Hilltop Hoods, Sojourn

The first world's got greedy, we're consuming it all The third world's got hunger and military control

This unequal balance is a master plan

One gets rich from the other's land

They've got it all worked out - and we give our consent

They've got it all worked out for Central America

They've got it all worked out for Africa

And in our naivety we believe myths and overconsume

And give them our consent

Dying in the shadow of the USA

Let them eat bullshit, make the land pay

Make a fast deal with the local elite

Then substitute cash-crops where once grew wheat

Build a cycle of dependence on a starvation-diet

With food as a weapon, workers stay quiet

And multinational names have blood on their brands

From taking an interest in misused lands

Del Monte, Tate Lyle, Ralston Purina

Coca-Cola, RTZ, and Unilever

All packaging lifestyles for the glamorous west

Expand the company, exploit the rest

We are not isolated by distance

But by greed and our racist history

Just á wall's width away

Still impossible to see across

This space in front on me

It's we who write this history

We who guard the money-tree

We support the companies

We stole the colonies

And when the system starts to crack

We'll have to ready to give it all back

See the space which lies between the rich and the poor

How the space increases as we keep on taking more

Keeping that space between us all

Is how the west can keep control...

With a mission and a chequebook promising aid

Posing for the camera the United Nations man came

He talked of control and the terrible drought

And the way that the west would bail them out

They he stopped smiling and talked conditions

Of mutual aid; of American wishes

Sending in aid with sewn-on strings

If they won't buy arms - then it's pulled back in

Feeding the world American style

Col Sanders has an empire behind his smile

Back up the investments with a military regime

Then cleverly say: It's to keep the world free!

But the multinational myths are beginning to fall

The poor don't want aid, they want control

And if we really want to see the Third World eat

We've got to see through the wraping on the high street

Past barriers of culture that dictate our lives

We're busy consuming as the other half dies

And the answer's not a question on charity -

Not whilst profit's still the top priority -

So let the glossy shop-fronts know what to expect

And you Bosses of Companies...

..and the cycle of hungry children

Will keep on going round

Until we burn the multinationals to the ground