

# If

## The Beautiful South

If the greedy were the starving  
If the masters were the slaves  
If the owners became the dogs  
How would they behave?

'Cause selling family heirlooms  
For one fifty or a pound  
Is like standing outside  
Burger King  
Selling horse and hound

Cause sleeping in a doorway  
With a futon and a quilt  
Is like crying in the rubble  
Of a building that you built

The day that you're not man enough  
Is the day you cease to be  
A wheel-barrow full of leaves  
From a rotten apple tree

If the mugger was a woman  
And the man just passing by  
Would ya' \_\_\_ and bitch and slag it up  
You'd shrivel up and die

If the landlord was the tennant  
And the hunter was the game  
If construction was constricted  
And capital just the same

Cause sleeping in a doorway  
With a futon and a quilt  
Is like crying in the rubble  
Of a building that you built

The day that you're not man enough  
Is the day you cease to be  
A wheel-barrow full of leaves  
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If the King was court jester  
And the jester took the throne  
He'd put the privileged on the streets  
And give the poor a home

If the Irish were the English  
And the English still not free  
Would ya mick and pick  
And pad it up  
You tongue the pip and agree

Cause sleeping in a doorway  
With a futon and a quilt  
Is like crying in the rubble  
Of a building that you built

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Is the day you cease to be  
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