

The Style Council "With Everything To Lose"

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From the playground to the waste ground
Hope ends at seventeen
Sweeping floors and filling shelves
Forced into government schemes

Eleven years spent to dig out ditches
Forget your school day dreams
Guarantees and lie-filled speeches
But nothings what it seems

Qualified and patronized
And with everything to lose
No choice or chance for the future
The rich enjoy less tax

Dress the girls in pretty pink
The shit goes to the blacks
A generation's heart torn out
And covered up the facts

The only thing they'll understand
Is a wall against their backs
The only hope now left
For those with everything to lose

In desperation empty eyes
Signed up and thrown away
There's drugs replacing dignity
The short sharp shock repaid
There'll be no money if you dare to question

Working the Tory way
The truth is up there carved in stone
Where twenty one dead now lay
A family's loss for a few pounds saved
With everything to lose

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