

Sparks in the Dark
Lyrics by Drew Primary, Year 6

CHORUS

All our sweat
And our blood
In the alleys, in the mud
And my family never get enough

In the mess
And the sludge
Where we toil for our lunch
But my family never get enough

VERSE

We put phosphorus tips
On the matches
Every stick
But the catch is
The matches are making us sick

Hills is happy
Cos the cash keeps on coming in
So the conditions of our living
Doesn't matter to him

Opera clubs?
We want football
And fair pay
For a days work would do

My back aches
And my skin rubbed sore
By a sugar bag
Look at that

Just because we poor
Shouldn't put us at
The end of the queue
Take a step in our shoes
The toshers rummage
in the sewers
For a Penny or two

They don't care about us
Or the elephants
They take what they want
our suffering
Irrelevant

All the Sparks in the dark
Light a fire in our hearts
We are Londoners
Ironworks From the start

All the Sparks in the dark
Light a fire in our hearts
We are Londoners
Ironworks From the start

CHORUS

All our sweat
And our blood
In the alleys, in the mud
And my family never get enough

In the mess
And the sludge
Where we toil for our lunch
But my family never get enough

All our sweat
And our blood
In the alleys, in the mud
And my family never get enough

In the mess
And the sludge
Where we toil for our lunch
But my family never get enough