

The Style Council, A Stone's Throw Away

For liberty there is a cost - its broken skulls and leather cosh,
From the boys in uniform - now you know whose side their on -
With backing - with blessing,
From earthly gods not heaven,
A stones throw away from it all.

Whatever pleasures those who get - from stripping skin with rhino whip,
Are the kind that must be stopped - before their kind take all we've got -
With loving - with caring,
They take great pride in working,
The stones throw away from it all.

Whenever honesty persists - you'll hear the snap of broken ribs,
Of anyone who'll take no more - of the lying bastards roar -
In Chile - In Poland,
Johannesburg - South Yorkshire,
A stones throw away: Now we're there.