

Tom Roble

"You Gotta Survive"

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Three boys working on a slave gang
Chained in the cottage at night
Killed the overseer, broke down the door
Now they gonna shoot us on sight
Night time sticking to the 'B' roads
Hiding from the men with the guns
Hitting the ditches
Everytime somebody comes

Every single house has been looted
Every single city's been burned
Every can of food has been opened
Every single stone has been turned
Found this Parka on a deadman
Jamie got a couple of knives
Countryside crawling with maniacs
You gotta survive

Carrion crows on the motorway
Old woman dying of the plague
She cried 'put me out of my misery'
Charlie had to give her his blade
Streets full of slavers on the rampage
Wild boys running by the score
Weeks without eating
Can't carry on anymore

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