

## Scream in Vain

Bob Geldof

Money in my pocket down at  
Scream In Vain  
Come on  
Lambs led to the slaughter  
They cut you in a second down at  
Scream In Vain  
Come on  
Lambs led to the slaughter

Sweet Yams in the fields of Harbo  
Made me feel better  
They took the straw from off the roof  
To make the fire catch as it should  
They boil the water and they cook the roots  
For them it`s new  
For me old fruits  
But more precious now than it`s ever been  
We share the food in the noonday heat  
Sweet Yams in the fields of Harbo  
The mountains roll  
Green on green  
The mountains roll  
Green on green