

# Feed Of Man

Billy Bragg

If you  
Beat up, butcher, and  
You bleed a man:  
If you bang up and badger and  
Bloodlet a man;  
And then I come along  
On the feet of man  
And half way laff and cry 'bout  
The meat of man,  
And I do what I can to  
Bale string and tie some ballad truths  
Up cured out  
For the feed of man  
And  
Folks try to tell me  
That it's on god's orders  
That you bleed your man;  
It's on god's good word that you  
Bleed your man;  
On god's plan print  
That you dead a man;  
Or you spit and curse and whip  
Your man;  
I say I'll help you fix and  
Squeeze yourself up a new kind of a god  
Of some kind;  
One that tells you  
Fertilyze and multyplye;  
One that  
Tells you:  
Outsow and outblow,  
Outplant and outgrow;  
Outdo, and outrun, and outclimb, and out spread  
Every other tree and bush  
And brushy fruits and flower petalls;  
Out fruit them all  
For the feed of man;  
Out stalk and out hunt and out think  
For god's own sweet sake, out think! out think!  
Outthink the fruits  
Outgrow these animal kind and shapes of man!  
It you miss and go down  
Your dust will turn up on that long hot job  
Once more again  
To help in the feeding and the seed of man  
And not in the bleeding and the end of man.

Words: woody guthrie (date unknown) - music: jeff tweedy (1998)

Jay bennett: b3 organ, leslie guitar  
Billy bragg: resonator guitar  
Ken coomer: drums  
John stirratt: bass  
Jeff tweedy: vocal, acoustic guitar, electric guitar