

Raised In A Prison

The Mob

Raised in a prison with iron bars
And walls too high to be climbed
Raised in a four cornered corridor
Always kept silent and blind
Taught how to grow straight and upright
Taught how to love and obey
Taught how to speak when you're spoken to
And then taught what you can say
Throw into a job at a factory
Making money for those up above
Running and fetching and fetching and running
Slot into the job like a glove
Marry a boy from the factory
whose dream was a girl like you
running and fetching and fetching running
She was taught this was what she should do
Renting a house on the East Side of hell
With garden and wonderful view
Of kids playing war in the street after school
Who were taught this is what they should do
Watching the TV till hubby comes home
Unable to stand on his feet
Black and White pictures of policemen with sticks
Smashing f**k out of kids on the street
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