

# Ice Cream Van

## The Workhouse

There's a storm on the horizon  
And for that I can't see the sun  
For I'll keep a waiting on the pavement  
For the ice cream van to come  
It's die hard hate to follow  
And I'll not follow that  
The marching people running 'round my head  
Running 'round my head, I don't know why  
I don't know why  
Why can't we see  
Straight through the powers that be?  
Who keep us breaking each other's hearts  
And keeping us apart, keeping us apart  
Destroying the ground where gruesome lays  
Sectarianism and the hurtful racist ways  
Bring back the glory days  
Active citizenship and pure community  
Freedom of faith  
There's a storm on the horizon  
And for that I can't see the sun  
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