Billy Bragg & Wilco, Feed Of Man

If you beat up, you butcher, and you bleed a man You bang up and badger and blood-let a man And then I come along On the feet of man And halfway laugh and cry About the meat of man

And I do what I can To bale string and tie Some ballad truths Up and cured out For the feed of man

Folks try to tell me
That it's on God's orders
That you bleed your man
It's on God's good word that you
Bleed your man
On God's plan print
That you dead a man
Or spit and curse and whip your man

I say I'll help you squeeze and fix yourself up a A new kind of God of some kind

One that tells you Fertilize and multiply One that tells you Outsow and outblow Outplant and outgrow Outdo, and outrun, and outclimb, and outspread Every other tree and bush And brushy fruits and flower petals Outfruit them all For the feed of man Outstalk and outhunt and outthink For God's own sweet sake, outthink! Outthink! Outthink the fruits Outgrow these animal kinds and shapes of man It you miss and go down Your dust will turn up on that long hot job Once more again

To help in the feeding and the seed of man And not in the bleeding and the end of man