

Holloways, The

"I Should Say Something"

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It was only this morning that I realised,
my conscience was sleeping while I've been alive.
The things in the past that I let pass me bye
and now I regret that I never did stop to ask why.

The man with the bag and the walking stick limps up
and down my road
The kids in the cafe they point and laugh where is their
moral code.

I should say something but I say nothing I haven't got
the nerve.
He's in the twilight years of his life this ain't what he
deserves.

The high street fright on a Friday night, a coward hits
his lady,
cries out "bitch" you must be mad why do you disobey
me.
We should do something but we do nothing, the public
eye turns blind
domestic violence, is met with silence, in our pathetic
times

And would she have said yes, when wearing her white
dress, if violence was included in his vows.
I'm sure that she hates it, but she tolerates it, she's
married to him now.

The starving girl cries on TV, dying in a third world
nightmare
slouching back we sympathise from the comfort of our
armchairs

we should give something but we give nothing only a
little is changed
It's quite appalling when tears are falling more often
than the rain

And if you see a mother swear at her poor innocent
child

Do you ever stop and say to her why are you so wild.
That kid will grow up to be a fuck-up just like his dear
young mum.
His little heart is falling apart under your spiteful
tongue

Does this kid deserve this, born into a right mess, the
sad thing is he's not the only one.
I'm sure that he hate it, but he tolerates it, the boy can't
choose his mum

So if you're walking around with your head in the cloud
with the lost souls at your feet.
Bear in mind that all mankind may need some
sympathy - don't you agree?

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