

# Sometimes

## Maverick Sabre

woahhh ohhhh  
woahhh ohhh  
yea i was born in stoke newington  
stokey from o citys, where concrete is over trees  
old trees of cotingly  
walking free when i was young, i use to dunk and weave  
playing up in thistle park and laughing in that london breeze  
1993 i was a 3 year old with many dreams  
dreamed of playing football skills for arsenal just like henry  
sticker books remember wrestling reality and i was fate  
i use to idolize if we could hit or breask up  
i was in a nursery making storey cakes and i fell in love for the first time i remember days  
when i was bullied beat up bricked and kicked and stamped away  
clutching on the monkey bars hoping theyed all go away  
loved them city sounds  
sirens in the darken night helicopters fly above my head i never get a fright  
loved them early days living in that constant noise bustle in my ear was like music to this little boy  
sometimes we go on and forget where we came from and we dont know  
sometimes we go on forget where we came from and we dont know  
sometimes we forget where we came from and we dont know yea we dont know  
july 94 we packed up and closed the door evan road was now just a imagined what we joined and saw  
what we left behind my friends my cousins my birth place my first taste of how to live how to give  
hackney downs playing fields now a distance memory  
sitting on the boat crying that was all that was meant to be  
i was scared of starting school again  
would some be so rude again beat me up and treat me like a fool again  
the green emerald a thousands welcomes negative  
  
growing without constant noise outsider i never settled with  
settling aside when you treated like a lump of s\*\*t  
saying you were black  
and entitled to what you fuc\*ing did  
but i never did nothing, i told them that so many times  
got in scuffles between the girls saying shit like they were right  
i hate that history i hate that union jack  
ill never speak for any man or any flag  
sometimes we go on and forget where we came from and we dont know  
sometimes we go on forget where we came from and we dont know  
sometimes we forget where we came from and we dont know yea we dont know

sitting back, staring through that haze on that road of the beaten track  
sitting back, staring through that haze on that road of the beaten track  
it was like im in a beast of a lion and were peacefully dieing  
but i had no friends i could ever rely on  
yea i was sitting back  
watching through that haze of the road on the beaten track but keeping that evil entact  
i put that beat to track  
found freedom found that i can be my self  
find my self through my roots back  
i never wanted to adapt or in fact take a action or an act for years they told me fu\*k back  
sometimes we go on and forget where we came from and we dont know  
sometimes we go on forget where we came from and we dont know  
sometimes we forget where we came from and we dont know yea we dont know  
sometimes we go on and forget where we came from and we dont know  
sometimes we go on forget where we came from and we dont know  
sometimes we go on forget where we came from and we dont know yea we dont know ye we dont know

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>