

Sometimes

Maverick Sabre

Yeah, I was born in Stoke Newington, Stokey from old city
Where concrete is over trees and all dreams get cut and bleed
Walking free, when I was young I used to duck and weave
Playing up in Clissold Park and laughing in that London breeze
'93, I was a three year old with many schemes
Junior playing football skills of Arsenal just like they call me
Sticker books remember wrestling the young'n takin' I was phased
Used to idolize when he gave you a break-up
I was in a nursery making story cakes, fell in love
For the first time I remember days
When I was bullied, beat up, then kicked and slapped away
Clutching on the monkey bars and hoping they'd all go away
Loved them city sounds and sirens in the dark at night
Helicopters fly above my head, I'd never get a fright
I loved them early days, living in that constant noise
Bustle in my ear was like music to this little boy

Sometimes we go and forget where we came from
And we don't know
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Yeah, we don't know

July '94, we packed up and closed the door
Every note was now just some image I'm returning to
What we left behind, my friends, my cousins, relatives
My birthplace, my first taste of how to live and how to give
Hackney down's playin' fuses the memories
Sittin' on the boat, crying that was all that's meant to be
I was scared of startin' school again; will some be all rude again?
Beat me up and treat me like a fool again.
The green emerald a thousand welcomes negative,
Growin' up a [?] an outsider never settled quick
Settling was hard when you're treated like a lump of shit
Saying you were black and tan and come for what you fucking did
But I never did nothing, told 'em that so many times
Got in scuffles screamed out loud sayin' shit like maybe they were right
I hate that history, I hate that Union Jack
I'll never speak for any man or any flag

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Sittin' back, staring through the haze of that road on that beaten child
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It was like I'm in a beast of a lion and me peacefully dying
I had no friends that I could ever rely on
I was sittin' back, watchin' through the haze of that road on that beaten child
But keeping that evil intact

I put the beat to track
Found freedom, found out
I could be myself, I'll find my world through my roots back
I never wanted to adapt or in fact take an action over night
That for years they told me "Fuck facts"

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[Repeat]