

Stolen Youth

Roots Manuva

Judge em on the come up,
It's bound to be your bad luck
Instantly running ways to survive,
You judge a man by the risk he takes
Change his faith and place himself
Up in the dreamscape,
Free from the trappings
The flesh will trap him,
The flesh will tap him
And these lights look bright in the city
And one day this might be his city
He got more dreams than Luther King,
The pipes of peace might do for him
But some get peace by keeping the peace,
In easy reach and being quick to squeeze
The role takes a hold of you,
Becomes the whole of you,
You're looking at the stolen youth,
The egg, the clucker and the golden goose.
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Honour among thieves is the talk of a fool
The only protection is the talk of your tool
Decent people just stand by watching pure
Disbelieving happy it's not him
How long does the madness last
How long is a piece of string
Your better off being mad as a...
And then you wont have to face a thing
Run and hide a french kiss to chaos
Standing firm and waiting for the pay off
These are those types of days
Where it aint no use in being afraid
The game played here cuts strings it's rules
The game played here has a couple of rules
The pain is life, the pain is death
It's plain as life, it's plain as breath

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