Sometimes

Maverick Sabre

woahhh ohhhh
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yea i was born in stoke newington
stokey from o citys, where concrete is over trees
old trees of cottingly
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 arsenel 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 peacfully 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
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sometimes we forget where we came from and we dont know yea we dont know
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