## The Style Council, With Everything To Lose

From the playground to the wasteground Hope ends at 17 -Sweeping floors and filling shelves Forced into government schemes -11 years spent to dig out ditches, Forget your schoolday dreams -Guarantees and lie-filled speeches, But nothings what it seems -Qualified and patronised and with everything to lose. No choice or chance for the future The rich enjoy less tax -Dress the girls in pretty pink The shit goes to the blacks A generation's heart torn out And covered up the facts The only thing they'll understand Is a wall against their backs The only hope now left for those - with everything to lose.

In desperation empty eyes,
Signed up and thrown away There's drugs replacing dignity,
The short sharp shock repaid There'll be no money if you dare to question
Working the Tory way The truth is up there carved in stone,
Where 21 dead now lay A family's loss for a few pounds saved With everything to lose.