Accidental Anarchist

Levellers

It's a dirty road, England's pleasant land,
You work the streets and the clubs with cash in hand,
You're paying where you're staying, you're taxed just where you stand,
Pennies disappearing, in all the slight of hand,The holes in your pocket get bigger every day,
Falling down into them, wasting away,
A well trodden path where dignity fades
Unravelling all the way...Love heal us,
How deep our cuts,
Who can you trust when you're out of luck?
You lift me up,
We're going underground,
Shouting so loud so we'll be found,
Shouting so loud so we'll be found...
Did you come to look over,
Or pushed to the edge,
You slipped between the stones,
And off that narrow ledge,
Identity unknown at the cash machine,
Another blank on the page,
Wiped off the screenLove heal us,
How deep our cuts,
Who can you trust when you're out of luck?
You lift me up,
We're going underground...
Accidental anarchist,
For the final payment,
Struck into the wilderness,
By council waged assailants,
A sound, a cry of breaking glass,
That echoes through the overpass,
If you fall I'll pick you up,
And then we'll go again!Love heal us,
How deep our cuts,
Who can you trust when you're out of luck?
You lift me up,
We're going undeground,
We're shouting so loud so we'll be found,
We're shouting so loud so we'll be found...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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