

The Streets Are Rivers Of Blood

Written by Graeme Lockhart

the streets are rivers of blood,
someone got addicted to the stuff,
mayhem's making mincemeat of the law men,
and the old crier says I told you clear enough,

a man cannot be certain of his friends,
a man cannot be if he pretends,
a flower cannot blossom without sunlight,
and a dream is not a dream until it ends,

you can walk a horse to water but you cannot make it drink,
you can put a boy through college but you cannot make him think,
you can warn a people loudly,
but you will not change their minds,
the streets are rivers of blood,

three holy men break bread around a table,
each one defends a version of the same old song,
each one cannot possibly be right,
but each one very clearly could be wrong,

you can sleep with one eye open while you try to thumb a ride,
you can sail the seven seas and never go outside,
you can build your house on higher ground,
but you cannot turn the tides,
the streets are rivers of blood,

you fulfil your civic duty once a term,
and newspapers are your guardians till then,
tittle tattle smut and gossip pages,
while the streets fill up with blood and bile and phlegm,

there's two sides to every story if you want them,
there's two sides to every face if you can see,
there's a hundred ways to climb out of the rat race,
there's a million lies on every ones' t.v.,

chorus