

We Live Here

Bob Vylan

Was a lovely area before you come here, lovely

Free school dinners for the poor
Pizza with a side of misery
Teachers said when I leave
No one here will miss me
Didn't know I was a sinner
But if they say so, well I must be
Big lips, wide nose
God knows no one will trust me
Mum don't look like me
But thank God she still loved me
Neighbours called me nigga
Told me "go back to my own country"
Said since we arrived
This place has got so ugly
But this is my fucking country
And it's never been fucking lovely

We didn't appear out of thin air
We live here
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We live here

Give it the bigun 'round town
Have a drink and puff your chest out
Not a racist, you're just proud
Why should you be left out?
The fairies get a march
And the nig-nogs get a month
We've got the right to vote
I mean, what more could we want?
Free to go where I like
If I look like I belong
If not, fuck off
Go on boy, move along
Remember Stephen Lawrence
He too was free to roam
Eighteen years old at the bus stop
Murdered on his way home

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The first time I was called nigga
I was about seven or eight years old
I was playing across the street
And one of the older kids called me it
I went home for bath time a little later
And asked my mum what it meant
My white mum
She told me it was a bad word

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We didn't appear out of thin air, mate
We fucking live here, you cunt