

## UB 40

### "Silent Witness"

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The neon haze of city lights  
The tribal sound of marching feet  
Cuts through the gloom on cold dark nights  
The tired and homeless roam the streets  
The sirens wail the engines roar  
A shadowed man just glances around  
A victim of life's mindless toil  
Lies cold and helpless on the ground  
The window dummies silent stare  
Bear witness on the nights  
If they could move  
What it would proved  
To see them all take flight  
The neon haze of city lights  
The tribal sound of marching feet  
Cuts through the gloom on cold dark nights  
The tired and homeless roam the streets  
The walls shout loud with angry words  
The people air their views  
The poor can scream but no-one hears  
The concrete jungle sings the blues

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