

A Stones Throw Away

The Style Council

For liberty there is a cost, it's broken skulls and leather cosh
From the boys in uniform, now you know whose side they're on
With backing, with blessing from earthly God's not heaven
A stone's throw away from it all Whatever pleasures those who get from stripping skin with rhino whip
Are the kind that must be stopped before their kind take all we've got
With loving, with caring, they take great pride in working
The stone's throw away from it all, all Whenever honesty persists, you'll hear the snap of broken ribs
Of anyone who'll take no more of the lying bastards' roar
In Chile, In Poland, Johannesburg, South Yorkshire
A stone's throw away, now we're there

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