

Bring My Family Back

Faithless

I'm on Lonely Street age nearly three,
Recently Mama's cryin all the time is it because of me?
Or my younger sister, even Dad was weeping when he kissed her,
Face all puffy like a blister, cryin' like he missed her,
Since we moved away from the house where we use ta play,
They say I'll understand one day, but I doubt it,
Mama never say nothin' about it,
How'd it get to be so crowded,
I found it a strain, everywhere I look I see pain,
And I can't escape the feelin', maybe I'm to blame,
So I strain to listen, prayin' for a decision, wishing' they were kis
sin'
This feels like extradition or exile, Mama finds it hard to smile,
So I make pretend cups of coffe in her favourite style,
She says child I'm working so there's nothing you lack,
Bus she know I want my Dad, I want my family back.

I'm on Lonely Street, age forty-three
Couldn't gauge when tot quit so my wife quit me
Took offence, took the kids, I wish that was the end
But before she took her leave she took care of my best friend
Workin' all the hours God send was not the tactic
Y'see cuz after ten years I'm left with jackshit
Wanted to make the cash Quik so I useta work real late
Bad sex, My woman's vex, even if I stay awake
And if I'm honest, I had a little cake at the office
I was eatin' We'd do our cheatin over coffees, makin' tea for the bos
ses
Makin free with me and I agree I got sleazy too easily
But I'm forty-three, this doesn't usually happen to me
Now I'm lonely, I wonder what my son's doing today
Suddenly I'm blinkin' like the screen on my computer display and I'm
drinkin'
Concerned about what's down the track if I don't get my family back

I'm on Lonely Street, number fifty-three
Boarded up properly, I'll probably get pulled down
Litter all around inside there's no sound and no light
But yo it gets busy at night, people creppin'
Derelicts sneakin' to fix, speakin'
On the way my timbers creaking', roof leakin'
And bricks comin' loose, knee high in refuse
But even though I'm a slum I'm still of some use
There was a time when my walls were decorated
And under my roof children were educated
But now paint's faded, windows are all smashed
A crash in the economy robbed me of my family And no strategy
combats negative equitiy so that's it. Like violence it's drastic
I'm freaking', and seekin' to be more than just a house of crack
somebody bring my family back