

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
I will turn tail and run
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