

Thompson Richard**"Can't Win"**

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I started to cry, they put gin in my cup
I started to crawl and they swaddled me up
I got up and run, they said, easy son
Play up, play the game

They told me to think and forget what I'd heard
They told me to lie and then questioned my word
They taught me to fail, better sink than sail
Just play the game

Oh towers will tumble and locusts will visit the land
Oh a curse on your house and your children and the
fruit of your hand

They said you can't win, you can't win
You sweat blood, you give in
You can't win, you can't win
Turn the cheek, take it on the chin
Don't you dare do this don't you dare do that
We harpoon dreams, we stiletto in the back
The nerve of some people, the nerve of some people
The nerve of some people
I don't know who you think you are, who you think you
are

Oh what kind of mother would hamstring her sons
Throw sand in their eyes and put ice on their tongues
Better to leave than stay here and grieve
And play the game

Don't waken the dead as you sleepwalk around
If you have a dream, brother, hush, not a sound
Stand there and rust, and die if you must
But play the game

Oh if we can't have it, why should a wretch like you?
Oh it was drilled in our heads, now we drill it into your
head too

You can't win, you can't win
You sweat blood, you give in

You can't win, you can't win
Turn the cheek, take it on the chin
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The nerve of some people, the nerve of some people
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