

## Devlins "Community Outcast"

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Devlin, community outcast  
And this one's for all the characters  
That have been forgotten at the present time

I represent for the jobless  
That have been made redundant  
That have got four kids  
And don't know how to fund them

Ever since the wife and the husband  
Both lost their jobs at the office in London  
Now they feel financially trapped  
Now are locked with the rats in a dingy old dungeon

Take this young father of two  
Signing on and the government  
Says that his family are spongers

He's like, "Damn man  
We ain't got a penny or a pound"  
Let alone money for milk  
And nappies and trainers and jumpers

He got taken off site 'cause it's cheaper  
To pay Europeans to labor in numbers  
How's he gonna take care of his younger's

I represent for the people  
Let down by a nation  
And left in the streets where it's evil  
Little kids surrounded  
By knives and heroin needles

I represent for the people  
Let down by a nation  
And left on the streets where it's evil  
Community outcast, cold, tired and feeble

I represent for the homeless  
Let down by a nation  
More interested in war and invasion  
When children are sleeping at railway stations

No home or money  
They wish they could phone their mummy  
To put a hot meal in their tummy  
So at night when the temperature drops  
I'm asking you remember what you got

These kids go home to a cardboard box  
They're the soul survivors  
Warming their hands  
With their flickering flame of their lighters  
All their life they've been frightened

On the streets with their head down  
Knowing deep down inside  
That they've really been let down  
By a country that's crippled  
And I thought mankind was supposed to be civil

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I represent single mums, all alone on their own  
Tying to put food in the mouths of her two sons  
And the fathers gone, there's no cash flow  
Lack of income

But that's just the way it is  
She counts fifteen needles  
Pushing her pram on the way to the lift  
And this is where Brown said  
It's safe to live and raise kids

She finds her way out of the block  
With two kids in a pram  
And a rip and a stain in her top  
She goes to sign on  
Just to maintain the little she's got

For her kids sake  
They'll never seen a decent life  
But they can dream and they'll sleep tonight  
They've been hung out and left to dry

The kids are in bed, mums left to cry

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I represent for the old folk that live alone  
No family or kids at home  
And all he wants is someone to speak to  
But nobody thinks to phone

Sits at home in the dark, no electric  
Since his wife passed, he can't accept it  
He feels isolated, neglected  
And now his council flats infested

So he goes to the shop for his papers  
With his stick and he falls in the mud  
The people around him all pulled him up  
But to him that's just a reminder

He's old and he's weak with no one to love  
I sees clouds up above  
Another bad day in the diary  
An old man one of many  
Killed by society, strangled quietly

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