In The End

Faithless

My baby was born in a bed
With white sheets, machines and heat
Traveled home in a car to a three room nest, eats and sleeps
Laminate flooring to crawl on, TV
Talks, starts to walk, amongst love and security
Goes to school, learns to read and write
Probably follows a team with his friends
And gets to ride the train
Fall in love, probably fly on a plane
Get to work all week and spend what he earns
On the high street
He's got doctors, nurses, fireman, churches
Kindergarten, wedding bells and jet black hearses
Passport, bankcard, maybe his own yard
Locks and alarms, trinkets and charms
Maybe a baby in his arms
My baby was born on his knees
One of poverty's offspring
Came into the world coughing
Already full of Mama's disease
Went back to a flat, with no gas, no cash
Rapped in a duvet full of cigarette ash
Mama can't get no sleep
Baby never quite get enough to eat
Goes to school, learns to steal and fight
Probably form a team with his friends
Go steam those trains
Fall in love and never trust nobody again
Gets to work all week standing on the high street for Joe
Hustling blow
Hustling blow

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