

Price of Grain

Poison Girls

We all talk a lot
about wanting to be free
Sitting in the last lap of luxury
While some are dying
for a handful of rice
Who controls the market
who fixes the price

THE PRICE OF GRAIN
AND THE PRICE OF BLOOD

I asked the well-dressed Eurofarmer
Why do some grow fat
while others starve
He said "Can't afford to send food to Ethiopia
Be realistic - this ain't Utopia"

They're dumping potatoes
and burning grain
And pouring fresh milk down the drain
While rich young things
in brand new cars
Play fast and loose like superstars

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And we in the west all know and care
And we all shed our crocodile tears
Playing games while others die
So we see we can keep our prices high
And everyone says "We're not to blame"
Let's all wash hands and play the game
Boom and slump and waste and glut
The currency is human blood

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