

## Doorstep Riots

And if you look like you care, you're so honest and rare  
In this town full of cheats, on these black and white streets  
We never used to get lost, never used to be tragic  
But somewhere down the line  
Our pantomime turned into see through street magic

I've been living on the groundfloor of the house  
I'd like to speak right out against  
I'm gonna burn it to the ground and jump right out over the fence  
She's been waiting at the bar, for me to stop singing  
About whatever petty things, have set me off tonight so far  
Well darlin' where do I start?

First it's these broken systems waiting on repair  
That leave these junkyard hearts for dead  
He's three weeks late on this month's rent  
These times don't let you plan ahead  
He said he loves the way it works  
The less you work the more you get  
His pay check's wasted on some prick he's never met  
Then he warns me not to start him on the price of electricity and bread

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I just about got home tonight, this place is full of headers

Those London riots were a sight, East Belfast ones are better  
The boys in blue are taking names, the Short Strand church is up in flames  
The streets are lined with thugs, coming down off class B drugs  
Getting nowhere fast, the ambulance is flying past  
Some peace process is taking longer than it's ever gonna last

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So get your online casino vulture, money shop and quick fix culture  
Get the hell clean off my driveway right now  
And get your broke hearts, false starts, cheap tarts and payday loan sharks  
And get them all on the last train outa here

So take a chance and pick a fight, you never know your luck tonight  
The bricks have been kicked through the walls that separated wrong from right  
No one's got a thing to say, God just looks the other way  
While half the world gets blown to hell, this place has never looked so well