Silent Witness

UB40

The neon haze of city lights
The tribal sound of marching feet
Cuts through the gloom on cold dark nights
The tired and homeless roam the streetsThe sirens wail, engines roar
A shadowed man just glances around
A victim of life's mindless toil
Lies cold and helpless on the groundThe window dummies silent stare
Bears witness on the nights
If they could move, what it would proved
To see them all take flightThe neon haze of city lights
The tribal sound of marching feet
Cuts through the gloom on cold dark nights
The tired and homeless roam the streetsThe walls shout loud with angry words
The people air their views
The poor can scream but no one hears
The concrete jungle sings the bluesThe window dummies silent stare
Bears witness on the nights
If they could move, what it would proved
To see them all take flight

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