

Community Outcast

Devlin

This is for everyone everywhere in a state of depression because I know you can all relate, outcast to society:

I represent for the homeless,
Let down by a nation,
More interested in war in this nation,
When children are sleeping at railway stations.
No home or money,
They wish they could call their mummy to put a hot meal in their tummy,
So at night when the temperature drops,
I'm asking you to remember what you got,
These kids go home to a cardboard box,
They're the soul survivors,
Warming their hands with a flick and a flame in their lighters,
All their life they've been frightened.
On the streets with their head down,
Knowing deep inside that they've really been let down,
By a country that's crippled,
And I thought mankind was supposed to be civil.

I represent for the people,
Let down by a nation,
And left in the streets where it's evil,
Little kids surrounded by knives and heroin needles.
Yea I represent for the people,
Let down by a nation,
And left on the streets where it's evil,
Community outcast, cold, tired and feeble.

I represent single Mums,
All alone on their own trying to put food in the mouths of her two sons,
And the fathers gone, there's no cash flow, lack of income,
But that's just the way it is,
She counts fifteen needles pushing her pram on the way to the lift,
And this is where Blair said it's safe to live and raise kids.
She finds her way out of the block,
With two kids in a pram and a rip and a stain in her top,
She goes to sign on just to maintain the little she's got,
For her kids sake,
But they'll never seen a decent life,
But they can dream and they'll sleep tonight,
They've been hung out and left to dry,
The kids are in bed, Mums left to cry.

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I represent for the old folk, that live alone,
No family or kids at home,
And all he wants is someone to speak to but nobody rings the phone.
Sits at home in the dark, no electric,

Since his wife passed, he can't accept it,
He feels isolated, neglected,
And now his council flats infested,
So he goes to the shop for his papers,
With a stick and he falls in the mud,
The people around him all pulled him up,
But to him that's just a reminder,
He's old and he's weak with no one to love.
He sees clouds up above,
Another bad day in the diary,
An old man by the many,
Killed by society, strangled quietly.

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