

Slaughtered

One Way System

like lambs to the slaughter
you'll follow on to an early grave
'cos no more sons and daughters
are gonna live to see old agethey hold your future
 in the palms of their hands
 no hold on your future
 'cos they don't understand
 we ain't got a future
 in our father land
 we can't see a future
'cos there isn't one planneddole queues are on the rise again
 prison cells hold a football crowd
 i don't want none of your education
i don't need brains to think out loudcan't you even help yourselves
 don't you know what's going on
 or don't you wanna help yourselves
 from now on trust no one

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