

BACK IN THE PLAYGROUND BLUES

By **Adrian Mitchell**

I dreamed I was back in the playground, I was about four feet high
 Yes I dreamed I was back in the playground, standing about four feet high
 Well the playground was three miles long and the playground was five miles wide

It was broken black tarmac with a high wire fence all around
 Broken black dusty tarmac with a high fence running all around
 And it had a special name to it, they called it The Killing Ground

Got a mother and a father they're one thousand years away
 The rulers of the Killing Ground are coming out to play
 Everybody thinking: 'Who they going to play with today?'

Well you get it for being Jewish
 And you get it for being black
 You get it for being chicken
 And you get it for fighting back
 You get it for being big and fat
 Get it for being small
 Oh those who get it get it and get it
 For any damn thing at all

Sometimes they take a beetle, tear off its six legs one by one
 Beetle on its black back, rocking in the lunchtime sun
 But a beetle can't beg for mercy, a beetle's not half the fun

I heard a deep voice talking, it had that iceberg sound
 'It prepares them for Life' - but I have never found
 Any place in my life worse than The Killing Ground.