

## **The Style Council "Homebreakers"**

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Good morning day, how do you do?  
I wonder, what will you do for me?  
I should be on my way, I should be earning pay  
I should be all the things that I'm not

And I've tried on my own, now there's nothing to keep  
me at home  
Like my brother has too, gotta leave to get out of this  
view  
You see, they tell you to move around  
If you can't find work in your own town

As I rise from my bed, I can hear the old man  
Blaming heaven and Mother for this  
30 Years with one firm, 13 months redundant  
Yes, I'd say, that's unlucky for some

Now our tears fall like rain, as my mother walks me to  
my train  
With a kiss and a wave, "Come home weekends" that's  
if I can save  
I swear, I'll take it out on the man  
Who ever devised this economy plan

All the love in the world  
Can't put dinner on the table  
All the hate that I feel  
No love could put right

Good morning day, how do you do?  
I wonder, what will you do for me?  
I should be on my way, I should be earning pay  
I should be all the things that I'm not

And I've tried on my own, now there's nothing to keep  
me at home  
All the love and the strength has been taken by this  
government  
You see they tell you to move around  
If you can't find work in your own town

Father's in the kitchen, counting out coins

Mother's in the bedroom, looking through pictures of  
her boys  
One is in London looking for a job  
The other's in Whitehall, looking for those responsible

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