

Trouble in Town

Coldplay

Trouble in town
Because they cut my brother down
Because my sister can't wear her crown
There's trouble, there's trouble in town
Blood on the beat (Oh-oh)
Oh my goodness, there's blood on the beat
The law of the jungle or the law of the street
There's blood on, there's blood on the beat

And I get no shelter
And I get no peace
And I never get released

Trouble in town (Oh-oh)
Because they hung my Brother Brown
Because their system just keeps you down
There's trouble, there's trouble in town

And I get no shelter
And I get no peace
And I just get more police, yeh
And I get no comfort
And I get no name
Everything is getting strained

Best friends
What's that?
What's his name?
X (Standby, sir)
Alright, is that X your middle name?
Of course, it's on a vehicle ID, right?
You gettin' smart? 'Cause you'll be in a fucking car with him
I'm telling you
Fucking smartass
I'm asking you what the X is, is that your middle name?
Of course, what is it?
Don't come back with the "What is it?" fucking shit
Talk to these fucking pigs on the street that way, you ain't talking to me that way
I don't talk to nobody in the streets, I don't hang with nobody
Well then don't come to fucking Philadelphia, stay in Jersey
I have family out here
Everybody thinks they're a fucking lawyer and they don't know jackshit
Are you supposed to grab me like this?
Grab you up? I'll grab you any way I got to
You're not protecting me while I'm trying, while I'm trying to go to work
Why don't you shut up?

Jikelele, jikelele
Jikelele, jikelele
Jikelele, jikelele
Jikelele, jikelele