

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