

# A-Z

## Tracey Thorn

Some things never seem to change  
Kids still call each other names  
Should get better, but it's sad and strange  
Every insult still the same Growing up in small town hell  
They bide their time till the dinner bell  
Take a swing with a bag, and they wait  
By the school gate All this pushin and shovin  
When you need a little lovin  
A little human kindness  
But where you gonna find it?  
So you close your bedroom door  
And you kneel down on the floor  
Cause you don't want to get caught  
Packing the bag that your mother doesn't even  
know you bought  
"So it's come to this" you cry  
Not even time to say goodbye  
You pack some cigarettes and an A-Z  
Push the suitcase back under the bed You've been balanced on a knife  
Will the city save your life?  
You've been waiting for so long  
Just for somewhere to feel like home  
You've been balanced on a knife  
Will the city save your life?  
Your life is waiting for you  
Love is waiting for you So pack your cigarettes  
And your A-Z  
It'll be just like that book you read

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