

Eats away your body
But you have big eyes
I can smell your truth inside
And I can taste your lies

When your tales are tall
Frank and family on your wall
We don't grass and we never will
We visit our people in the 'ville
We don't grass and we never will

The void is big, but the memory's vaster
Death is quick, but life moves faster
Our days are all cut short
Lines of the borough define our fort
Our days are all cut short

Every city's got that street
Where thieves and thugs and posh boys meet
It's all there, for a third
The next generation will never learn
And we'll never learn

The void is big, but the memory's vaster
Death is quick, but life moves faster
Our days are all cut short
Lines of the borough define our fort
Should we ask for something more
Now our days are all cut short
Always there but never here
Grief and loss make meaning clear
Always there but never here

I'm glad I saw you before the fall
Now we all join hands and make a wall

The void is big, but the memory's vaster
Death is quick, but life moves faster
Our days are all cut short
Lines of the borough define our fort
Should we ask for something more
Now our days are all cut short
Now our days are all cut short...