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NO RESURRECTION

Young boy lyin' in a busy street
The medics are tryin' to get his heart to beat
Lookin' for a pulse or a vital life sign
Give it up boys you're wastin' your time
This kid has been on his last jag
So zip him up in a body bag
And take him away
There will be no resurrection on this Sydney street today
Oh life - life

Take him down to the mortuary, tie a tag on his toe
Write across the tag "John Doe"
Fold his arms across his chest
Zip him back in his bag and put him with the rest
Of the other dead kids who have no names
Waitin' in their cold steel boxes to be claimed
By a loved one's tears
How many hopes and dreams have ended here?
Oh life - life

Barry and Joan have no tears left
Through the bitter years they've all been wept
Watchin' their son slowly lose his soul
To a devil he rode but couldn't control
And when he'd stolen all they had to give
Their trust, their pride, their money and love
Then he was gone
Not a day goes by they don't pray that their boy comes home
Oh life - life