

# Del Amitri, Food For Songs

There's people hauling people  
Out from under their homes  
There's people hauling people  
Out through the groaning stones  
You can see me tonight,  
I'll be shell shocked and white in the cold light of dawn  
But I ain't gonna cry just to give some guy  
Food for songs  
People going hungry,  
Stand like a sackfull of bones,  
People going hungry, feeding a billion homes  
So I put my dead child down, you put your TV on  
Well I ain't gonna cry just to give some guy  
Food for songs  
Yeah, there's people beating people,  
To keep the system strong  
People beating people, to keep the illusion going  
So I'm going to fight every day of my life 'til they're gone  
But I ain't gonna die just to give some guy  
Food for songs  
Yeah, there's people holding people,  
Making those wailing sounds,  
Yeah, there's people holding people,  
Watching them lower me down  
So I take my leave and you take what you see  
And you make it what you want  
But when I see you in hell, I will give you some  
Food for songs.