

Tygers Of Pan Tang, Gangland

Help me,
Protect me,
Get me out of this place.
No chance,
No hope
In the rat race.
They don't care,
They don't see
Where you've been,
They don't wanna know
That you can't cope
With anything...

Oh, Yeah, Yes
No "easy come, easy go"
Not too fast, not too slow.
Must get up, but you're pulled back down
If you mess around with fire you're gonna get yourself burnt...

Hit it,
Break it,
Kick down the door
If you want some,
You'll get some
Of the action.
They still laugh,
At your part
In their play
They hide the truth
Ain't no cure
For a messed up youth...

Can't stand
Can't change
The social gangland
All stick together
You will never
Break their wall.
They don't care
They don't see
Where you've been
Just don't wanna know
That you can't cope with anything...