

Don't Blame Us

Cock Sparrer

Tower blocks we lived in all come tumbling down
Moved out to another slum in another part of town
Playing football in the street and pissing in the lift
Who really ever thought it would come to this

East ham high street market on a Saturday
Stuffing things in coats, making out getaway
Back round Charlie's house to see just what we'd got
In school Monday morning we'd just flog the lot

Blame the teachers, blame the school
Blame the parents, come on blame one and all
Blame the coppers, blame the drugs
Blame the system, but don't blame us

Games of chicken in the kitchen with a carving knife
Eight stitches in my hand, I think I got off light
You're girlfriend's there in tears your mate's made another pass
when's he gonna learn he only has to ask

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Schoolteachers sing you won't come to anything
There's no future in playing these dives
But looking back today we won't have another way
Because we had the times off our lives

Out of school, out off work and out of cigarettes
We'll all have some breakfast if he wins the bet
All the posing & posturing never made much sense
Little boys, little man, little innocence

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Blame the system, but don't blame us (2x)