

10:10

The Beautiful Girls

hey,
hold up,
listen to this...
whether you're a rude boy or a true hotshot,
whether you rock-steady or you punk rock,
you must live it up with all that you've got.
bless.
this is sydney
this is london
this is tokyo
this is los angeles
rudy, don't care about the colour of your skin
rudy, don't care about the money that you spend
red, black or white, there is no colour to your soul
original, rude boy, control!
it's all the same in the dancehall lots
it's all the same in the typical spots
here in the city, don't step, get busy
young life cut short with the two gunshots
it's 10:10

so, rudy, come home
i need to see you
do you feel alone, like i feel it too?
don't you be no saint, burn up in the sun
go walking away, loaded like a gun.

rudy walked into the wrong place at the wrong time
knew he would not leave the building with his life
see the wrong man, pull the trigger, then they go
we'd call the cops but they move too slow
we reminisce on the dancehall days
back on the streets not a thing has changed
we keep fighting, still youths keep dying
drying tears under helicopter blades

yes, we must all clear our hearts
of the hatred and the prejudice
and be done judging a man
by the colour of his dress
in amongst all the push and the pull
the imbalance and the stress
is a basic humanity of from
which we shall never digress
confess