

## Turn Tail

Young Knives

These are my hands  
These are brick walls  
Men can break down brick walls  
Men can break down brick walls  
These are my hands  
These are brick walls  
Men can break down brick walls  
Men can break down brick walls

Where are the spoils?  
Where are the treats?  
I've been worked to the bone  
I've been worked off my feet  
Head in my hands, hands in the soil  
I've been cheated and stripped of my perfect retreat

We're all slaves on this ship  
We're all slaves on this ship  
This ship's sinking  
We will not reach the shore  
We will not reach the shore  
Reach the shore

My back is sore  
So I sleep on the floor  
With the dust and the leaves  
That blew under the door  
These are my chores  
These are my chores  
I must not show the strain

We're all slaves on this ship  
We're all slaves on this ship  
This ship's sinking  
We will not reach the shore  
We will not reach the shore  
Reach the shore

This ship's sinking  
This ship's sinking  
This ship's sinking

Turn tail and run  
Turn tail and run  
I will turn tail and run  
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