

Song Of The Mother In Debt

Chumbawamba

I'm always waiting
I'm sick of waiting
For the day my luck will change
I've spent enough time
In queues and bread lines
In hope of better days
These thieves and scroungers
And lazy bastards
If I move they'll steal my place
Steal like this State does
And who's to blame us
When none of us can pay?
Will heaven's angels
Pull out the rent books
And ask me how I'll pay?
Behind their big desks
Misspell my kids' names
And file my life away?

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