

Primal Rock Rebellion

"No Friendly Neighbour"

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There's a man in the park
Walking his dog to a mark
In the picture he painted
In the picture he painted
And the people look on
And the people look on
Then they carry on
Roaming all day long

From the eyes of a television inspired mess
From a pub to a club to a street to a thug
Ignoring the light from above
Ignoring the light from above
Fight or surrender, no friendly neighbour
The butcher and the baker and the mixer and the
maker

It's a battle with the wind
On my neck and in my eyes
With the crows looking at
That wallet restin' above my thigh
Come up to me with a knife and a can
With the words "give me what you got"
Holding out a hand, no!

From the eyes of a television inspired mess
From a pub to a club to a street to a thug
Ignoring the light from above
Ignoring the light from above
Fight or surrender, no friendly neighbour
The butcher and the baker and the mixer and the
maker

Can't find any mirror that shines,

From the eyes of a television inspired mess
From a pub to a club to a street to a thug
Ignoring the light from above
Ignoring the light from above
Is it the maker in you, or someone you knew
The one who can turn the grey into blue

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