

# Latin Quarter, The Men Below

Album, tour, albumen - you're still picking at the shell  
And you know you should be glad of the living  
But it seems like a living hell sometimes  
And on this playing stage you play so hard  
But so much harder still - is the life beneath, down deep in the seams  
Where your hotel nights are the stuff of the dreams  
Of the men below

Imagine, having to fight  
To work two miles down from the air and the light  
And imagine, having to plead  
That a job that can kill, is a job that you need

Darker blue this darkness, than a pale young miner's eyes  
Who has to see the convoy lights come shining  
And can't close off his surprise  
With his one poor piece of paving, pressing hard against his palm  
Knowing it might be the only way he'd ever get to spend another day  
With the men below

A bingo king is calling  
It must be morning time again  
And every gaudy ball that gets blown out  
It seems it's numbered 'number ten'  
While on an empty bus they tried so very hard to fill up every seat  
There was a method in this mad alarm  
Who do you think would ever do such harm to the men below?

And who knows what we all owe  
To the boys in the dust - to the men below?

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