

The Business, No Mercy For You

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 fuck the poor
to old to cry, to young to know why
I justify this last goodbye