

When The Time Comes

Big Audio Dynamite

Coming to your street
Almost every night a sound is underground
Y.U.P.'s are booing big about poverty
And cleaning up the street
And the man who wants to stand for his piece of land
Is pushed aside
'Cause he don't quite fit
Try to make him quit
And twist his mind
Go from behind

Call out the hitmen
Mercen'ries, don't they realise
That when the time comes
They're gonna terrorise
And I hear every day what you say
That a man's still got his rights
But when the time comes
They're gonna terrorise

A brother on the street
Met a small time rookie hood who played guitar
And the stupid middle class
Said this would never pass
They don't belong
Will the people sing to this musical thing
And raise their voice
Or will we have to say
That they just can't play their guitar
Or go very far

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Sweet soul sister
Meets John from Leicester
And they fall in love
They just get by
On the government supply
But it's not enough

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