

Hope and Social

"Dust"

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There's dust in every shop in every town in every
county we've counted
There's space in every bar in every pub in every place
that we've been
And I see some notice that business is closing on
Kirkstall Road
The country's complexion is shifting and changing,
how no-one knows

There's mould in every house in every home that we've
been to
There's rust on every slide in every park in every place
that we've seen
And I see some girl with her mind unfurled out on
Water Lane
While I'm reading the plans of a public-school man who
says we're to blame
What a shame

There's truth in every lie in every line in every speech
that is written
Maybe there is good in all the bile and the blood that
they're spitting
But we cannot give time to fight cancer or crime when
there's bills to pay
It's simple arithmetic, the ins and the outs of it will not
change
They're shifting account now the money's run out, it's
such a shame
What a shame

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