

Bitter To The South

Latin Quarter

Think in the year of the refugee
Or maybe it was the year of the child or the aged
I sat with Thomas in a bar he was drinking with a women
There
I asked him 'Tell me all about your younger rebel days'

Well the way this women was there you could see she
Wasn't messing
Thomas wasn't missing much of that
He said, 'You know this is such a small corner of the
World we have here'
Somedays we thought we could conquer all

Then the so cold wind from the north comes blowing
Bitter to the south
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Bitter to the south
It takes the fruit out of the earth, it takes the food
Out of the mouth
The so cold wind from the north comes blowing bitter to
The south
Bitter to the south

'We are the world' was on the juke-box in the corner
There was a faded turtle poster up in Spanish on the
Wall
Thomas said, 'Pretty beads and charity is all that they
Afford us
Well ain't invited to the feast but end up paying for
It all'

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There ain't no year for the refuge
There ain't no year for the child
There ain't no year for the aged
There's just these years of the debt

But my lover and I, still we go where life leads us
Send a message to your masters
Tell them 'Nothing's over yet'

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