

Lost Inna Jungle

Babylon Circus

Lost inna jungle
No one's there to defend them - no one !

Lost inna jungle
Children runaway from abandon - abandon !

Shuffle shuffle shuffling in the street
Ridin' thru their dream but they never can touch it
Children pullin' on your jacket
Makin' a rough racket rough racket
Rough rough racket

Burn down your car an' di phone cab an'di bus stop
An' always runaway from di cop -from di cop cop

And now ya wonder why again
Why did we come to this situation ?
And now ya wonder what again
What did happen to dem ?
What shall we do wid'em ?
Ya wonder an'ya wonder in vain
And ya don't even hear dem calling

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I know you heard that racket last night in the staircase
I know you where just behind your door
When she told him to come back in desperate praise
When it was to late when he couldn't hear anymore

Mama hold her head and remember
That sweet voice twinkling in the dark
Oh likka boy you're my future
Oh why don't you come back ?
Dread !
Dread violence
Much more that no one could ever stand
You give dem violence (*2)
From the beginning to the end
You give dem violence / dem give you violence (*2)

Lost inna jungle...

Oh... what a great violence it is !
Oh... what a terrible pain...