

## 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.