

Give Me Wine Or Money

The Mekons

In open fields where flails are swung
And songs are posed between them
A wreath abides and summer flowers
With cakes all strung together
Four sticks for legs, two for horns
The last sheaf waits for reaping

Children run and neighbors turn
All is safely gathered
The threshers will tear out the best
And heads and hearts are broken
One last stroke to kill the goat
Blackened faces bleating

Give us wine or money
Lead us round the houses
Wrapped in fur and feathers
Stuffed with straw and leaves

The plant that feeds the animal
The endless circulations
The children have been told to kill
And taught to pray for plenty
And on the earth where blood is spilt
The few must feed the many

Give us wine or money...

And that's all that's ever seen
It goes on forever
One last bond left between
The lost and disconnected

Give us wine or money...