

# Tracy Chapman, Material World

You in your fancy  
Material world  
Don't see the links of chain  
Binding blood

Our own ancestors  
Are hungry ghosts  
Closets so full of bones  
They won't close

Call it upward mobility  
But you've been sold down the river  
Just another form of slavery  
And the whole man-made white world  
Is your master

You in your fancy  
Material world  
Create in your own image  
A supreme god

Your virgin mary  
Your holy ghosts  
Claimed to be pure of heart  
Have hands that are stained with blood

You in your fancy  
Material world  
Don't see the links of chain  
Binding