

Urban Space Crime

Terrorvision

Ode to the guy read about in the news,
Born by mistake he was born to lose,
Never had much luck,
With the pounds and the pence,
Blamed everybody else,
He said he never had a chance.
Ship on the waves, Hole in my side,
One foot in the grave, and it's just my size...

21st Century, crime in the city,
And you're looking guilty as hell,
Although you didn't do it,
You know you can't prove it,
Now maybe its time to excel,
I'm alright Jack, got my hand on my stack,
And defences to make you think twice,
All the gold in my walls are in hideaway halls,
To cancel the chance of reprise.

You're king and your queens,
And their widow machine,
Are taking the share of your sons,
Then a note through the post,
And the smell of a ghost,
And apologise to everyone,
Their courageous attempt is all money well spent,
But their gravestones they don't grow on trees,
Second hand ones come cheap,
Door to door while you sleep,
But with no money back guarantees.