

Come Out To Play

UB40

He used to think that it was neat
When he hung out on the street
Now that it's his daily beat, he's not so sure
Cause he's come to depend
On a street with a dead end
And he'll sell you his best friend, so he can score

Boys and girls come out to play
The junk mans on the streets to say
He'll make your dreams feel real today
And steal your minds tomorrow

Now his thoughts don't seem so clear
His whole life is filled with fear
His habit cost him dear in every way
His girl can't take the heat
But his friends all cross the street
Still the needle keeps him sweet
If he can pay for one more day

His bones have got no meat
He's unsteady on his feet
And he doesn't get to eat, not every day
What started out for kicks
Has become a daily fix
And his girlfriend's turning tricks to pay his way

Boys and girls come out to play
The junk man's on the streets to say
He'll make your dreams feel real today
And steal your minds tomorrow