



Black Boys on Mopeds

Sinéad O'Connor

Margareth Thatcher on TV

Shocked by the deaths that took place in Beijing

It 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 AM, 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 blacks 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