## T.J

## **Youth Group**

Down in the valley, the industrial estate,
He slaloms round beer cans in his escape.
He never got nothing, in death even less.
What'd you say? I bless.Do what we like,
Go where we like,
Happy to see it says nothing about us.
Drive by the scene,

Relieved to see it says nothing about us.Down in the chambers of law there's a blueprint To make sadness invisible, suffering a figment.

Holding our breath.

Rehabilitate some and just hide the rest,
Now who's guilty? Confess.Do what we like
Go about our lives
Happy to see it says nothing about us.
Read in the news
Just shake our heads

Happy to see it says nothing about us.

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