



Material Deprivation in Dublin in 2014

The politician on the box with the scratch in her voice
Explains that she standing by her principles and has made the brave choice
And tells us that she's stopped the dole from being cut
Well, that's great; that's gonna' get me outta this rut

Now I'm not complaining but my little one has asthma and ADHD
And the older one has mood swings and needs 'speech and language therapy'
And the eldest won't leave the house, some kind of teenage stress
And my husband can't get a job, he's got the wrong address.

And so he drinks a lot and gambles more
And sometimes, when it's bad, he hits me before he hits the floor
And the oldest screams and rocks on his chair
While the youngest wheezes and pulls at his hair

Sitting in queues is how I spend my day
Filling in complicated forms until my hair turns grey
I have a PPS and a DOB and a next of kin who's a head-wrecker
And if she asks me one more time why I'm not working I'm gonna' deck her

Mrs, I had dreams of being a secretary when I grow up
With me long legs and me laptop and me own coffee cup
And I'd work for Mr So-in-so in a lovely office near the Gresham Hotel,
Till I woke up one Monday morning not feeling too well

Course, my sister works in London, though she lives on her own
And my brother is on the weed and still takes the methadone
So I'm left minding the mother, with her memory and brittle bones,
Doctor says she's grand for her age but can't be left on her own.

The rent is behind and I owe my ma, did I mention
That she keeps digging us out using most of her pension
And the school trips are coming, so much for free education
Those young ones are lucky with their 'forced emigration'

And I used to go next door if I needed a cup of sugar,
But something changed since he lost his job, now we don't really talk to each other
She has it tough on her own, two kids, no maintenance there
He legged it to Canada with a Culchie from Kildare

The St. Vincent de Paul put some food on the table
And I get nice things for the kids whenever I'm able
And I'll get a loan from the Provident when the communion comes around
And when they're looking for payment, we won't make a sound

And my nerves are all shattered and my hair needs 'a do'
And my clothes are in tatters, I can't afford anything new
Cos my son needs new trainers and tracksuit for school
And a new football jersey, he loves Liverpool

And do you find all the homework a bit of a curse?
See the internet is down and it makes the whole evening worse
Cos there's two of them doing school projects and they have to trust to luck
Plus they're out of the loop without their Minecraft and Facebook

And he'd be some use to us if he was no use at all
Cos there's times when he's helpful and brings smiles to us all
And then we remember the good times and it makes the bad days worse
Between the unemployment and the drinking this this downturn's a curse.

Ah, don't be listening to me, me ma always said I was a bit too deep
I take a few of them tablets to help get me to sleep
I won't get addicted though, I haven't the time
Someone in the family has to stay fine.

If it's rough for us, isn't it worse for others
When I see the state of some kids around about, me whole body shudders
And then the ones on the telly with no food and no hope and no roof but a tent,
Sure you'd almost be glad to be paying your rent.

But the politicians will fix it, aren't there elections coming
So many doorstep promises, sure we won't want for nothing
A lie for a vote, always forgotten when elected
We're the poor of 2014, and the poor are never respected.

Ah, listen to me! Go on, I'll see you later, if I don't go now I'll be late,
Tell the family I was asking for them, the kids are looking great.
And if you see your woman, will you tell her from me,
That it's the poor that inherits the earth, and not the DSP.