

# The Boomtown Rats, Never Bite The Hand That Feeds

Tell me what you're doing coming in so late at night  
I wanna know  
You say you're going out with childhood friends from way back when  
Where do you go?  
Tell us what you want, we'll give you what you need  
Just show respect for your daddy, little girl,  
You know you never bite the hand that feeds.

Your mother's driven up the walls, you make too many calls  
Who do you phone?  
You use this place like some hotel, you want something you ring the bell  
That's wrong  
So tell us what you want, we'll give you what you need  
Just show some love for your mother, daughter dear  
You know you never bite the hand that feeds

I don't know what went wrong  
I couldn't understand  
You grew up much too fast for me,  
I wish it was before, like back when you were four  
I had you on my knee and I told you lots of pretty things

Familial attention can't be bought like other toys, it can't be sold  
And even if it could it wouldn't do you any good, you ought to know  
I'll tell you what I want, I'll tell you what I need  
I just need some money from my parents, daddy dear  
And I'm going to bite your hand 'til it bleeds

I don't know what went wrong  
I couldn't understand  
You grew up much too fast for me,  
I wish it was before, like back when you were four  
I had you on my knee and I told you lots of pretty things

With her friend Bill, and on the pill, she took a smallish flat in Sandycove  
He wheels and deals, she cooks the meals and soon it ended up just like before  
Way back at home  
He tells her what he wants, he tells her what he needs  
He says "just show respect for your man, little girl"  
&"You know you never bite the hand that feeds&"

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\*taken from The Boomtown Rats debut album

\*written by Bob Geldof

\*music arranged by The Boomtown Rats