

Community Outcast

Devlin

Devlin, community outcast
And this one's for all the characters
That have been forgotten at the present time I represent for the jobless
That have been made redundant
That have got four kids
And don't know how to fund them Ever since the wife and the husband
Both lost their jobs at the office in London
Now they feel financially trapped
Now are locked with the rats in a dingy old dungeon Take this young father of two
Signing on and the government
Says that his family are spongers He's like, "Damn man
We ain't got a penny or a pound"
Let alone money for milk
And nappies and trainers and jumpers He got taken off site 'cause it's cheaper
To pay Europeans to labor in numbers
How's he gonna take care of his younger's I represent for the people
Let down by a nation
And left in the streets where it's evil
Little kids surrounded
By knives and heroin needles I represent for the people
Let down by a nation
And left on the streets where it's evil
Community outcast, cold, tired and feeble I represent for the homeless
Let down by a nation
More interested in war and invasion
When children are sleeping at railway stations No home or money
They wish they could phone their mummy
To put a hot meal in their tummy
So at night when the temperature drops
I'm asking you remember what you got These kids go home to a cardboard box
They're the soul survivors
Warming their hands
With their flickering flame of their lighters
All their life they've been frightened On the streets with their head down
Knowing deep down inside
That they've really been let down
By a country that's crippled
And I thought mankind was supposed to be civil I represent for the people
Let down by a nation

And left in the streets where it's evil
Little kids surrounded
By knives and heroin needles I represent for the people
Let down by a nation
And left on the streets where it's evil
Community outcast, cold, tired and feeble I represent single mums, all alone on their own
Tying to put food in the mouths of her two sons
And the fathers gone, there's no cash flow
Lack of income But that's just the way it is
She counts fifteen needles
Pushing her pram on the way to the lift
And this is where Brown said
It's safe to live and raise kids She finds her way out of the block
With two kids in a pram
And a rip and a stain in her top
She goes to sign on
Just to maintain the little she's got For her kids sake
They'll never seen a decent life
But they can dream and they'll sleep tonight
They've been hung out and left to dry
The kids are in bed, mums left to cry I represent for the people
Let down by a nation
And left in the streets where it's evil
Little kids surrounded
By knives and heroin needles I represent for the people
Let down by a nation
And left on the streets where it's evil
Community outcast, cold, tired and feeble I represent for the old folk that live alone
No family or kids at home
And all he wants is someone to speak to
But nobody thinks to phone Sits at home in the dark, no electric
Since his wife passed, he can't accept it
He feels isolated, neglected
And now his council flats infested So he goes to the shop for his papers
With his stick and he falls in the mud
The people around him all pulled him up
But to him that's just a reminder He's old and he's weak with no one to love
I sees clouds up above
Another bad day in the diary
An old man one of many
Killed by society, strangled quietly I represent for the people
Let down by a nation
And left in the streets where it's evil
Little kids surrounded
By knives and heroin needles I represent for the people

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