

(Awa)

Small town boy got big city dreams  
He feels the chill of the night through his jeans  
It bites the skin like the knife he carries  
Shadows his face underneath his hoody  
Walks to a home that the government owns  
Holes fill the walls where the photos should go  
Last night's takeaways is still in the stove  
He takes a...

Seat at the table and go over his notes

Chorus

He's trying make it  
While trying to hide  
Two edges  
To his double life  
School of  
Thought to his left  
And hard knocks  
To his right  
He's just trying survive

(Awa)

Streetwise way beyond his years  
Can launch his fists like he handles Shakespeare  
Nobody knows and he doesn't care  
All that matters are the colours he wears  
Hungry for something that he can't eat  
Calms his nerves with every word that he sees  
Lights his cigarette, has a cup of tea  
He takes a seat at the table and continues to read

Chorus

(Sabre)

Rise and shine but nothing looks bright  
Books camouflaged by cans  
He jumps on his bike  
Dad gave it as a gift last night  
Wonder if he's changed for good this time  
Shrugs and hopes for the best,  
got his headphones on  
Prepares for the test mouthing words to the song  
Miss gave him props on a job well done  
"An A parents must be proud of you son"  
Smiling back with a nod little does she know  
Enrolled himself with no help from home  
Hides the bike in the bushes  
Scared it might be hot so he doesn't want to push it  
Game face hard  
Raise hoodie full mast  
Set sail through the yard  
Play jester of the class