

Sign Of The Times

Mouthwash

From Brixton to Bounds Green
Something's coming up
a new generation
that couldn't give a fuck
always being lied to
never given love
never made an impact
so their spilling blood

Cause things ain't nice round here anymore
The heart of the city
is getting rotten to the core
your life is respected
about as much as the law
keep your thoughts to yourself
and your eyes to the floor

[Chorus]

The laying on of hands..
all pain is soothed...
Soon we'll understand...
these words of truth.

From Battersea to Hackney
something's brewing up
the old generation
are getting out of touch
their hands are on the wheel
but our feet are on the clutch
and our generations
running out of trust

Cause things ain't nice round here anymore
every other corner another crack whore
Can't see no further than the next score
As a little girl you won't believe what she saw

[Chorus x2]