

The Venus Of The Soup Kitchen

Prefab Sprout

The Venus of the soup kitchen is waiting
There for me and all us poor
Cripples, who've been in the wars
End up sleeping on her floor

Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah

When you're scared of down and out
You keep it to yourself and if anyone suspects
You say "Who me? Hardly"

You tell him, "Thank your stars, this isn't Derby day
'Cos it's clear you've got the gift
For backing the wrong horse, Charlie"

Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah

When you're scared of down and out
You camouflage your fear with a fakin' DJ smile
And maybe some boogie dancin'

But there's no need to be proud
Hey, if something's hurtin' you
Could be, it hurts your brothers too
From Langley Park to Memphis

(Last night)
Last night I dreamed
I dared to raise my head

The Venus of the soup kitchen stood over me
Singing, sometimes the job gets you down
You're ashamed that the word will get 'round

Well, all you poor
Cripples, who've been in the wars
End up sleeping on my floor

Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah

Now some will spin you yarns to keep you quiet for a while
But you know that's not my style, who needs fancy footwork?
'Cos none of it adds up, no, it doesn't weigh a thing
And it doesn't buy you beer from Langley Park to Memphis

(Last night)
Last night I dreamed
I dared to raise my head

The Venus of the soup kitchen stood over me
Singing

Here you are, and I won't tell you've no one else but me
Every night I know you'll be here staring hungrily
Well, here you are, no, I won't tell 'cos everyone I know
Wanders down here every night, they've nowhere else to go

The Venus of the soup kitchen is standing there over me
Every night I'm gonna be here staring hungrily
The Venus of the soup kitchen is waiting there for me

And all us poor
Cripples, who've been in the wars
End up sleeping on her floor