

# Window Pain

Ghetts

Alright son?

(No mum)

What you up to?

(I'm with the guys mum like what do you want why do you keep phoning me?)

Just phoning to see how you are, I haven't heard from you all day

(No mum I'm with the guys)

Alright then I'll speak to you later

Warren died, guess who they handcuffed for his death

Blood on my knife, cause when man touched me he bled

I only got one life and a life means nothing to them

I don't wanna make a mum cry, when the fuck will this end?

They took an L but made sure the next letter coming was M

Alphabetical slaughter, found my friend in a corner

Out of breath in this [?]

He was surrounded by men with no border

Swinging around the events was the norm

But now we go out of the ends on a tour bus

No more Palace Pavilion that place but too much man in predicaments

Stabbing' was imminent, shank in my Timberlands

Squash what, the mandem are ignorant

And man isn't having a bar, you know man is resilient

Situation was tense, I put in work but couldn't get away from the feds

Fuck's sake, I'm in the station again

It's like I put my destiny in a TomTom and it showed me a quick way to the pen

I wish we left a bit earlier

Now my bredrin's dead and I been arrested for his murder

Question after question, they asked if I know Warren

I had tears in my eyes and all I could say was "no comment"

I got bail and I couldn't believe it

Imagine, if I got held and I couldn't appeal it

It's dragging, I asked for God's help and I fully received it

But what happened?

I could not tell like shush it's a secret

I mean what am I meant to say to man's mother?

It was black on black crime

And all I know, they [?] a man's colour

Those ain't no words for comfort

I'm a poor excuse for a friend, I mean that

Was I really a man's brother?!

I'm at the funeral and I can't make eye contact with his mum

I feel like a paigon

Even though I did knife combat for her son though

I live by the code though, that's a no no

We don't speak to no popo same rules different postcode

Alright son, I haven't heard from you all day. I've been phoning and texting you and there's just no reply, what's going on can you please get back to me as soon as you get this message. Love you

And I'm sorry for the Mums who have lost their sons in these streets of rage

Couldn't imagine you pain, couldn't imagine your days now

Looking out the window for a son who ain't coming back home

And things won't change, tears on your window pane

That's window pain

Looking out the window for a son who ain't coming back home

And things won't change, tears on your window pane  
That's window pain