

# 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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