

Kent

"The Junkyard"

Visit "[The Junkyard](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"...What trust can we any longer place in government policies that have rigorously and indeed brutally held down wages, yet at the same time increased prices and in the process presented us with the biggest unemployment problem in postwar years..."

The streets are filthy from the sweat and tears
We wear our fingers to the bone in search of gold
We must protect our children from the night,
whatever's not right
We bear witness- Junkyard means business
Shadows in the dark, muggers on the stairs
Junkyard warfare some peoples worst nightmare
My sides bleed alkies looking for 10p,
And cash converters were invented for junkies
My neighbors ?????, and livin here ain't very cheap
Thieves from the council stole their money from the streets
I ain't had runnin water for weeks
Kids in my flat hardly know how to speak
Before they're bunnin down weed and getting STD's
And then they have kids, before their time to live
Which is some hard shit, when kids bringin up kids
Times is hard in the junkyard, kids fuck around in the dirt
And see white as the only way to work
They hold the square cos there's piss on the stairs
Little man licks the pipe and blows the smoke high in the air
He calls it welfare's prayer, smoking on the shit to feel godly
Spittin wit those cats upstairs
Cos its dirty down here, God, you get yr robes pulled of yr back
Crucified in a block of flats
Junkyard style, from the bricks to the shacks
And the pigs chase the cats while the cats feed their habits
Sometimes I get nostalgic and I hold my old corner

Where we used to rock that bad magic
I get toxic then reflect on the world
Watching cars drive by putting swine B4 pearls
Guzzling on L just to keep my head straight
In the Junkyard AKA Highbury Estate

You gotta fight to survive blood
Lash your take to make your food supply right blood
Hold your own cos the kids are all fucked
Livin on luck when you ain't got nothing and its all
about the buck
Junkyard- burning bins and dumped cars
police on patrol, and streetcorner stars
Cats getting prang, Yardies getting blam
shots getting licked so live how you can

Kids are eating (icepoles?), throwing stones at busses
Accosting grannies getting chased and now they've
grown up
Screwing on the corner with a knife in his pocket
Jack you, stab you, kill you, your times up
My bloods dirty from the poison that the junkyard
breathes
Everything we touch just dies of disease
But still I live here, shine an example to the youngsters
To think about the way I'm gonna deal with my hunger
Broke for 3 days, late giro again
New Deal, low pay, big ball and chain
Tucked into my sock and I don't wanna be broke
I've got the sentence of the junkyard fever ??
And I'm burning temptation as I look to the stars
For a time when we can clean up the Junkyard
Yeah its hard in the streets for whoever you are
When yr livin in a place we call the Junkyard;

I watched a film called life, through a broken window
on the stairs
It weren't long before the police appeared, all flashlight
shining in my face
Same shit all the time- Junkyard, where our lives don't
change
Little kids like orphans check me for a sponsor on the
(icepoles?)
Nine year olds plottin for a title like Ollie Twist
Snatch yr purse like a dodger disappear in the bricks
The Junkyards a playground, crimes a safe route,
drink's a way out
The kids sit and blaze like there's gonna be a drought
Ain't no love here, not for self or surroundings
Just close encounters, and scoundrels of all kinds
The money-mad'll rob you blind without foresight

And speed off somewhere into the night
To get high off this world, create their own space
From the Junkyard AKA Highbury Estate

You gotta fight to survive blood
Lash your take to make your food supply right blood
Hold your own cos the kids are all fucked
Livin on luck when you ain't got nothing and its all
about the buck
Junkyard- burning bins and dumped cars
police on patrol, and streetcorner stars
Cats getting prang, Yardies getting blam
shots getting licked so live how you can

"Britains economic problem isn't a problem of the
decade or even a
generation; it arose far back in the 19th century, it'll
persist until the 21st"

Visit [Kent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.