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
For I'll keep a waiting on the pavement
For the ice cream van to come
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