

Walk in a corner shop  
See a shoplifting cop  
See the old lady with a gun  
See the hero try to run  
Nothing's what it seems, I mean  
It's not all dirty, but it's not all clean  
There's children paying bills  
There's monks buying thrills  
There's pride for sale in magazines  
There's pills for rent to make you clean  
Marvin Gaye, there's no brother, brother  
Woody Guthrie's land can't feed Mother

Mothers weep, children sleep  
So much violence ends in silence  
It's a shame there's no one to blame  
For all the pain that life brings  
If you will just take me It might just complete me  
And together we can make a stand

A waitress brings me lunch  
We meet but do not touch  
On TV, D.C. is selling lies  
While in the corner, King's dream dies  
Go to the counter, pay for me and my friend  
A homeless man pulls out a roll, says it's on him  
The mayor has no cash  
He said he spent it on hookers and hash

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You will love me, I will love you

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