

Food For Songs

Del Amitri

There's people hauling people
Out from under their homes
There's people hauling people
Out through the groaning stones
You can see me tonight,
I'll be shell shocked and white in the cold light of dawn
But I ain't gonna cry just to give some guy
Food for songs.

People going hungry,
Sand like a sackful of bones,
People going hungry, feeding a billion homes
So I put my dead child down, you put your TV on
Well I ain't gonna cry just to give some guy
Food for songs.

Yeah, there's people beating people,
To keep the system strong.
People beating people, to keep the illusion going.
So I'm going to fight every day of my life 'til they're gone.
But I ain't gonna die to give some guy
Food for songs.

Yeah, there's people holding people,
Making those wailing sounds,
Yeah, there's people holding people,
Watching them lower me down,
So I take my leave and you take what you see
And you make it what you want,
But when I see you in hell, I will give you some
Food for songs.