

OUR KIDS

We blame them at times, for all sorts of crimes,
Calling them louts and jobs,
But at 16 years, they're out on their ears,
From school, no hope and no jobs.

Sure, some of them fail, and go off the rail,
But one failure is not a disgrace.
Most you'll agree, are like you and me,
And their hearts are in the right place.

Where is the soul, in a 30 quid dole?
When all our kids need is pride.
Grey men in power, earning 100's per hour,
Wring their hands and say 'We have tried.'

But their crocodile tears, fall on deaf ears,
These kids don't need consolation.
They need work and pay, and be able to say
'We are the wealth of the nation,

Throw us some rope, give us some hope,
And we'll show you what we are worth,
Open the gate, and we'll make Britain great,
For we are the salt of the earth!

Eric Stokes

taken from Port Isaac - Harbour of Love, published 1994