

Phillip	For each block of flats you will find excuses,
	A junkyard of <u>rotting talent</u>
	Thirty-somethings, on the benches
	Beer cans cradled, Children gazing at them like they are Gods.
Everyone	A nor sabe for skeak eglish
	Niznal angliskovo
	Nie znalem angielskiego
	Ne moga da govoraq na angliiski
Everyone	We couldn't speak English
Mohammed	They used to call me freshy
Tim	I didn't know why they called me 'maaan'
Phillip	Shyness lowered my gaze
Mohammed	Everyday I'd go home crying 'mom they called me blick'
Michael	They called me batty-boy, I thought it was a boy who plays baseball
Phillip	You have your own mind, Do not let those losers influence you,
Tim, Phillip, Michael	Sometimes they call us snow
Phillip	Avoid people scorched by the century, Because it is a hundred times better
Tim and Phillip	<u>To be with one wise loser</u>
Tim and Phillip	<u>Than a gang of stupid winners.</u>
Tim	They say
Michael	<i>go back to your own country</i>
Tim, Michael , Phillip	We'd love to!
Mohammed	Freetown, is stamped on my heart, I miss everyone, the banana cake is better there.
Phillip	Grandma's homemade pierogi
Michael	I look at my old life with a green face I see the beaches, smell the kifla bread
Mohammed	It's like half my heart is lost

Tim	My homesickness is terminal, home is where I heal. Eating Hawaiian pizza
Michael	In my old country, when I want to leave the house , Mamo says 'ok, bye honey' In London, if I want to take the bus, dadco says 'ste te schupq, how will you return home'
Phillip	My homeland is snowboarding And sweating in the sun
Tim	Lietuva is a village, camping in the forest, Me and my dad catching more fish Than would fit in the refrigerator London is a future town,
Mohammed	A younger boy, locked his eyes on me And slammed his hand across my face,
Mohammed	Mama said 'Don't worry about them, Just focus, Education na de key to success'
Mohammed	The same boy, blubbered to the teacher, that I hit him,
Everyone	lies all over the place.
Tim	Now I say 'oh my days'
Michael	dat's sick
Mohammed	Spud that
Phillip	Ohhh kill 'em
Michael	In my home country I'm now anonymous When before they would say in street, there is the son of the teacher.
Mohammed	I haven't gone back yet, will I feel like a foreigner?
Tim	Going back to my country is like walking through the past.
Phillip	The first thing that I do, is run to my Grandma's
Mohammed	London doesn't feel like home, yet, but I'm getting more relaxed
Michael	I miss my volleyball team
Tim	I miss basketball
Phillip	I used to do wrestling training everyday
Mohammed	Here, it's only football!
Tim	You are the architect of your own fate
Phillip	You have the biggest impact of all people
Michael	On the fulfilment of your dreams,
Mohammed	Just find your way.
everyone	Listen to the voice of the heart.