

Nobody's Listening

Moke

Seeing an image of children together
Shouting their anger, hands raised in protest
I can see the resemblance of my childhood companions
So hush now, do we hear their cries?

There's nobody listening
So don't you pretend
On our road to freedom
It's just round the bend

A mother is wailing, she's clutching a picture
A father stands proud of his heroic son
Always restricted, hearts blackend with anger
So hush now as innocence dies

So come on, come on
This can't be right
Come on, come on
It's a dirty fight
Come one, come one
Don't let go
Come on, come on

Seeing an image of children together
Shouting their anger, hands raised in protest
So hush now, do we hear their cries?