Reuters

Scrawl

Our own correspondent is sorry to tell
Of an uneasy time that all is not well
On the borders there's movement
In the hills there is trouble
Food is short, crime is doublePrices have risen since the government fell
Casualties increase as the enemy shell
The climate's unhealthy, flies and rats thrive
And sooner or later the end will arriveThis is your correspondent, running out of tape
Gunfire's increasing, looting, burning, rape
Alright, alright, alright

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/