

## Step Back

The Rabble

Hold up - hang on sneak a glance in your pocket  
You drank it all up - or so say's that docket  
But it's all gone and now you've got none  
You spin the blackjack kid and then your night's done  
A sky high cost that left you no dosh  
That sank you awash in the land of the lost  
But to the hands of a few - that you never knew  
They stole your livelihood right where ya stood

So stop and take a step back  
And put your gun back on the rack  
Come on and line the facts up  
Hold your back up  
We all can crack up  
Free from the lock-up

Beat up smack down for just a few cents more  
When you realise that Robin Hood hit the poor  
And now you're sore at quarter past four  
But now they're comin' back they're lining up for a little more  
And I'm not saying no - 'cause this is not straight-edge  
But I can't see the green on your side of the hedge  
There's Tip Top - Coca-Cola but not a sign of peace  
And when we can't sort it out we leave it to police

[Chorus]

I'LL BE DONE WITH YOUR VIOLENCE