would say  
on the same side, even way back then

I've been kicking around this town so long  
I don't know what to do  
Generation  
Generation  
No Mercy for you

All the buildings in my town are grey  
Cold, Mean, Cruel - No future, No Way  
With its own justice and rules within  
walls this filthy have no sin  
The police don't come round here no more  
protect the rich and f\*\*k the poor  
to old to cry, to young to know why  
I justify this last goodbye