

Skyclad, A Bellyful Of Emptiness

I'm twenty six years old - please tell me what have I got
A monopoly on misery - I guess that's my lot
Ten years of eating bullshit leaves it's taste in your mouth
And I think the time has come for me to spit it all out...

'Cause at the end of the tunnel I see
A dole-queue that's beckoning me.

Yes living hand-to-mouth it can be fun for a while
Simple things please simple minds - do you see me smile?
I've broke my bread and fishes - turned my water to wine
But I'm sick of walking tightrope on the poverty line
I left my home and family - I've pawned all my dreams
Took a second mortgage on my soul to further my schemes
Now my body's in the pages of "exchange and mart"
Ten pounds or nearest offer for one slightly broken heart.

And at the end of the rainbow I found
A crock of shit there on the ground.

Have you had a bellyful of emptiness
Do you feel like me we're all just wasting our time
If it's true inside each cloud's a silver lining
Why does it shine on other lives but not on mine?
I've had a bellyful of emptiness
I've got a pocketful of nothing at all
In real-life fairy tales the frog stays a frog
And the serving girl can't be the belle of the ball.

You're not the belle of the ball
Get back in your cinders and crawl

How many other fools like me
Have lost their lives contractually
Believing there must be far more
Than nine to five - the factory floor?
Have countless thousands watched their dreams
Corrupted into things obscene
By money minded bastards who
Don't give a damn for me or you?

Now my wallet's getting thinner like the hair on my head
By the time I hit the "big Time" I'll be buried and dead
Tell me how can you resent me for the money I've spent
On the only habit I indulge (that's paying the rent)?
No-one said this life was easy Christ I've known that all along
But it needn't be this difficult that's why I wrote this song
The sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll were never meant to last
And the bailiffs knocking on your door don't need a backstage pass!

Be sure that you read between their lines
There are claws in the contracts we sign.

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