

# Walking Through A Wasted Land

Richard Thompson

I'm walking through a wasted land  
Of soft sell concrete and rust  
What ever happened to this country?  
Where is the hand you can trust?  
Walk down, walk down, walk down

I remember when a farmer was ashamed  
If he never put his hand to a plough  
You can buy a lot of shame with your money  
He's riding in a limousine now  
Walk down, walk down, walk down, walk down!

Sweat is the name of this town  
It's an ugly old, dirty old disgrace  
And now that the steel's shut down  
It's fear puts the sweat in a man's face  
Walk down, walk down, walk down

Oh now I should have a break like you  
But somebody stacked up the decks  
Heads are going to roll some day  
If we ever get this yoke off our necks  
Walk down, walk down, walk down, oh

Well I'm walking through a wasted land  
I'm walking through a wasted land  
Where is the future we planned  
I'm walking through a wasted land  
Walk down, walk down, walk down, walk down!