

Little by Little

UB40

Poor man's anger rising.
The ostrich hides his head.
Soon the red blood will be boiling.
And blue blood will be dead.
While we say.

Little by little by little,
And stone by stone.
Rich man's mountain comes crumbling down

Poor boy sleeps on straw,
The rich boy sleeps in bed.
That fat boy fills his belly,
My poor boys's a dead,
While we say.

Little by little by little,
And stone by stone.
Rich man's mountain comes crumbling down.

The rich man drives his car past,
The poor man on bare feet.
That rich man do get what he wants
The poor must know defeat,
While we say.

Little by little by little,
And stone by stone.
Rich man's mountain comes crumbling down.