

## Skyclad "Cardboard City"

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Hands locked in darkness, a nocturnal greeting  
We flutter like moths round the brazier's flame  
Shrouded in shadow, our clandestine meeting  
Here, where past and present are one and the same

No one dies in Cardboard City  
Faces only fade away  
Eat your pride and take their pity  
Fight to live another day

And did those feet in ancient times  
Walk bare upon these lonely streets like mine?  
Does God watch us from the penthouse high above  
His children down below who live on air and love?

Wrapped in old headlines beneath this shop awning  
I shiver in silence and wait for the morning

No one cries in Cardboard City  
Faces only fade away  
Eat your pride and take their pity  
Fight to live another day

No one cries in Cardboard City  
That would be a waste of tears  
Eat your pride and take their pity  
Like you have so many years

Youth of our nation, a lost generation  
Like lepers we march to the chimes of Big Ben  
Exiled and rejected by powers elected  
Our cries from the gutter don't reach number ten

Give us this day our daily bread  
Before the headlines read "Bring out your dead"  
Chip-wrapper flowers are blown onto this cardboard  
grave  
My spray paint epitaph upon the wall it says

"Here lie the bones of some poor homeless vagrant  
He died as he lived in the shits on the pavement"

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