

# Hay & Stone, Southern Hemisphere

A few doors up there's a room where they lie  
Their eyes are wise and the faces are gray  
Those nine are unlucky, disease in the veins  
With one million others they have no one to blame  
She didn't care pushing H would give her and I and a V as the wage  
But the shouting and drinking right there at home would make you want  
to fall  
So severe, but why should I care?  
That's so severe, but that's like some southern hemisphere  
Hey, who would take this kid, his 8 years old  
His parents are dead and he doesn't have a home  
His big sister's sold in flat for any use  
Pretty teenage is blooming for customers to choose  
Well, you cannot blame your sweet destiny and that was his, he was  
born into this place  
So much pain, so much poverty, it makes you ask for any grace  
So severe, but why should i care?  
That's so severe, but that's like some southern hemisphere  
In the autumn on the street it gets cold, boys may build a fire  
unlike they are told  
If police shows up they can't but escape the deadliest muggings,  
hired by the state  
Sometimes they must think of fleeing the world and the suffering within  
after 1991 it didn't get better like we all hoped for  
So severe, but why should i care?  
That's so severe, but that's like some southern hemisphere