

## So Many Souls To Change

Del Amitri

As the sun rises over Mexico  
And sets on the African plains  
On a tourist jet, the in-flight magazines  
Sets out your rate of exchange

While the unhealed and homeless are wondering  
If they will ever feel safe again  
They give you drinks and show you sailors  
Dancing in the warm New York rain

So many souls to change

So mother and child while travelling to Deli  
Have to jump off a burning train  
While the puppet rich bible class third world society  
Meets to discuss it's slogan campaign

You are complicit in this conspiracy  
You are unable to get free  
They send the rich ones to University  
And the rest get comics and TV

So many souls to change

You are shocked with shots of corpses  
And seduced by scenes of greed  
So your overloaded conscience  
Goes out looking for some kind of relief

And the church, the government and charity  
They collectively agree  
You cannot simply print more money  
Just to save some poor country from disease

So many souls to change

So when you die and go to heaven  
Looks like there could be hell to pay  
As the saints and angels ask how anyone  
Could treat mortals that way