

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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