

## Missionary of Charity

The Stone

Won the first prize in lottery, born in a farewell state  
Have everything I need, I thank my fate  
Thinking 'bout developing countries, the famine an need  
Apartheid is wrong aswell, I think, as long as I succeed

Do you think I'm someone, someone you could know  
Do you think I'm God's son, I'm the one you bow  
I will get the work done, all I want is more  
Do you think I'm someone, someone rotten to the core

Made a song about this horrid thing  
My royalties go to charity  
Manager's rubbing hands together  
Counting the rest of money  
Song hits the magic top ten, stays there for months  
It's a great, serious song, they say, very easy to dance

Must make a use of this, release a long play  
Straight to number one it goes, won't see a poor day  
Don't know 'bout charity money, wonder where did it go  
I'm a missionary of charity, I'm the one they bow

Time for a festival with all the big boys  
Whose latest albums haven't got them a new Rolls Royce  
Gig's profit goes to charity or some fund  
Stars are hugging each other  
Guessing whose album goes to number one

Won the first prize, I was born in a farewell state  
Winning much more by singing help's not too late  
Preaching 'bout developing countries a matter so sore  
I'm a missionary of charity I'm rotten to the core