

Deadline

Young Fathers

Waiting to be rich, rip it to pieces
What do we sing now? Close to the deadline
No one remembers, shoulder to shoulder
We are pretenders, making the headlines
Signal the weekend, waiting they like eh
No other reason, tangled and frozen
No turning back ooooooh, get set and ready
Greater dey numbers
The colour of money, trigger the lightning
The kids in the bedroom, waiting for harvest
Strong as a cutlass, guilty of nothing
Botched operation, witnessing something
Don't you turn my home against me
Even if my house is empty
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Songwriters

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