

## Raised In A Prison

The Mob

Raised in a prison with iron bars  
And walls too high to be climbed  
Raised in a four cornered corridor  
Always kept silent and blind  
Taught how to grow straight and upright  
Taught how to love and obey  
Taught how to speak when you're spoken to  
And then taught what you can say  
Throw into a job at a factory  
Making money for those up above  
Running and fetching and fetching and running  
Slot into the job like a glove  
Marry a boy from the factory  
whose dream was a girl like you  
running and fetching and fetching running  
She was taught this was what she should do  
Renting a house on the East Side of hell  
With garden and wonderful view  
Of kids playing war in the street after school  
Who were taught this is what they should do  
Watching the TV till hubby comes home  
Unable to stand on his feet  
Black and White pictures of policemen with sticks  
Smashing f\*\*k out of kids on the street  
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