

Bread

Todd Rundgren

Sleeping at night in a plaster board box
Scratching the earth with the nails on my fingers
And the ground pukes up rocks and rocks and more rocks
And when the seeds finally reach the ground
It's all been for nothing

I hear the cries of children at night
I watch their faces grow sallow with hunger
Who draws the line between what's wrong and right
And when I ask my life is for
It's all been for nothing

Save your regrets for the dead, but for the living
Give them love and give them bread
One more hungry mouth to be fed
Remember the living
Give them love, give them bread

Standing in the light of the kitchen screen door
Like some kind of untouchable stuck in calcutta
I almost forget what I'm standing here for
And I don't know what to do but I know
I won't leave with nothing

Where are the days when life was carefree
Why must I suffer this, what was my crime
Begging or thievery, which shall it be
Is there no other choice for me
I can't live with nothing

Justice only comes to the dead
And when they ask me what life is for
I must give them something