

Black Boys On Mopeds

Chevelle

Margarethe Thatcher on TV
Shocked by the deaths that took place in Beijing
Seems strange that she should be offended
The same orders are given by her I've said this before now
You said I was childish and you'll say it now
Remember what I told you
If they hated me they will hate you England's not the mythical land of Madame George and roses
It's the home of police who kill Black boys on mopeds
And I love my boy and that's why I'm leaving
I don't want him to be aware that there's any such thing as grieving
Young mother down at Smithfield
5 a.m., looking for food for her kids
In her arms she holds three cold babies
And the first word that they learned was "Please" These are dangerous days
To say what you feel is to dig your own grave
Remember what I told you
If you were of the world they would love you
England's not the mythical land of Madame George and roses
It's the home of police who kill Black boys on mopeds
And I love my boy and that's why I'm leaving
I don't want him to be aware that there's any such thing as grieving
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>