

Riddle Me

UB40

Riddle me who, riddle me why, answer me this,
Who owns the chains that bind your wrists?
Riddle me who, riddle me why, answer me this,
Who built the machine that washed your brain?
Like parents did before them
Your parents did the same
They said do your best, you must pass the test
You must learn to play the game
They scrimped and saved and suffered
To send you off to school
But if they'd had the cash they could've bought the class
And a different set of rules

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They taught a simple system
Why they had and you had not
They said know your place, you can't win the race
Life's an auction you're the lot

If you'd ever thought to question
They would never answer why
When they buy your sweat, you are in their debt
And they own you till you die

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You took hook line and sinker
Everything they fed
Worked day and night, for most your life
To earn their daily bread
Now you're old and weary,
And you lay you down to sleep
With body worn and spirit torn
What's left is yours to keep

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