

The Beautiful South, If

If the greedy were the starving
If the masters were the slaves
If the owners became the dogs
How would they behave?

'Cause selling family heirlooms
For one fifty or a pound
Is like standing outside
Burger King
Selling horse and hound

Cause sleeping in a doorway
With a futon and a quilt
Is like crying in the rubble
Of a building that you built

The day that you're not man enough
Is the day you cease to be
A wheel-barrow full of leaves
From a rotten apple tree

If the mugger was a woman
And the man just passing by
Would ya' ____ and bitch and slag it up
You'd shrivel up and die

If the landlord was the tennant
And the hunter was the game
If construction was constricted
And capital just the same

Cause sleeping in a doorway
With a futon and a quilt
Is like crying in the rubble
Of a building that you built

The day that you're not man enough
Is the day you cease to be
A wheel-barrow full of leaves
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If the King was court jester
And the jester took the throne
He'd put the privileged on the streets
And give the poor a home

If the Irish were the English
And the English still not free
Would ya mick and pick
and pad it up (?)
You tongue the pip and agree

Cause sleeping in a doorway
With a futon and a quilt
Is like crying in the rubble
Of a building that you built

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Is the day you cease to be
A wheel-barrow full of leaves
From a rotten apple tree