

# 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.